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By Craig Horowitz

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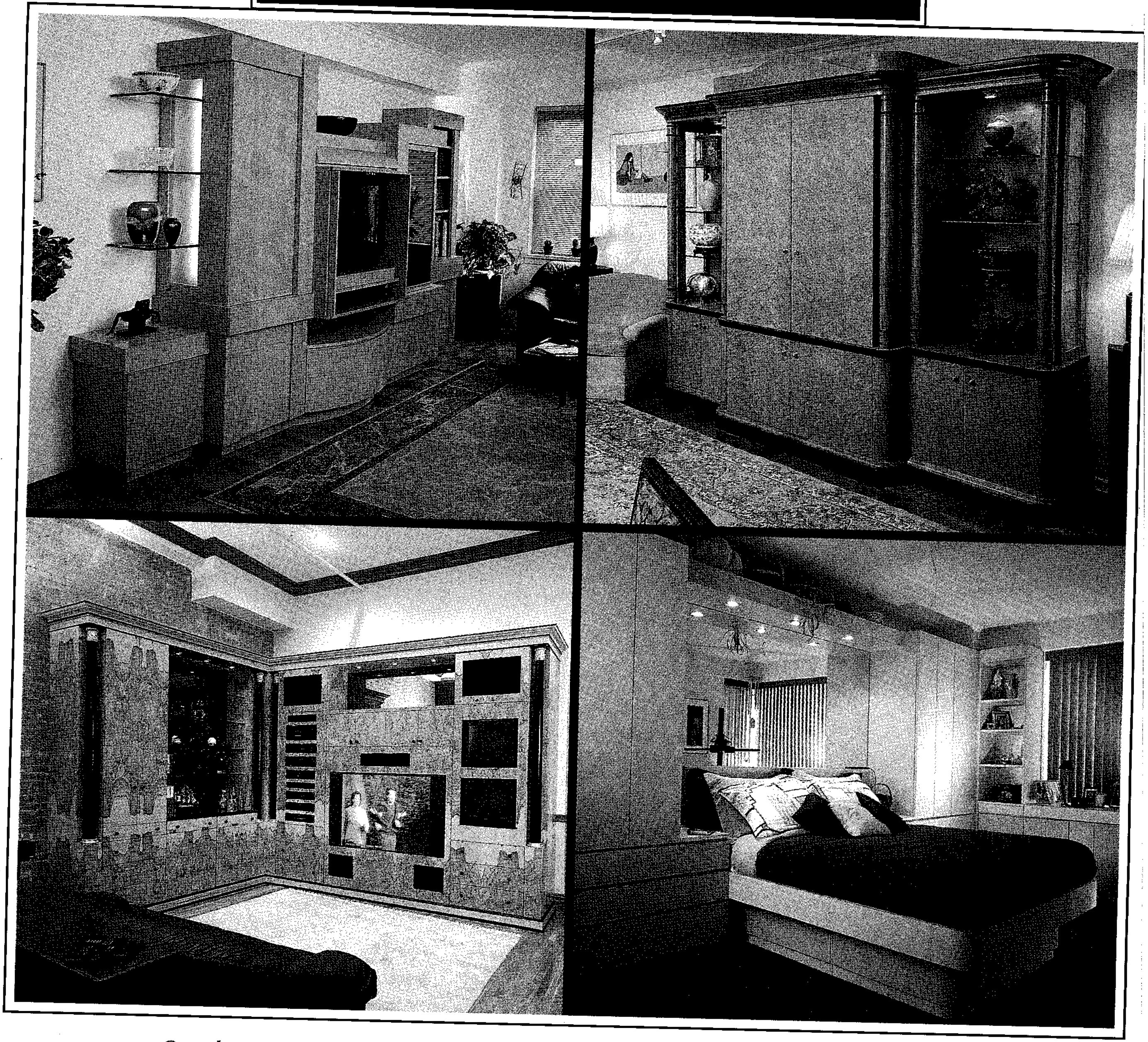

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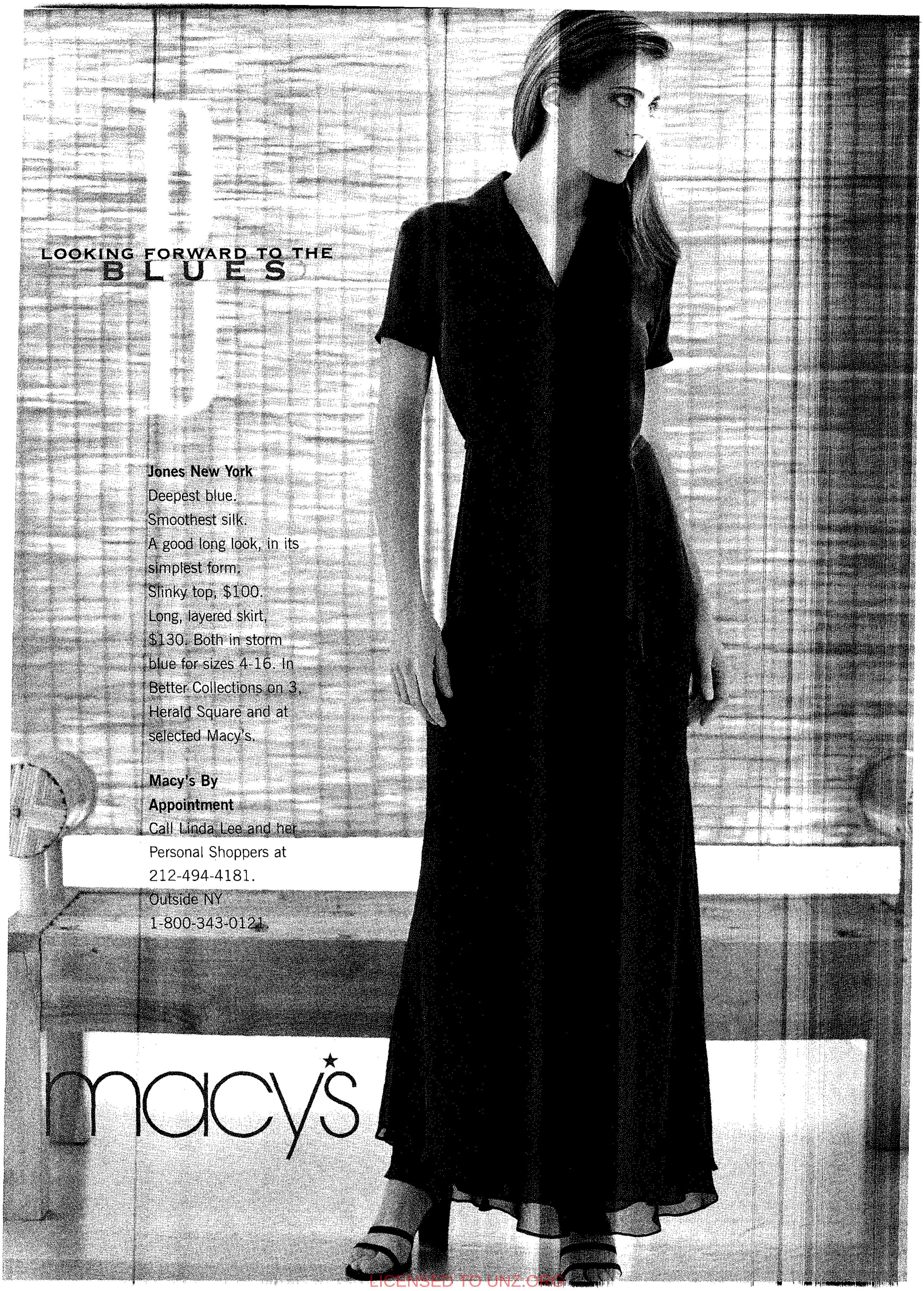

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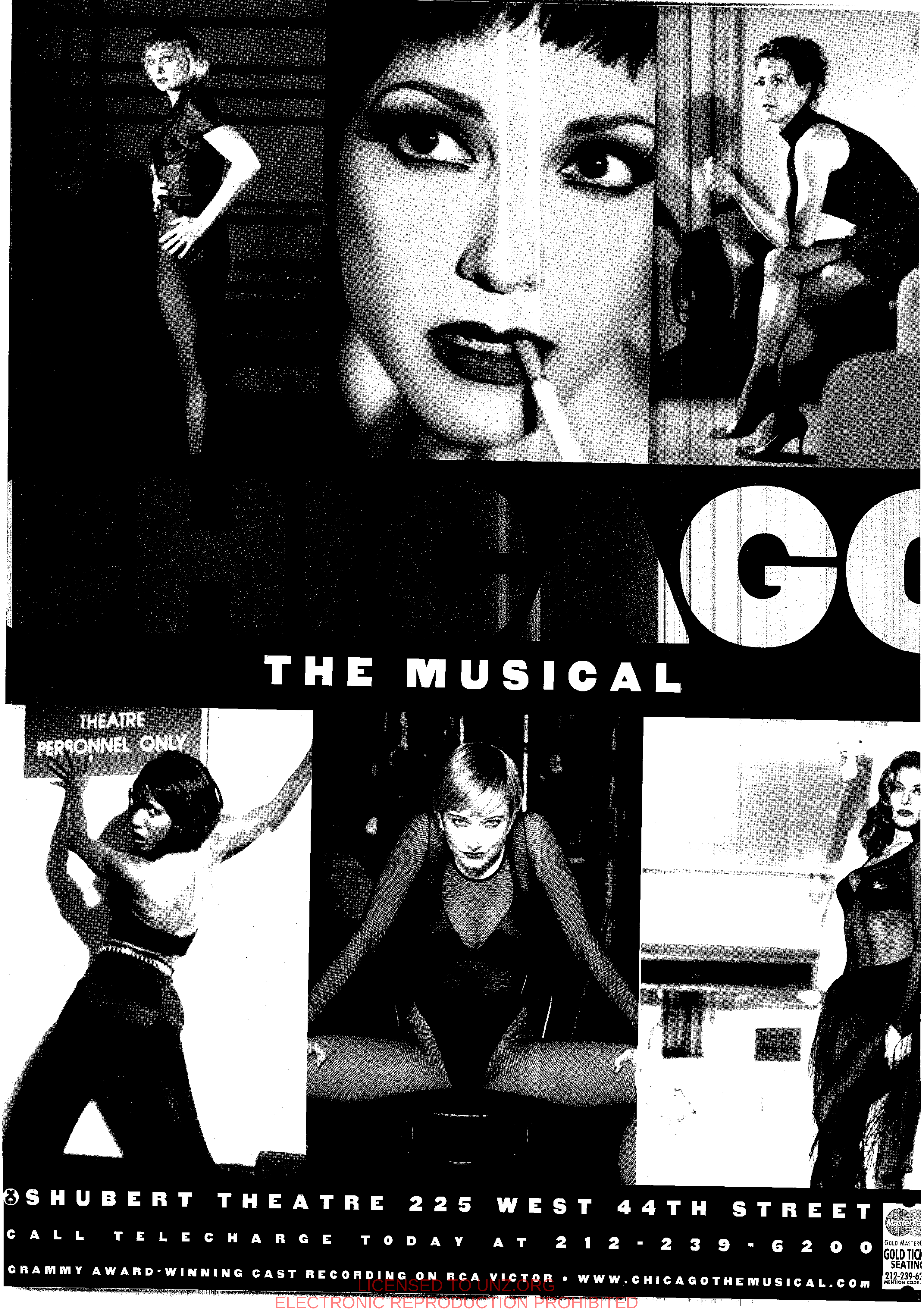
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By Craig Horowitz

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30 A Girlfriend Writes

By Paul Alexander

William Shawn, for 35 years *The New Yorker's* editor and one of the world's most private public figures, had one dramatic secret: Reporter Lillian Ross and he carried on a decades-long affair and even raised a child outside Shawn's 63-year marriage. Now Ross, said to be encouraged by current *New Yorker* editor Tina Brown, is publishing a memoir. Goings on about town.

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By Carol Prisant

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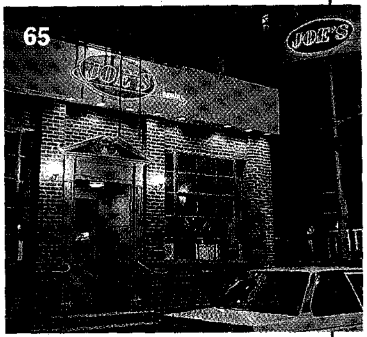

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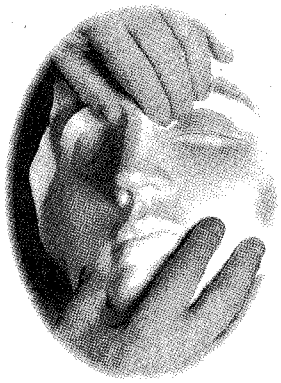

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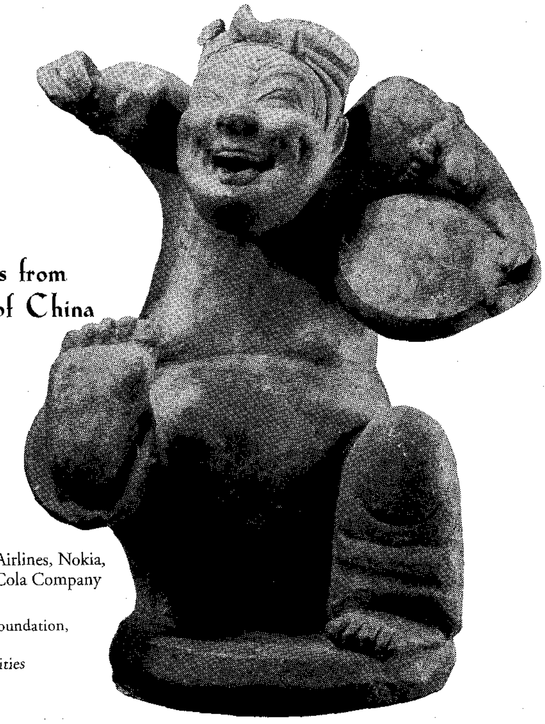

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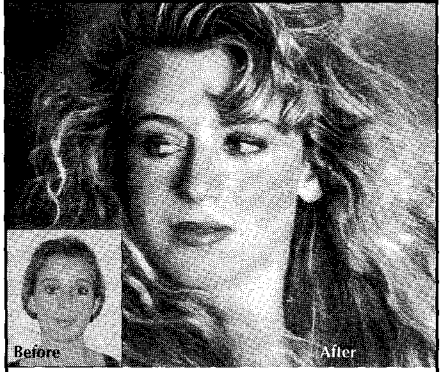

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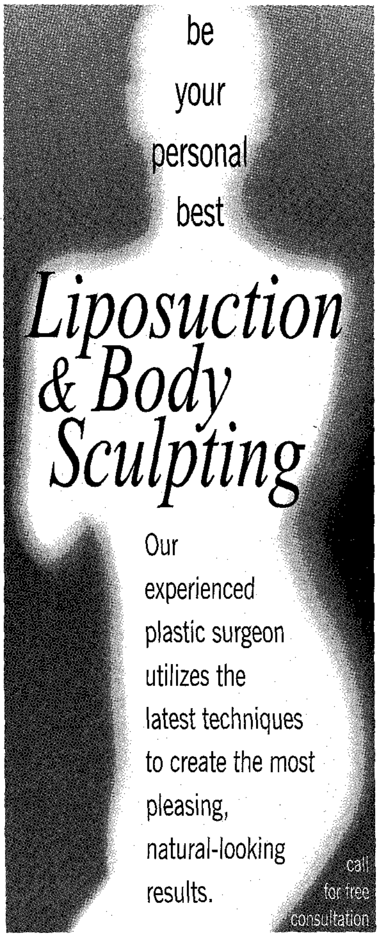
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LETTERS APRIL 27, 1998

What 30 Looks Like

Cheers for (and a few additions to) our New York–centric anniversary issue; free the New Amsterdam Theatre.

YOUR 30TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE brought back many memories; in particular, Norman Mailer's observations on the mistakes he made in his mayoral campaign [April 6]. I was at the Village Gate when he got drunk and told all his supporters to go f--- themselves. What Mailer forgets (or suppresses) was Jimmy Breslin's brilliant response: "My God, I'm running with Ezra Pound." Quite an evening. Am I the only one left who has a MAILER-BRESLIN 51ST STATE poster?

Paul R. Verkuil
MANHATTAN

LOVED THE 30TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE! NEW *York* Magazine has literally documented my entire adult life. On April 8, when the first issue was published, I was getting ready to graduate from high school. The time line certainly brought back many memories: college, my career in N.Y.C., my move out West, my marriage, and the raising of my family. I realized one of the consistencies in my life has been *New York* Magazine. Thanks for always being there! Here's to the next 30!

Mary Jean Flamer
SCOTTSDALE, ARIZ.

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR, THE DEBUT OF *People* magazine, roller disco, and break dancing all merit mentions, but not a word about George Balanchine? I can't imagine that one of this century's greatest artists—and a New York resident for a half-century—never appeared in the pages of your magazine during the past 30 years. You might have listed the day of Balanchine's death: April 30, 1983. That afternoon, Lincoln Kirstein, co-founder of the New York City Ballet, stepped before the curtain at the New York State Theater and told the matinee audience, "I don't have to tell you that Mr. B is with Mozart and Tchaikovsky and Stravinsky."

Rick Nelson
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

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I WAS PARTICULARLY ENJOYING THE ANniversary issue until I got to 1994. Your magazine's honest treatment of us gays as merely another group of (real) people who make up the cultural cityscape has been appreciated here. So I have to ask: The biggest gathering of homos ever, a mile-long rainbow flag, NYC turned almost completely gay for a week, *rates no mention at all*? One of your best covers ever, "Is Everybody Gay?" not shown? How can this be? Should I just be grateful you mentioned Stonewall in 1969?

Richmond H. Curtiss III
MANHATTAN

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LIKE KARRIE JACOBS, I HAVE STOPPED lashing out about the "Disneyfication of Times Square" ["Cityscape: Forty-Deuce Coup," April 6]. I think Times Square will become (once again) the entertainment capital of the world. I was wondering, though, if you could answer one nagging question about the *new* Times Square for me: Since Disney received enormous tax breaks to restore the New Amsterdam, why must New Yorkers pony up $75 to see it? According to the box-office personnel, there are currently no plans to offer tours of this state- and city-financed wonder. I feel lucky that I have seen *The Lion King*, and thus the beautiful restoration that Disney did. Not surprisingly, I have received no answers to the letters I have written to the mayor and to Michael Eisner asking them this same question.

Robert Paulson
MANHATTAN

Editor's note: The New Amsterdam will begin tours, $10 for adults, $5 for children, on April 20.

Personal Touch

I READ YOUR MARCH 20 ISSUE DEVOTED to "Living Single" in the asphalt jungle with quiet amusement. As a 45-year-old African-American male, I found particularly interesting the comments from women with respect to men in their thirties and forties. They say there are not a lot of good men and that we are so depressing. In the same breath, women admit that it is a bitter irritant that we depressing and not-so-good men will not date women in their thirties and forties. It amazes me that women are offended by rejection from men they have no interest in dating. Besides, if there is a shortage of good men, then why do women play hard-to-get? I have been ignored, stood up, rejected, and disrespected by all sorts of women, most of whom were not gorgeous, brilliant, or wealthy. Despite the socioeconomic problems plaguing my community, we are allowed to have standards—just like women do.

Keith Nicholson
BROOKLYN

Right As Rubens

IF JILL MACDOWELL, IN HER LETTER PUBLISHED on March 16, felt moved to write about David Denby's review of *The Wedding Singer,* then I feel obliged to write about her criticism of Mr. Denby's writing. I have read a lot of criticism over the last twenty years, and Denby is one of a dwindling number of film critics—and I'm not talking about those conjoined twins, Siskel-and-Ebert—who are worth having a look at on more than one occasion. If Denby's style seems alien to MacDowell, maybe that's because he happens to start with an opening observation, follows it with supporting statements, then concludes with a summation. If people want something shorter, they can always read *People.* As for his reference to Drew Barrymore as "plump," I'm sure Denby meant the flattering, Rubensesque kind of plump.

Gregory Avery
MEDFORD, OR.

For the Birds

ARE YOU AWARE THE VENERABLE PIGEON is a prolific creature that curtails rat proliferation ["Gotham: Rat City," by Kate Aurthur, March 16]? Pigeons consume all stray food particles littering the streets. Their industrious ingestion negates meals that were destined for rodents. More pigeons equals fewer rats. Only Providence can judge if man, pigeon, or rat has any earthly value beneficial to a decimated planet. We are the most pernicious predators.

Brien Comerford
GLENVIEW, ILL.

Correction The Professional Performing Arts School, mentioned in Susan Brenna's April 13 "Hard Lessons," has a 45 percent Regents graduation rate.

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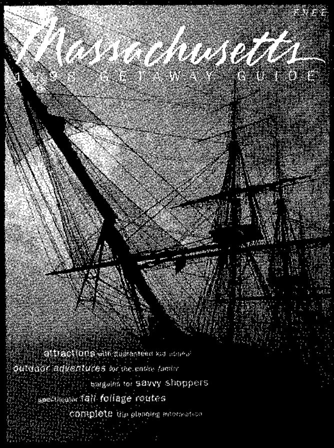

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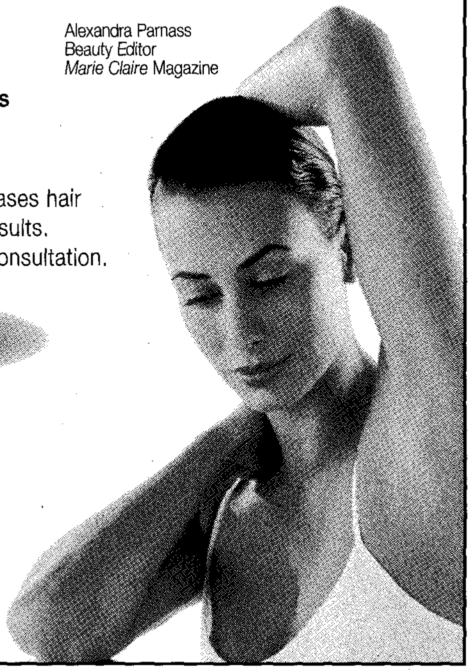

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NEW YORK

Photograph by David Riley

BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

JEAN: TAKE THE STORY AND RUN

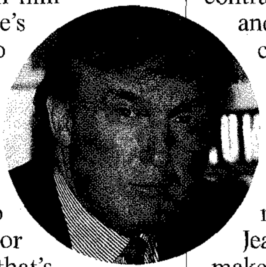
Maybe it pays to be as neurotic as **Woody Allen**—especially when doing business with his handlers. Independent producers **Web Stone** and brother **Rob Stone** were recently approached by an executive working for Allen's producer, **Jean Doumanian,** and asked to present some new scripts. While meeting with Doumanian and executives **John Logigian** and **Lettie Aronson** (Woody's sister), the Stones pitched **Marshall Karp**'s coming-of-age tale *Cherry Pink,* a script they had been given permission to represent to studios and were hoping to produce. "They said it was wonderful, that they were eager to work with us," says Web Stone. "They couldn't thank us enough." But Doumanian's gratitude had its limits. Two weeks later, the Stones learned that, unbeknownst to them, Doumanian had gone ahead and purchased *Cherry Pink.* "They completely side-stepped us," says Web Stone, who soon publicly confronted Logigian at a cocktail party. "Logigian said all we could expect is a small finder's fee taken from Karp's money," continues an insulted Stone, who claims the industry standard would be at least $75,000. "We want what would be customary in the trade. Ask any agent at CAA or ICM—this is not the protocol." An attorney for Doumanian says: "The Stones had no contractual right to the script, and therefore no rights we could divest them of as a result." Adds a spokesperson for Doumanian: "Karp offered some type of fee to them, but they are demanding more. It is not Jean Doumanian's place to make such decisions." While Karp declined to comment ("I'm just a writer," he said repeatedly), Stone says, "*We* are the ones who brought the material to Jean Doumanian as producers. Ergo, she is responsible for getting us paid as producers—not book scouts."

DICAPRIO CHANGES TUNE: O SOLO LEO

The romance between **Kate Moss** and **Leonardo DiCaprio** may have looked like a model relationship, but it appears to be as over as Vamp nail polish. According to a source close to the waif, "It was a Cuba thing. It started there, and then they saw a lot of each other in New York and Paris, but it's totally fizzled." While word is that the puckish actor chose to move on, the source says the cool-as-an-iceberg Moss is unfazed. "It was way too brief a relationship for her to be upset, and she has no shortage of men around her," the observer says. "Besides, he's too all-over-the-map." As for **Johnny Depp,** "He certainly wasn't pleased about Leo, but he and Kate are not seeing each other right now. Although they have been back and forth so much, they could easily wind up together again." Moss's spokesperson declined to comment on personal matters, as did DiCaprio's.

AIN'T NO TENANT HIGH-CLASS ENOUGH

Maybe the market won't bear six-figure rents after all. Although most apartments these days are snatched up within milliseconds of hitting the market, **Donald Trump's** Central Park West penthouse palace, available since January for a much-marveled-at record rate of $100,000 a month, still has not been leased or sold. But Trump swears he has an occupant who's about to sign on. "It's virtually a done deal," he promises. Trump claims his lofty standards are what's come between him and a host of would-be tenants: He says he's rejected several potential suitors willing to pay the sky-high fee for the apartment perched atop Trump International Hotel & Tower on the grounds that they weren't "high quality" enough (he won't reveal the name of the prospective tenant or those he's rejected). But according to real-estate expert **Bill May,** managing director of William B. May Company, it's the fee that's no doubt prolonging the search. "They would be silly to spend that kind of money in rent when they could go out into the market and buy something better. . . . I see putting a $100,000 rent on that apartment as a marketing ploy. As a real expectation, it's not reasonable." A Trump spokesperson insists it's a good deal. "The apartment has every amenity known to man."

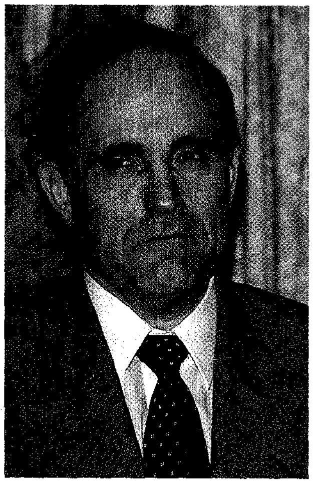


Kate Moss: DiCaptivated

WASHINGTON *POST'S* OFFICE SHUFFLE

Here's one story out of the Washington *Post's* New York bureau that won't make it into the paper: It's about columnist **Richard Cohen** and why he's just moved his office from the twelfth floor of the paper's New York bureau to the twenty-second floor of the *Newsweek* building. The New York–bureau chief, **Blaine Harden,** passed along to management a complaint against Cohen made by **Devon Spurgeon,** a 23-year-old female special correspondent in the bureau. One *Post* insider says Harden and others in the bureau witnessed several instances in which Cohen made inappropriately sexual remarks to the young assistant. Management took the situation seriously enough to fly to New York to talk with Cohen on April 3, the insider continues, while Spurgeon was asked to take a paid leave of absence during the negotiations. Eventually, manage-

Photographs: top, Walter Weissman/Globe Photos; Elderfield/Gamma Liaison.



Rudy Giuliani:
Sliding scale

RUDY'S STAFF JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH

Sometimes you can't win. When **Rudy Giuliani** announced the raises for his City Hall staff last week, many gasped at the total of $97,000 to be distributed among just fifteen top aides. In fact, the mayor had actually scaled back the increases he had originally intended. According to one political insider, pay hikes as high as 15 percent had been planned for some employees. But fearing negative press spin, chief of staff **Bruce Teitelbaum** and his deputy, **Tony Carbonetti,** took the mayor aside and told him to scale back his generosity to a 10 percent maximum raise. "Teitelbaum was afraid of bad press if the raises got too hefty, so he advised the mayor to put a cap on it," says the source. The resulting decision left some staff members with less than they were expecting: "People had been told one number, and suddenly they were handed a smaller one," says the insider. A spokesperson for Teitelbaum (whose pay jumped $8,724) and Carbonetti (the beneficiary of a $9,510 increase) did not return calls. "Hey, as long as Rudy got good press coverage," snipes the insider.

Sean Puffy Combs:
Getting the Led out

ment decided that Cohen's office would be moved. Cohen vehemently denies the charges. "There was, for want of a better term, a personality conflict," he explains. "It didn't involve sexual harassment—it didn't involve sex, it didn't involve harassment—and no disciplinary action was taken." Neither a Washington *Post* spokeswoman nor deputy managing editor **Milton Coleman** would comment on personnel matters, and neither Harden, Spurgeon, nor managing editor **Robert Kaiser** returned calls.

BUCKLEY'S NOT-SO-RANDOM REJECTION

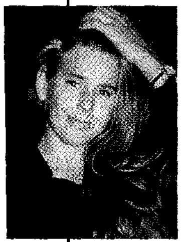
Is **Christopher Buckley** and **John Tierney's** *God Is My Broker,* a comic novella about a Wall Street broker who becomes a monk named Brother Ty, too offensive for newly civilized New Yorkers? Evidently the folks at WNBC-TV think so: Channel 4 banned ads for the book, which parodies **Deepak Chopra** and New Age hucksterism more than it does the Catholic Church. But the ad features a "monk" (actually, a Yale classmate of Buckley and Tierney's) staring right at the camera and offering his "7½ Laws of Spiritual and Financial Growth." The 60-second ad, an all-too-convincingly low-budget spoof of infomercials, was shown late at night in Los Angeles; Washington, D.C.; and New York—except on WNBC. "There were elements in it that were insensitive," explains WNBC spokeswoman **Terry Doll.** "Were I a conspiracy theorist," counters Buckley, "I would wonder if they weren't more concerned about offending the delicate sensibilities of the late-night info hucksters."

PUFFY'S ZEPPELIN; TOMMY'S BLIMP

PAGING PUFFY: Now that **Sean "Puffy" Combs** has mastered **Sting's** oeuvre, the rap impresario is tackling some real rock and roll. He and **Jimmy Page** will be recording an updated version of the Led Zeppelin classic "Kashmir" for the *Godzilla* soundtrack. According to a spokesman at Sony, which is releasing the album, the song's tracks were recorded separately, by Puff Daddy in Los Angeles and Page in London, then instantly sent from one to the other using the new ED NET technology, which transmits high-quality sound over phone lines. As if that weren't wired enough, a video of the boys at work with their new techno toys was shot simultaneously. **MOVE OVER, GOODYEAR:** Apparently, **Tommy Hilfiger** believes that size does matter. So much so, in fact, that he is about to launch the first-ever designer blimp. "Technically, it's called an air ship," explains a rep, who says that this particular type of craft—larger than most at a whopping 196 feet long—is one of only three in existence; the others are owned by Fuji and, of course, Goodyear. Hilfiger's zeppelin will be used to tout his new Hilfiger Athletics line of sportswear. Says Hilfiger's rep: "We are charting the blimp, er, air ship's course right now and expect to float it this summer over numerous high-profile events around the country."

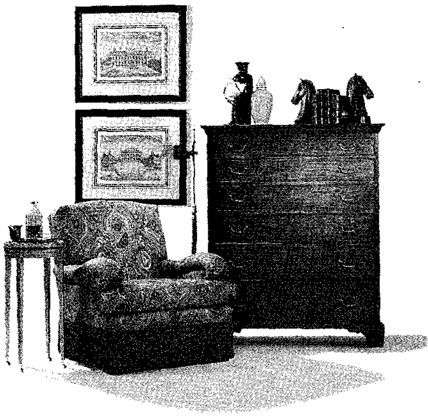
A *TOUGH* WORKOUT AT ALEXIS'S GYM

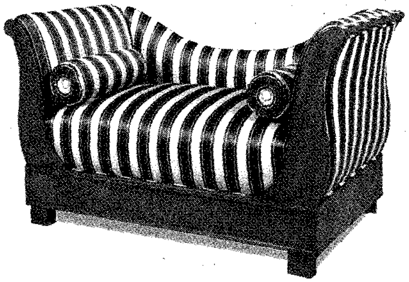
There's at least one place in East Hampton where the customer isn't always right: **Alexis Stewart's** East Hampton Gym. **Martha Stewart's** demanding daughter has barred several patrons from her health club, according to three ex-clients. "It just seems like harassment to me," says one of the fired customers, who was told not to come back when he absentmindedly left his membership card in the locker room. Another ex–gym rat got a message on his answering machine from Stewart telling him not to come back when he resisted paying the gym $10 for a replacement card. Membership renewal was denied to another longtime client who had complained about Stewart's high-handed management style. All three report that Stewart gets pumped up over relatively minor infractions like lost membership cards or wearing sandals. "I asked one person to leave," says Stewart, who explains that sandals aren't safe to wear in a gym and that such disputes are common at all health clubs. "You have to wear your shoes and bring in your membership card," she insists. "It's a gym to work out in; it's not a social-climbing club."

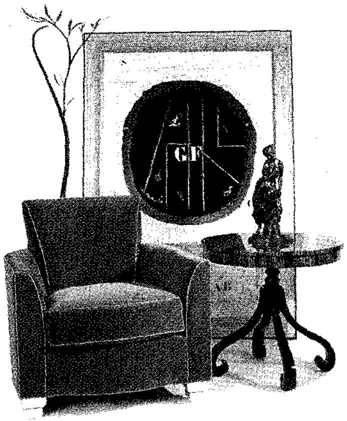


Additional reporting by Kate Coyne.

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Evan Agostini/Gamma Liaison; Pacha/Corbis; Marina Garnier.







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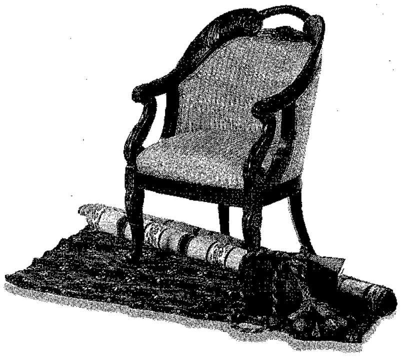

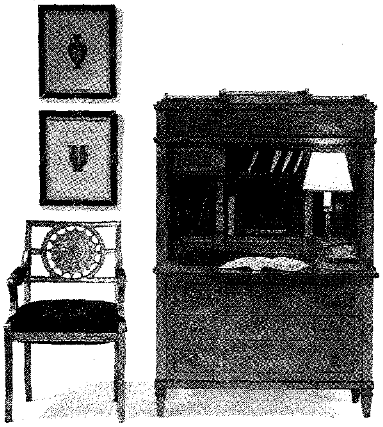

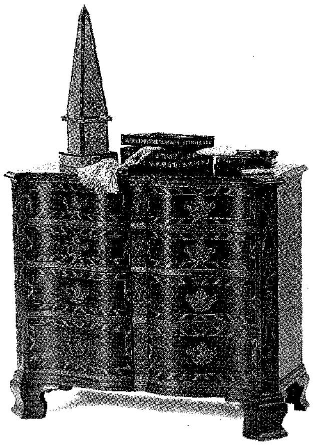

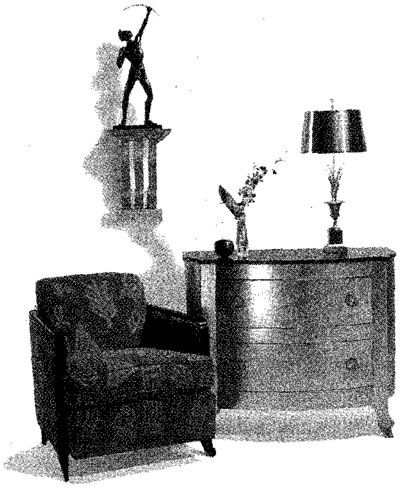

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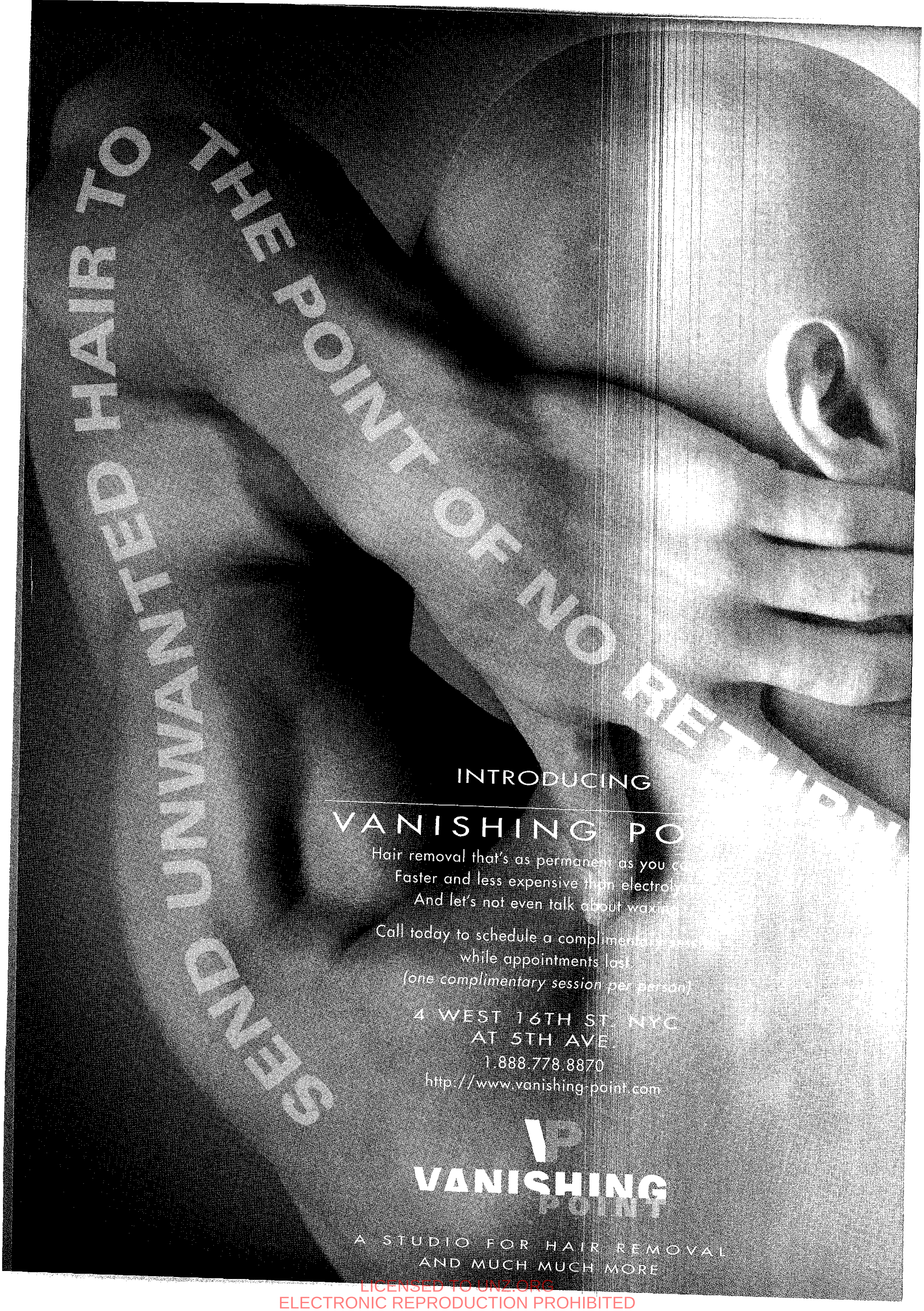
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Literary Lion

Producer Scott Rudin's appetite for highbrow fiction and high drama.

RICHARD PRICE WAS A BIT baffled when producer Scott Rudin offered him $2 million on the spot for the film option to *Freedomland,* the story of a journalist on the trail of a Susan Smith–like figure. Price, who was telling Rudin about the project over a casual lunch, wasn't really surprised by the amount—options have been known to run that high. It's just that Price hadn't even written the book yet. "Scott's from the blitzkrieg school," says Price, who accepted the bid before the waitress had tallied the bill. "He's like Paul Getty and the art market—when he wants something, he swings a lucrative hammer."

Rudin, the tantrum-prone, New York–based producer of mainstream hits like *In and Out* and *The Addams Family,* has introduced the Hollywood hard sell to the comparatively genteel world of literary publishing. Coming eventually to a multiplex near you, courtesy of Rudin, will be cerebral works such as Don DeLillo's *Underworld;* Donald Bogle's biography of Dorothy Dandridge, the black film pioneer; and Frank McCourt's Pulitzer-winning memoir, *Angela's Ashes.* While each won critical acclaim, none has the obvious mass-market appeal of, say, *The Firm,* which Rudin produced in 1993.

In an industry that insists on happy endings, breakneck action, or gaudy effects, even the wildly popular *Ashes* seems like a long shot—especially to McCourt. "Who would want to make a movie about a miserable childhood in an Irish slum?" the author asks. But Rudin and co-producer David Brown jumped on the book, putting up $100,000 of their own money when Paramount balked.

While most producers alternate their occasional literary projects with spec scripts, Rudin—guided by his vice-president of development, Eric Steel, a former HarperCollins editor—focuses increasingly on quality books. Books *he* considers quality, that is.

"I don't need the marketplace to tell me what's good," he says with characteristic bravado. Film agent Ron Bernstein, who optioned DeLillo's *Underworld* to Rudin for just under $1 million, notes, "Scott doesn't buy Doris Lessing. He wants literary stuff that's still commercial."

He also has his own ideas about the pace at which deals should be struck, often upending the careful plans of agents who try to call the shots. Literary

(continued on page 14)

SPIN CYCLE

A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF P.R.

Razor's Edge

● "[Gillette] introduced its triple-blade Mach 3 . . . aimed at . . . men."
—*Associated Press*

● "The company will have invested more than $1 billion on the new product by the time the launch is over."
—Financial Times

● "The company's shares, which rose 3 percent . . . in anticipation of the product introduction, fell by about the same amount yesterday . . . put off by Mach 3's price."
—*New York* Times

● "Gillette did not say when a women's version of Mach 3 would be available."
—*New York* Post

● "I think it's appalling to spend that much money on promoting a razor when men don't shave as much as women."
—*spokesperson for Women's Services at Gay Men's Health Crisis*

● "It's ridiculous that items such as razors are gendered in the first place."
—*spokesperson for the National Organization for Women*

CAMEO

You Break It, You Buy It

EVEN GEORGE STEINBRENNER, BUSKING FOR A new ballpark, couldn't have staged this. The burning question: What's going to happen to that chunk of Yankee Stadium that crashed into a loge seat last week? "I got phone calls today from two collectors," said Peter Siegel of Gotta Have It! Collectibles. "You can take that large brick and break it up and get maybe $150 a piece. And Yankee Stadium seats alone go for about $500. That's a special one, so it'd be worth more." Ron Schwartz of Future Sports and Memorabilia had another strategy: "Somebody would pay a couple of thousand dollars. The big thing would be to get George to sign it. Then you'd have a multi-thousand-dollar piece." Maybe that's been the Boss's idea all along: The House that Ruth Built might be worth more as the House That Steinbrenner Sold Off for Parts.

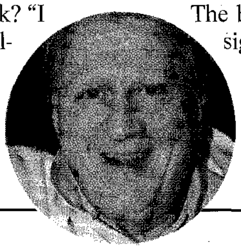


Illustration by Scott Menchin. Photograph by Kathy Willens/AP/Wide World.

Rudin *continued from page 13*

agent Nicholas Ellison sent James Webb's *The Emperor's General* to a few select producers, expecting to conduct an orderly auction the next week. But days ahead of schedule, Rudin was on the phone with an offer Ellison couldn't refuse. "Scott had one number," says Ellison, "I had another, and in 22 seconds, the deal was struck for $2 million."

With preemptive strikes (and assistants who read and evaluate manuscripts overnight), Rudin dominates the market for high-profile books. But can he transform his increasingly esoteric choices into profitable films?

So far, his record is decidedly mixed. *Nobody's Fool*, originally a Richard Russo novel, grossed $40 million, but *Searching For Bobby Fischer*—made for only $15 million—lost money.

And one of Rudin's most hyped ventures, an adaptation of Caleb Carr's best-selling *The Alienist*, has consumed as much as $3 million without even making it into production. A disgusted Carr claims that Rudin, who bought the rights to his book in 1993 for $500,000, lost enthusiasm for the project after deciding the period piece lacked enough "good elements" to make a movie. Though acknowledging that "it's hard to get a good script," Rudin insists he's still committed to the film, even after five years and six screenplays. But *Angel of Darkness*, the sequel to *The Alienist*, comes up for option next year—and may well make it to the screen before its precursor does.

"I knew Scott could be extremely petty, abusive, and tyrannical," says Carr, who worked as a reader for Rudin in the mid-eighties. "There's no single person in Hollywood who is more publicly praised or privately reviled. He's a very tragic figure."

Rudin's inability to deliver *The Alienist*, with its comparatively linear plot, has not gone unnoticed by authors of more impressionistic works. Even Bernstein, DeLillo's agent, admits the turmoil has him concerned for the future of his client's tome. "What can I do about it? It's an imprecise science," he says. "And I have to say, it worries me."

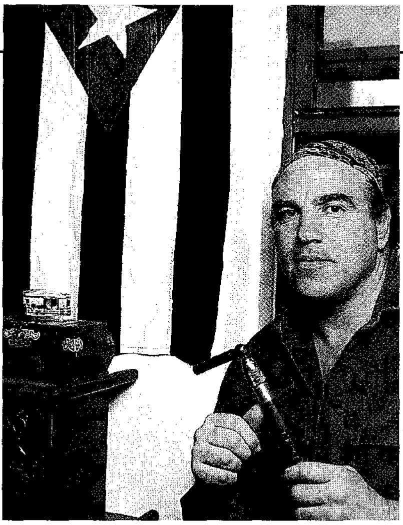
SARAH BERNARD

ACTIVISM

Bay of Pianos

Ben Treuhaft mounts a musical assault for Cuba.

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR BENjamin Treuhaft, an anti-Cuban-embargo activist, to make his presence felt in New York City. Shortly after moving here this spring from the Bay Area, he armed himself with a hacksaw, climbed a lamppost at Lexington Avenue and 38th Street, and chopped down the BROTHERS TO THE RESCUE CORNER street sign. "It embarrasses me that the Cuban diplomats have to look at that insulting thing," says Treuhaft, who felt the sign's tribute to the anti-Castro pilots was offensive to staff members of the Cuban United Nations mission across the street.


The Piano Man: Treuhaft tunes out

Treuhaft, the 50-year-old son of the late Jessica Mitford—author of *The American Way of Death* and once a devoted Communist Party member—has evidently been imbued with his mother's anti-establishment spirit. For the most part, the piano tuner by trade devotes his energy to more constructive pursuits than sign vandalism. Since 1995, Treuhaft has been thumbing his nose at the Cuban embargo by sending used pianos to the island, which he says is badly in need of new instruments and parts. "Because of the embargo, almost every piano in Cuba has something that needs fixing," says Treuhaft, smoking a Cuban cigar in his spacious East Village two-bedroom. "There is also a very nasty local termite down there that infects about 70 percent of all pianos. I don't think Cuban music should have to suffer because of politics."

So far, Treuhaft's organization, Send a Piana to Havana, has managed to get 60 pianos, either donated or purchased with raised money, into the communist country via Canada and Mexico. (Contributors include actor Peter Coyote and Maya Angelou.) Most instruments go to schools or are awarded as prizes to gifted students. In recent years Treuhaft has also organized two "International Tuners' Brigades,' groups of piano tuners from the U.S. who travel to Cuba to get pianos in shape for concert performances and music schools.

To make his position on Cuba's embargo clear, Treuhaft sent Jesse Helms a WISH YOU WERE HERE postcard from Havana's José Martí Airport and sent the anti-Castro senator Robert Torricelli a photo of himself dressed as a piano, giving the finger to the U.S. Interests Section headquarters in Havana, the U.S. quasi embassy. Although Treuhaft obtained licenses to transport the pianos, he was fined $10,000 two years ago by the Treasury Department, which claimed he had traveled and worked illegally in Cuba. "I would love to hear a judge explain why tuning a piano is illegal," says Treuhaft, who says Treasury offered to reduce the penalty to $3,500, which he still refuses to pay. A hearing is pending.

New Yorkers can no doubt expect more publicity stunts from Treuhaft on behalf of his cause. "When I got fined the $10,000, my mother said, 'Oh, Ben, how could you?' " he reminisces fondly. "But then, about a week later, when it was all over the press, she said, 'Oh, Ben, brilliant.' " JASON KERSTEN

AUDITIONS

Flop-Up Video

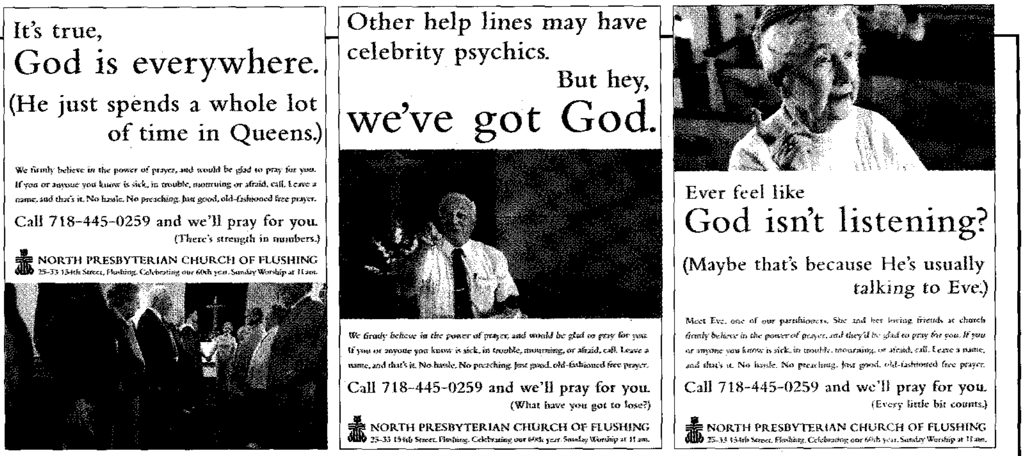
ON PAPER, THEY WERE SHOOins. The two *New York* writers who arrived at MTV's open casting call for a temporary V.J. position had inside knowledge of the music business, savvy critical insight, and line-cutting privileges. Most video-jock hopefuls had camped out through the night to guarantee an audition spot. Sleep-deprived and egged on by his new friends in line, one Floridian chugged lighter fluid the night before the audition. Meanwhile, our ace reporters fueled up on a Howard Johnson's breakfast (expensed, natch), perused the morning papers, and ambled over to Viacom headquarters around 8 A.M. Ushered to the head of the 2,000-member line, they joined a pod of ten other auditioners. "Just introduce your favorite video," a production assistant said reassuringly, hitting RECORD on a camera. *Favorite video?* So plebeian a concern hadn't occurred to these Gen-X tastemakers in years. "Uh," spluttered one. "This is that, uh, action clip. The backward one. With the, uh, exploding car." Next time, try lighter fluid.

Escape from *New York*: Our writers in screen-test mode

RELIGION

God, Like, Loves You

An aging Queens congregation finds salvation on Madison Avenue



It's true,
God is everywhere.
(He just spends a whole lot of time in Queens.)

We firmly believe in the power of prayer, and would be glad to pray for you. If you or anyone you know is sick, in trouble, mourning or afraid, call. Leave a name, and that's it. No hassle. No preaching. Just good, old-fashioned free prayer.

Call 718-445-0259 and we'll pray for you.
(There's strength in numbers.)

NORTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF FLUSHING
25-33 154th Street, Flushing. Celebrating our 60th year. Sunday Worship at 11 a.m.

Other help lines may have celebrity psychics.
But hey,
we've got God.

We firmly believe in the power of prayer, and would be glad to pray for you. If you or anyone you know is sick, in trouble, mourning, or afraid, call. Leave a name, and that's it. No hassle. No preaching. Just good, old-fashioned free prayer.

Call 718-445-0259 and we'll pray for you.
(What have you got to lose?)

NORTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF FLUSHING
25-33 154th Street, Flushing. Celebrating our 60th year. Sunday Worship at 11 a.m.

Ever feel like
God isn't listening?
(Maybe that's because He's usually talking to Eve.)

Meet Eve, one of our parishioners. She and her loving friends at church *firmly believe in the power of prayer, and they'll be glad to pray for you. If you* or anyone you know is sick, in trouble, mourning, or afraid, call. Leave a name, and that's it. No hassle. No preaching. Just good, old-fashioned free prayer.

Call 718-445-0259 and we'll pray for you.
(Every little bit counts.)

NORTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF FLUSHING
25-33 154th Street, Flushing. Celebrating our 60th year. Sunday Worship at 11 a.m.

God is in the details: Kirshenbaum Bond & Partners helps spread the Word.

CHUCK ROBISON, THE BURLY, John Goodman–like pastor at the North Presbyterian Church of Flushing, wanted to reenergize his mostly aging congregation, but none of his big ideas—to build a bandshell next door to the church, to collaborate with a youth center—generated much interest among his flock. Finally, last Thanksgiving, he hit on a project that scored with his Queens congregants: Prayers for People, a program whose members would engage in daily prayer on behalf of anyone who requested it. To spread the word, Robison asked Kirshenbaum Bond & Partners—the award-winning advertising agency behind hip, ironic campaigns like Wendy the Snapple Lady—to design ads that would draw attention to the church's project.

"I was intrigued by the idea of how to market the Big Guy," says executive creative director Bill Oberlander, who met Robison through the Art Directors Club (where the pastor, who moonlights as a photographer, is a member). "We decided to use humor, to soft-pedal the message in an appropriate way." The ads, which currently run in Queens papers, feature Robison's portraits of his parishioners accompanied by copy like "God is busy now. But Mary Lou will be happy to take a message for you."

Robison says that since the pro bono ads started running in February, about 60 people have signed up to be the beneficiary of what the copy describes as "good, old-fashioned, free prayer." Every Sunday, in his southern drawl, Robison reads off the people requesting the congregation's attentions. The supplicants are identified only by their first names and what ails them, whether it's physical ("those who are sick"), existential ("those who are anxious"), or spiritual ("those who seek peace"). And what if the demand starts outstripping the supply? Robison has worked that one out. "We decided we'd pray for 30 days, and if they didn't see results, they could call back again in another 30 days. If we hear of change in the situation, we take them off the list," he says. "And thank the Lord."

ANTHONY LAPPÉ

THE SCENE

Spring Fling

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

***Cabaret*'s Natasha Richardson and Alan Cumming at C2 for a dinner party honoring Jon Robin Baitz.**

Kathy Hilton, Ashley McDermott, Jennifer Creel, and Nancy Jarecki at the Society of Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center's annual Bunny Hop.

Quentin Tarantino and Faye Dunaway at the China Club following the premiere of *Wait Until Dark*.

David Dinkins, Wynton Marsalis, Libby Pataki, Branford Marsalis, and Corice Arman at MOMA to benefit the Friends of Education.

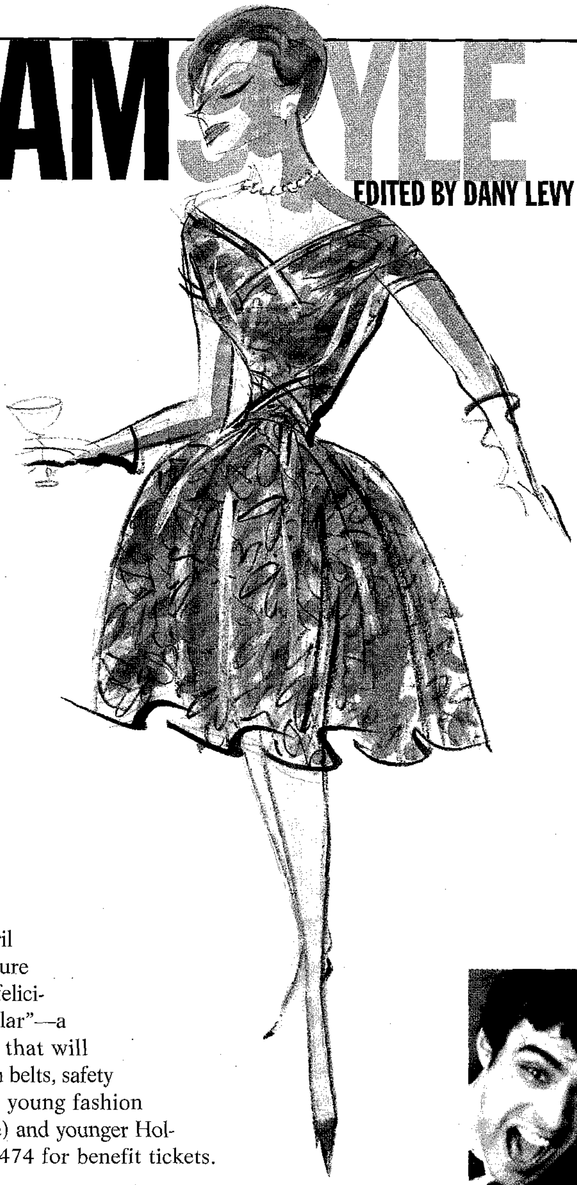
Kirk Varnedoe, Evelyn Lauder, and Christopher Meigher at the opening of Lauder's photography show at the Winston Wächter Gallery.

GOTHAM STYLE

EDITED BY DANY LEVY

Head Case

Before Philip Johnson copied Le Corbusier's black glasses, turning myopia into a fashion statement, Edith Head had the same idea. Short, bucktoothed, and black-banged, she was a consummate Hollywood costumer who wore exaggerated black frames to emphasize her quirks, charming movie actresses (Audrey, Bette, Barbara, and Liz), who saw her as no competition and a skilled sartorial flatterer. This month, Bergdorf Goodman celebrated what would have been Head's 100th birthday with a window-display retrospective of her work. But the real celebration takes place on April 23, when DIFFA and the Motion Picture and Television Fund will host an infelicitously named, gala "retrospectacular"—a "This Was Her Life" stage show that will introduce Head's winning ways with belts, safety pins, and the little black dress to young fashion designers (Vera, Anna, Anne-Marie) and younger Hollywood (Daryl, Gina). Call 675-9474 for benefit tickets.



BODY TYPE

Ten Minutes With a Flesh-Sucking Vacuum and They're Ready for Anything

● They may look picture-perfect by the time they hit the wall of paparazzi, but most celebrities fall out of bed looking as glamorous as the rest of the human race. We checked with our spies around town to see how some boldfaced names get ready for their close-ups.

Naomi Campbell—The Body Wrap at Dorit Baxter; $99.

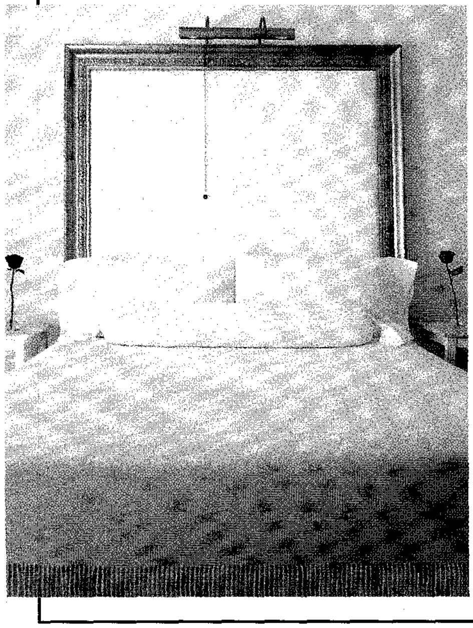
Ron Wood—Philip B.'s four-step hot-oil hair treatment to tame the rooster coif. At Mark Garrison; $125.

Caroline Murphy—The Hoover-like endermologie machine for face and body at Skin and Body Care, Inc. (to improve her skin color and reduce puffiness around her eyes); approximately $100.

Tracey Ullman—Glycolic peel, antioxidant treatment, and seaweed mask at Lia Schorr; $105.

Uma Thurman—Scalp treatment and deep massage at Bliss; $45 for the scalp treatment, $90-plus for the massage.

BETH LANDMAN KEIL



Dutch Treat

For arty travelers tiring of that computer-generated *Lace Maker*—the Vermeer that used to grace every room at the Paramount Hotel—here's a bit of relief: Phillippe Starck's recent $9 million renovation includes not only a new restaurant and lounge but also revamped bedrooms decorated with one of four new Vermeers discerning guests can choose from. According to a hotel flack, Starck fell in love with *The Lace Maker* on a trip to the Louvre and decided that the serene matron would be a soothing influence on the Paramount's peripatetic clientele. The symbolism behind the *new* Vermeers—among them *Girl With Pearl Earrings* and *The Astronomer*—is uncertain. Strict minimalists should feel equally at home. For them, Starck has reserved about 355 snow-white suites, their walls decorated only with a framed white headboard.

Fashion Drama

As if Fashion Week hadn't provided enough drama, *While You Were Out,* a new play produced by the Innocent Theater Company, is the latest hot ticket among people usually more familiar with Matsuda than with Molière. A collaborative effort by such style-endowed characters as *Visionaire*'s James Kaliardos, former *Vogue* editor Anne Christiensen, actresses Kathryn Gracey and Fiona Walsh, and man-about-town Alessandro Magania, the one-act comedy, which just opened in TriBeCa, features what a press release describes as two struggling but still fabulous actresses "tormented as temps, losing themselves in sexual exploits, vomiting at midnight." Hordes of Condé Nast assistant editors and Prada-clad publicists (as well as Madonna and Donatella) have made a run on the box office, but a few solitary tickets are still available at 971-1026. And don't forget to bring your dark sunglasses.

Illustration courtesy of DIFFA. Photographs: middle, Dietmar; bottom, Todd Eberle.

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2 ☐ Vichyssoise
3 ☐ Matzoh Ball Soup

D. CLASSIC ENTREES
1 ☐ Chicken Divan
2 ☐ New York Strip Steak
3 ☐ Lobster Newberg

E. MOST MISSED RESTAURANT
1 ☐ Mama Leone's
2 ☐ Luchow's
3 ☐ Le Pavillon

F. GOTHAM GOODIES
1 ☐ Tootsie Rolls
2 ☐ Black & White Cookie
3 ☐ Charlotte Russe

G. LIQUID NIRVANA
1 ☐ Egg Cream
2 ☐ Frozen Hot Chocolate
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H. NEW YORK NOSH
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2 ☐ Knish
3 ☐ Half-sour Pickle

I. NEW YORKER'S LUNCH
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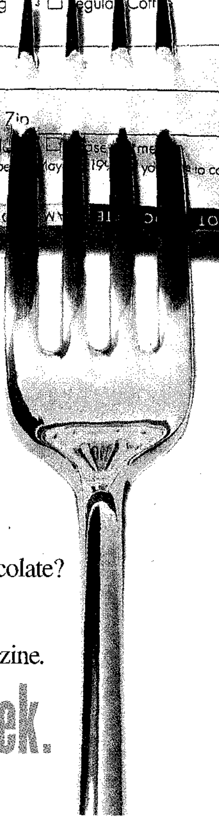

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CITYMEALS•ON•WHEELS

THE BOTTOM LINE ALAN DEUTSCHMAN

Nightmare on Wall Street

Financial mergers like the latest Citigroup deal may be good for consumers, but they signal the end of an era for the Street's Masters of the Universe.

IF YOU ENJOY RATTLING THE CAGES of haughty, overpaid investment bankers, try out the latest Wall Street fraternity prank. Call someone at Salomon Smith Barney—preferably a big-ticket investment banker who still fancies himself a true Master of the Universe—and nonchalantly inquire whether he can sell you a cheap certificate of deposit or an insurance policy. Better yet, ask him to help you open a checking account with one of those nifty ATM debit cards.

You see, Salomon is part of Sandy Weill's Travelers Group, which is about to merge with John Reed's Citicorp, forming a global behemoth that will provide all the lowly financial services—from mortgages to money-market accounts—that old-style financiers would never be caught dead handling. The new game in high finance is to woo the modest investments of individuals, especially baby-boomers who are now saving for retirement, and the Citigroup merger is amping up the darkest fears of Wall Street's most self-important and ludicrously well-paid players. What is to become of these big-money investment types now that their vaunted firms are becoming subsidiaries of big, bland, boring banks?

"Not so very long ago, Salomon Brothers was an independent firm with its own identity, culture, and attitude," says John Keefe of Keefe Worldwide Information Services, a consultant to brokerages and investment managers. "Now it's really just a pimple on the butt of this huge elephant. I wonder how much people will be resentful about the lost glory." And how will they feel about working for commercial bankers, whom they have long derided as maddeningly dim-witted, risk-averse, and slow-moving?

"What happens to Salomon?" asks a corporate financier at a competing firm. "At the end of the day, they become an insignificant part of Citigroup's earnings. They are consumed and subsumed, and then they disappear."

It was one thing when Morgan Stanley merged with Sears's former brokerage operation, the plebeian Dean Witter, an odd combination that the wits at Morgan called "white shoe versus white sock." But at least the two companies were of comparable size and importance in the new scheme. In the Citigroup deal, the newly captured investment bankers must suffer the double indignity of going down-market and being relegated to near-irrelevance, potential-profits-wise. As a veteran trader quips: "They know that they've been low-classed, but they haven't come to terms with the fact that they are the rounding error."

Culture shock: Sanford Weill of Travelers Group and John Reed of Citicorp make it official.

Now the question being whispered around Wall Street is whether Salomon's finance folks can sustain their enviably high compensation once they're absorbed into the bank hierarchy, which has historically resisted the mercenary star system that prevails at brokerages. "If you run Citigroup, how do you pay some trader a small fortune, maybe more than you pay yourself?" says an international financier from a prestigious old-line house. "When you compare peoples' salaries in investment banking versus commercial banking, it really gets ugly." Even worse, there's the real fear that as Salomon goes, so will go the rest of the investment-banking world. (Indeed, rumors were rampant this week that Chase was about to swallow Merrill Lynch.)

"As investment bankers are assimilated into these large, bland corporate bureaucracies, one wonders whether over time their salaries will be flattened out," says Ron Chernow, the author of several acclaimed books on the history of high finance, including, most recently, *The Death of the Banker.* "The bigger these companies become, the more difficult it gets to pay people in one small part such astronomical salaries." For now, though, he thinks the exuberant go-go mentality of the current bull market may forestall the inevitable nasty confrontations over gaping pay differentials. "The stock market is booming, and that probably covers a multitude of sins," adds Chernow.

Another troubling issue will be how to accommodate the notoriously free-

Photograph by Porter Gifford/Gamma Liaison.

wheeling cultures of the investment banks within the bureaucratic structures of the commercial banks or insurance companies that are taking them over. John Keefe experienced this culture clash firsthand when he tried to switch abruptly from one milieu to the other. Keefe was a prominent securities analyst covering financial institutions for Drexel Burnham Lambert, the one firm that was as shamelessly arrogant as Salomon in its heyday. When Drexel went bust, Keefe took a job at a newly formed brokerage unit of Barclays, a commercial bank that was trying to become a player in the U.S. securities business. He quickly became frustrated by the intractable politics at his new place of employment. "They just didn't get it: the time imperative, the immediacy, the freshness of things happening," he recalls. Later, when Barclays hired a bigfoot from Paine Webber to head its brokerage unit, that seven-figure player decided to convert a large empty room into his office. The bureaucrats had the nerve to rebuff the new boss, saying that his chosen space had too many windows for someone at his level in the corporate hierarchy.

"There's relatively little politicking at brokerage firms because people are too busy making money," says Keefe, who eventually left Barclays. "Brokerages are in the business of making money—taking $10 and turning it into $15. Banks are in the business of not losing money. They take ten bucks, lend out nine, and hope they get it back."

When the pre-merger Citicorp tried to build its own investment-banking unit from scratch, it struggled, in large part because it wouldn't pay the outrageous salaries needed to lure top talent from outside. And even before the Citigroup megadeal was hatched, Weill's Travelers insurance conglomerate was curbing some of the more vertiginous risk-taking at its newly acquired Salomon division. Travelers reined in Salomon's "proprietary trading" team, which gambles the firm's own capital in an effort to produce outsize returns.

In any event, legions of the top talents at the big houses have been leaving in frustration during the past few years to run their own small but lucrative hedge funds, where they get to keep 20 percent of the capital gains. A Salomon Smith Barney would never have let them keep those kinds of profits for themselves—and that was *before* the firm was subsumed into a banking-and-insurance leviathan. Masters of the Universe, your days are numbered. ■

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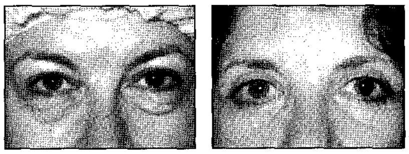
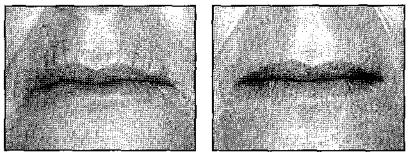


BEFORE & 8 DAYS AFTER UPPER & LOWER LID LASER BLEPHAROPLASTY

BEFORE & 7 DAYS AFTER LASER WRINKLE REMOVAL



THE CULTURE BUSINESS **JEREMY GERARD**

Flop Sweat

Garth Drabinsky's tumble from the top of Livent rings familiar for the man who created Cineplex Odeon. But what's Mike Ovitz doing on Broadway?

NO ONE WOULD BLAME YOU FOR thinking, after reading last week's headlines, that Michael Ovitz was positioning himself for an assault on the Broadway turf recently staked out by his former friend and current nemesis, Walt Disney Company chairman Michael Eisner. EX-MOUSE CHALLENGES B'WAY BIG CHEESE, exclaimed the *Post*. THREE HOLLYWOOD EGOS COULD TURN BROADWAY INTO THEIR BATTLEGROUND, tooted the *Times*, adding Jeffrey Katzenberg's name to the mix on the basis of zero discernible evidence.

Such ejaculations must have been welcome news to Garth Drabinsky, diverting attention from the real news announced on April 13: Drabinsky had lost control of his theatrical-production company, Livent, for much the same reason he'd lost control of his movie-theater chain, Cineplex Odeon, nine years earlier—galloping debt and the absence of anyone around to say no until it was too late. His hometown papers in Toronto were more direct: THE RISE AND FALL OF GARTH DRABINSKY, AGAIN one headline read. Ovitz, the former *Über*-agent and short-term Disney lieutenant turned shopping-center buyer, had picked up some cheap paper at a fire sale.

The Broadway season had begun with the anticipation of a face-off across 42nd Street between two brash newcomers, Disney (with *The Lion King* in its new theater) and Livent (with *Ragtime* in *its* new theater). But in the end, Livent proved no match, artistically or financially. For Drabinsky, who had established himself in just five years as Broadway's blustery innovator, the comedown was stunning.

In 1989, when Drabinsky was ousted from Cineplex, he'd set out to reinvent himself in the image of the brazen impresarios he most admired. He was thinking of Florenz Ziegfeld, who'd mounted the original production of *Show Boat* in 1927, and also of Cameron Mackintosh, the producer and marketing genius who singlehandedly transformed Broadway theater in the eighties from a cottage industry into an international cash cow, first with his erstwhile partner, composer Andrew Lloyd Webber, and later on his own. It was Drabinsky's Toronto production of *The Phantom of the Opera* that got him back on his feet after the Cineplex debacle and the subsequent creation of Livent. And it is, of course, Livent's immense, haunted Broadway revival of *Show Boat* in 1995 that is likely to be Drabinsky's most enduring legacy.

Unless, that is, you include the mountain of debt he leaves to the two men entrusted last week with the formidable task of salvaging the financial wreck Drabinsky made of Livent. The announcement that Ovitz and investment banker Roy Furman would take over was timed to blunt the impact of the company's 1997 financial statement, a litany of parentheses and red ink that left even seasoned Garth-watchers gulping for air.

As head of the world's only publicly traded company devoted exclusively to developing and presenting live theater, Drabinsky insisted he was more careful and more conservative with the books than anyone else in the business. Those claims were regarded skeptically by at least some Wall Street analysts, if not by reporters, who tended to paint him in broad colorful strokes or risk an eardrum-bruising the next day on the phone. You had to wonder how he got away with it all—the privately chartered jets; the creative accounting (carrying the preproduction costs of a show as an asset, for example, until it closed); the costly two-page color ads, week after week, in the "Arts & Leisure" section of the *Times*. Last year, while sustaining enormous losses from flops like the Canadian run of Lloyd Webber's *Sunset Boulevard* and a lavish, misguided revival of *Candide* on Broadway, Drabinsky was also mounting two productions of *Ragtime* and three of *Show Boat*, and building new theaters in New York and Chicago.

Ultimately, of course, he didn't get away with it. Drabinsky announced that he was stepping down as Livent's chairman and chief executive in order to devote himself exclusively to the creative side of the company. And by the way, the company posted losses of $37.7 million for the fourth quarter of '97 and $30.8 million for the year. In addition, Livent had spent a staggering $60.4 million on development. While praising Drabinsky as a visionary, Furman was also twisting the shiv: "We are going to look carefully at everything being spent," he told the *Wall Street Journal*. "There were some financial-discipline questions that now will be addressed."

THAT IS A SOBERING CUP OF COFFEE FOR A man flung into this Broadway season on

Illustration by Eric Palma.

a wave of adulatory publicity. Earlier, he'd announced his desire to follow *Show Boat* with a musical based on E. L. Doctorow's novel *Ragtime*. Drabinsky hired an artistic team to put the show together in Toronto, leasing a pair of decrepit theaters across 42nd Street from Disney's New Amsterdam and turning them into the $30 million Ford Center for the Performing Arts. By Christmastime, the show was up and running.

Unfortunately for Livent, so was *The Lion King*, which had opened in the fall at the New Amsterdam and had quickly become the must-see show of the year. Suddenly, *Ragtime*, which Drabinsky must have believed would be a shoo-in for the year's big awards, was looking like an also-ran. A respectable also-ran, a handsome and earnest also-ran, but an also-ran nonetheless. Indifferent reviews in both the daily and Sunday *Times* rubbed salt in the wound (and who was spreading the rumor that *Times* drama critic Ben Brantley had been fired for his heresy?).

Drabinsky didn't need *Ragtime* to be a hit; he needed it to be a *Lion King*–size hit—the future of Livent depended on it. He had to prove not only that New Yorkers wanted to see the show but that audiences all over North America were clamoring for it as well. But (despite what you may have read in *Time*), *Ragtime* has done disappointing business at best in Los Angeles, and Toronto hasn't been screaming encore since it closed there. Moreover, the sluggish Livent stock was going nowhere.

Enter Ovitz and Furman—and, all protestations aside, take that creative-director stuff with a big grain of salt.

"It's clear Garth is out of a job," one of Broadway's most prominent independent producers told me. That sentiment was echoed by others, many of whom admire Drabinsky for his boldness in an industry that has taken on a corporate pallor over the last year. They may have reviled him as a spendthrift and a gadfly, but no one could ever accuse him of being a panderer (well, there was Donny Osmond in a loincloth, ringing up sales for *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*, but you have to make a buck somewhere). For all his claims about building flop-proof musicals through careful test-marketing and audience polling, Drabinsky mostly aimed high with his shows, like 'em or not: *Kiss of the Spider Woman*, *Show Boat*, even *Ragtime*, which may be a bore but isn't junk bonds.

But the echo of Cineplex Odeon had begun sounding three years ago, when Drabinsky, already mired in debt, sold off the first big chunk of Livent to Thomas Lee, a Boston-based LBO artist with little tolerance for the high-flying ways of a showman. The joke then was that Lee was paying $17 million for his opening-night tickets. In the end, it was Lee who brought in Ovitz, and Ovitz who persuaded Furman to lead the palace coup.

SO WHAT DO MIKE OVITZ AND ROY Furman expect to get out of Livent? The company has several shows in development, but absent Drabinsky's extravagant seductions, it seems unlikely that Broadway superstars like Hal Prince (who staged both *Spider Woman* and *Show Boat*) will hang around Toronto much longer. Indeed, *Parade*, Prince's next show, a dark musical written by *Driving Miss Daisy*'s Alfred Uhry, will try out next fall not in Toronto but right here, at Lincoln Center Theater. *Cats*, *Phantom*, and *Les Miz* may sound a siren song to Broadway investors, but their success has never been replicated. Mackintosh has hardly appeared in these precincts in years, and Lloyd Webber's *Sunset Boulevard* left financial wreckage nearly everywhere it touched down.

"They have no idea how unbelievably hard it is to fill 1,800 seats eight times a week," one producer says of Ovitz and Furman. "This is a business of extraordinary frugality, and timing, and luck."

No one seriously believes Ovitz invested $20 million in Livent because he wants to make Broadway musicals. No one in his or her right mind wants to make Broadway musicals; that's what maniacs like Garth Drabinsky are for. What's more likely (Ovitz isn't talking; he never does) is that he'll use Livent as a springboard—its theaters are valued at about $200 million—into other businesses, refashioning himself as a late-nineties mogul like Barry Diller or Ron Perelman.

Twenty years ago, I sat, notebook in hand, in a dingy West Side studio, through the opening day of rehearsals for a new show called *A Broadway Musical*. It was fall, and cold, but as it is at the first rehearsal of every new show, the air was electric with hope. The producers were Norman Kean, famed, more or less, for keeping *Oh! Calcutta* running year after year, and a fearless novice from Canada named Garth Drabinsky. The show opened and closed on December 21, 1978. Drabinsky quickly segued into Cineplex Odeon. Kean would later murder his wife and throw himself from the roof of his apartment building. Unlike Kean, Garth Drabinsky is a survivor, but this is one tough business. ▬

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ISRAEL

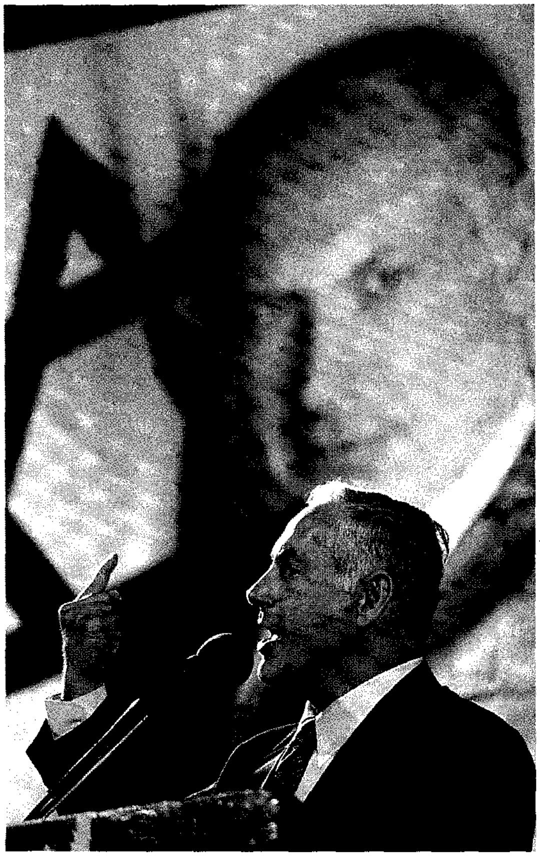
AMERICA'S JEWS ISRAEL'S LOST TRIBE?

At age 50, Israel is obsessed with its own troubles, and American Jews feel pushed away. No wonder no one could agree on a birthday celebration.

By Craig Horowitz

IN THE BEGINNING, THERE WAS A DINner party. It was July 1996, and Ronald Lauder, an impassioned advocate for a broad sweep of Jewish concerns, was hosting a small gathering at his Upper East Side apartment in honor of newly elected Israeli prime minister Benjamin Netanyahu. Netanyahu had come to the U.S., after his victory in an ugly, turbulent campaign conducted in the shadow of Yitzhak Rabin's assassination, to reassure Congress and the American Jewish community that he was committed to the peace process.

Netanyahu had also come to personally thank his inner circle of American friends and supporters—people like political consultant Arthur Finkelstein (source of the Willie Horton–esque campaign slogan "Bibi is good for the Jews"), real-estate and media titan Mort Zuckerman, and entertainment-business moguls Marvin Josephson and Merv Adelson.



ACROSS A GULF: **Israeli prime minister Benjamin Netanyahu; opposite, New York's 1996 "Salute to Israel" parade.**

Like most of the guests at Lauder's party, Josephson and Adelson are members of an elite class of power rangers, men who move comfortably in a triaxial world of business, politics, and Hollywood. They also share an intense passion for Judaism and Jewishness that is perhaps more cultural than religious, more about camaraderie and a kind of robust ethnic pride in their peer group than it is about spirituality or a divine revelation on Mount Sinai.

Josephson, a longtime supporter of Jewish causes (he's chairman of Friends of the Israel Defense Forces), is the founder of International Creative Management, one of the most influential talent and literary agencies in the world. Adelson, who also has a lengthy, energetic history on behalf of Jewish causes, is a co-founder and former CEO of Lorimar-Telepictures and one of Netanyahu's best friends. They have taken vacations together and had Passover Seders together, and Adelson has, over the years, squired Netanyahu around Los Angeles—dinner with Streisand, an evening honoring Kirk Douglas, and the like—introducing him to the key people in Hollywood.

"When I talked to Bibi at dinner," says Josephson, a small, gracious man, sitting in his office overlooking Central Park, "I mentioned to him that I knew he had many more important things to worry about. But Israel's fiftieth anniversary, in terms of preparing for it, was not that far away. And he said to me, 'You're absolutely right. Why don't you handle it.' And then he turned to Merv, who's much closer to Bibi than I am, and said, 'Merv, you have to work with him.' "

As so it was done.

Perhaps Josephson and Adelson should

Photographs: this page, Allan Tannenbaum/Sygma; opposite page, David Karp/AP/Wide World.

have been a little more skeptical when they agreed to become international co-chairmen of Israel's Fiftieth-Anniversary Committee. Even in the best of times, putting together a plan to celebrate Israel's first half-century with a meticulously orchestrated series of events around the world would be fraught with logistic difficulties. And with Israel riven by internal conflicts and American Jews struggling with assimilation and indifference, these are far from the best of times.

On the other hand, why shouldn't Adelson and Josephson have been optimistic? The basic mission was so straightforward, its importance so indisputable, that they simply believed that the Jewish community in America and the one in Israel, which have lately been at each other's throats over a host of religious and secular issues, would jointly rise to the occasion—just as they have always done in times of crisis.

EARLY PROMISE: Above, David Ben-Gurion in Jerusalem in 1948, the year Israel was founded; below, an Israeli kibbutz in the sixties.

“Where's Ben-Gurion when we n

That things didn't exactly work out that way is hardly Adelson and Josephson's fault. In fact, it's hard to imagine two men more ideally suited for the job. But even their accumulated skill as dealmakers and their experience in the fractious world of Jewish philanthropy could do little to overcome Israeli ambivalence toward them and the entire project.

Political squabbling, lack of leadership, lack of funding, as well as almost inexplicable mismanagement all played major roles in turning what should have been a moment of triumph into a public embarrassment. Nearly all of the major symbolic events had to be canceled. There will, of course, still be celebrations, but they will take place on a much smaller scale and will be administered, for the most part, locally. To understand just how inept the Israeli handling of the anniversary effort has been, it is necessary only to know that in less than two years, there have been five different anniversary-committee chairmen, one of them lasting only three days.

And while David Bar-Illan, Netanyahu's top aide, told me that the anniversary became a problem "simply because everything in Israel becomes a problem," the anniversary effort has been plagued by a far more fundamental problem: the widening gulf between Israeli and American Jews.

"THERE'S NO QUESTION THAT THERE IS A DEEP cultural gap between the two communities," says Gideon Meir, who is in charge of Israeli-Diaspora relations in Israel's Foreign Ministry. "We need a new kind of dialogue and new ways to communicate."

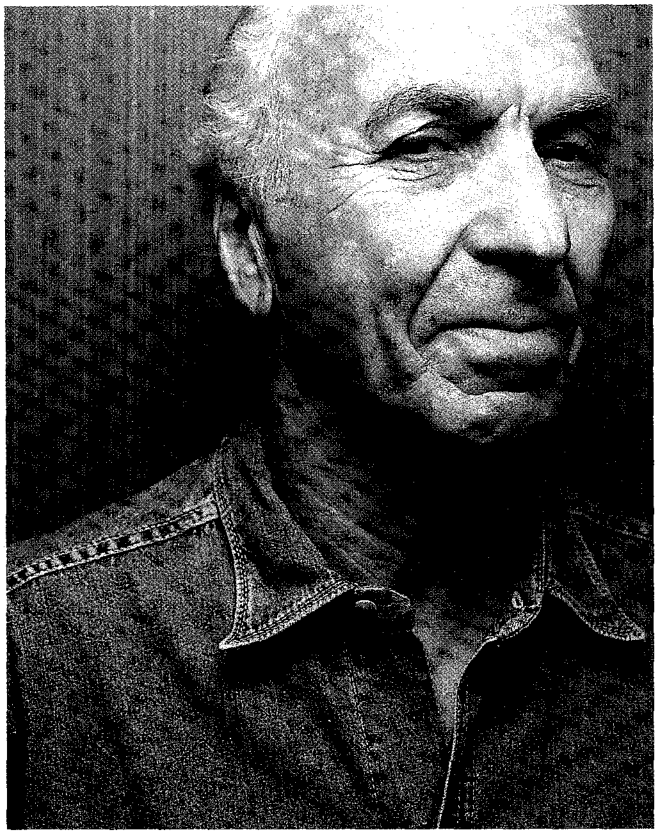
Given the widely held belief that there is an airtight closeness between the two communities, the lack of communication can at times be stunning. While the Americans were enthusiastically racing against the clock, trying to organize star-studded stadium shows, worldwide satellite telecasts, and erudite symposia that would include some of the world's best minds, they had no idea that the Israelis, struggling through a recession, had little interest in spending money on the anniversary.

With more urgent issues on their agenda—things like health care and unemployment—money to party seemed frivolous. The Americans never sensed this, and the Israelis never said it. Budgets were verbally approved at every step along the way, but very little money was actually released. For months, Josephson and Adelson paid whatever expenses they incurred out of their own pockets.

THE AMERICANS COULD HAVE saved themselves a lot of grief if they had realized—regardless of what they were being told by a few high-level government people—that the Israelis are simply not in the mood to celebrate. Despite 50 years of extraordinary achievements, Israel is, in this year of its anniversary, a country preoccupied by its internecine disputes: Orthodox vs. secular; left vs. right; Eastern vs. Western culture; theocracy vs. democracy.

This is a difficult time in Israel, a time when the economy, the motionless peace process, and the raging debate over what he national character of a Jewsh state should be have left Israelis with, at best, an obstructed view of the bigger picture. "Sometimes I don't think we Israelis know how to put aside the strains of daily life and celebrate," says Gad Ben-Ari, chairman of the Jewish Agency delegation to North America and former press secretary to Yitzhak Rabin.

For their part, the Israelis failed to recognize that American Jews have an almost visceral need to celebrate: more than anything else, to validate their self-image as Jews and to congratulate themselves for their role in building the state of Israel. "The fiftieth ought to have been an occasion in which American Jews and Jews the world over could celebrate the most remarkable development in 2,000 years of Jewish history," says Dr. Steven Bayme, director of the American Jewish Committee's Institute on American Jewish–Israeli relations. "Yet the problems of the day—the peace process and pluralism—are overshadowing the meaning of the anniversary."



FRIEND OF BIBI: Merv Adelson, co-chair of the 50th Anniversary Committee.

Ronald Lauder, president of the Jewish National Fund, thinks the mistake that's been made has been looking backward and trying to celebrate the past. "We should have used this as a moment to look at where Israel is going over the next 50 years," says Lauder, the former ambassador to Austria.

"The issues affecting Israel are not issues of how they're going to live with their Arab neighbors. I believe that time will solve this problem. The key issue now is, will Israel be another country in the Middle East that happens to be made up predominantly of Jewish people? Or will it be a true Jewish state, the way it was envisioned by its founders?"

d him?" says American Reform rabbi Eric Yoffie.

The disputes that emerged around the fiftieth anniversary are indicative of the changing nature of the relationship between the two communities. Israel has matured. It is no longer the poor, unsophisticated relation, happy to accept American charity and the paternalistic—if not patronizing—attitude that comes with it.

At the same time, the comfort level for American Jews is such that they look less and less toward Israel—especially now, when the Orthodox Establishment that controls religious life in Israel seems intent on demeaning the religious practices of most American Jews. The refusal by Israel's Chief Rabbinate to recognize the validity of Conservative and Reform Judaism—90 percent of affiliated American Jews—has opened a wound that may never be healed.

The anger felt by American Jews has already resulted in less money being sent to Israel. "We used to ask how you could run a program that's more sensitive to local needs, and people would say you can't. Israel is the only thing that will get people in the gut, the only thing that will motivate them," says Leonard Fein, a Jewish activist and the director of the Commission on Social Action of the Reform movement. "But now it's happening. General allocations from UJA Federations to Israel are sliding. Right now they're at about 40 percent of the money raised, down from 50 percent. And they'll probably level off at around 25 percent. And the campaigns overall are doing fine."

Despite the deft use of political power by American Jews on behalf of Israel and despite years of an enormously successful American fund-raising effort—both of which have long been the envy of other ethnic groups—it appears that on a human level, the two communities actually know very little about one another.

"Both societies have changed tremendously over the years, but what's changed in the relationship? Practically nothing," says Dr. Gary Tobin, director of the Cohen Center for Modern Jewish Studies at Brandeis University. "American Jews continue to relate to Israel primarily by sending money. It's not healthy. If the relationship between American Jews and Israel were a romance, one would not want money to be the primary expression of love."

IN THE WAKE OF THE HOLocaust, Jewish unity has been forged around external threats and uncertainties. But as those threats have receded, the question resonating through the Jewish community with the piercing clarity of the shofar (ram's horn) on Rosh Hashanah is, What will replace them?

How do you capture a generation of American Jews with no memory of the Holocaust, Israel's war of independence, or even the war in 1967? A generation for whom Israel is not a miracle but a fact of life? And, as Fein points out, an often troublesome fact at that? As Israel begins its next 50 years, what will be the basis for a strong relationship with the Diaspora? Will American Jews still care passionately about Israel? Indeed, should they?

"You can certainly see the specter of disengagement," says the American Jewish Committee's Dr. Steven Bayme. "American Jews feel our primary issue is Jewish continuity, and Israel is to some extent damaging that. Because by delegitimizing the Reform and Conservative movements, it's delegitimizing the primary avenues by which we can get Jews to remain Jewish and to raise their children as Jews.

"The question that must be asked," he says, "is: To what extent can American Jews sustain an interest in Israel when the real things that bother Jews today are not external but internal? The meaning of Israel has been that in a pinch, Jews can rely only on themselves. We have not sufficiently explored what we share in common as Jews. Are we heirs to a common tradition of Judaism? Do we share a set of beliefs and a value system? Or are we so radically different now that we share nothing more than the fact that a common fate may await us?"

Photographs: this page, Art Streiber/Montage/CPi; opposite page, top, Archive France/Tallandier/Archive Photos; bottom, David Rubinger/Black Star.

SEVERAL WEEKS AFTER THE DINNER AT Lauder's apartment, Adelson traveled to Israel. Doing the project right would require prodigious amounts of time—and, of course, prodigious amounts of money—and he wanted to gauge the level of commitment. After he met with Netanyahu and other top officials in Jerusalem, his fears were allayed. "I left feeling much more comfortable," Adelson told me from his ranch in Aspen. "The prime minister said to me that he believed the project was important and he was behind us on it."

With Netanyahu's backing, Adelson returned to Los Angeles and went to work. He didn't wait for any money to come from Israel. He didn't even wait for a formal written confirmation. He couldn't afford to. Time was critical. They had only eighteen months, and he and Josephson had already begun developing American-style megaplans for the celebration.

There would be a huge stadium show featuring lots of A-list celebrities televised live by satellite from Ramat Gan stadium, just outside Tel Aviv, to countries around the world. Corporate sponsorships would be sold, just as they are at the Olympics. And the show would be produced by David Wolper and Gary Smith, Hollywood veterans whose experience with extravaganzas included the opening ceremonies at the 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles.

Elie Wiesel, named a co-chairman of the anniversary effort, would head a Nobel-laureate committee and help organize a gathering of Jewish Nobel Prize winners in Israel. NBA commissioner David Stern was enlisted to head up a sports committee. Donna Karan would handle participation in the fashion community; Ronald Lauder, in the art world. Connecticut senator Joe Lieberman, an Orthodox Jew, would preside over the gathering of Jewish parliamentarians from around the world. In London, Lord Jacob Rothschild would help with British participation. The world's top Jewish doctors and researchers would also be brought together in Israel for seminars on medicine. Likewise Jewish lawyers. And on and on it went.

BUT THE BRIGHTEST JEWEL IN THIS glittering array was an ambitious plan to bring 50,000 Jewish teenagers to Israel—mostly Americans—for at least a month this summer. To assist in planning the airlift and securing the best air fares, United Airlines CEO Gerald Greenwald signed on to help.

"The American Jewish community is beh

PARTY POLITICS: Ronald Lauder, president of the National Jewish Fund.

"This was really the most meaningful thing we were working on," says Adelson. "You know, people of my generation all grew up with Israel and its battle for independence and the wars for its survival. It's bred into us. But for the younger people, who haven't been through those days, it's much more difficult to instill these same kinds of feelings in them for Israel."

QUICKLY, HOWEVER, THERE were warning signs that all was not what it should be on the Israeli side. Shortly after Josephson and Adelson agreed to become co-chairs of the anniversary committee, they found out that Edgar Bronfman had also agreed to take the job. It had been offered to him by Israeli foreign minister David Levy. Eager to avoid a public conflict, Bronfman, president of the World Jewish Congress, graciously bowed out.

But no sooner had that obstacle been removed than other, larger ones loomed. Implementing the extravagant plans laid out by Josephson and Adelson required staff. People were needed to write letters, work on scheduling, make phone calls, handle travel arrangements, and tend to the thousands of details that go into pulling a project like this together. Adelson decided he couldn't wait for money to come from Israel. So he began to do what needed to be done, using his own money.

"I had a lot of faith," Adelson says. "I've been involved with Israel for years. Sometimes it gets a little complicated over there, but sooner or later they seem to do the right thing. And during this period, I was in Israel every six or eight weeks, and Marvin and I were meeting with all kinds of significant people: The president. The finance minister. The tourism minister. We continued to get approvals, and we continued to get told we should go ahead and do these things."

At the same time, however, Adelson was sending bills, and no money was forthcoming. To make matters worse, by January 1997, barely six months after their initial conversation with Netanyahu in New York, Josephson and Adelson had already seen two chairmen of the Israeli committee resign. Several months later, their $12 million budget was cut in half.

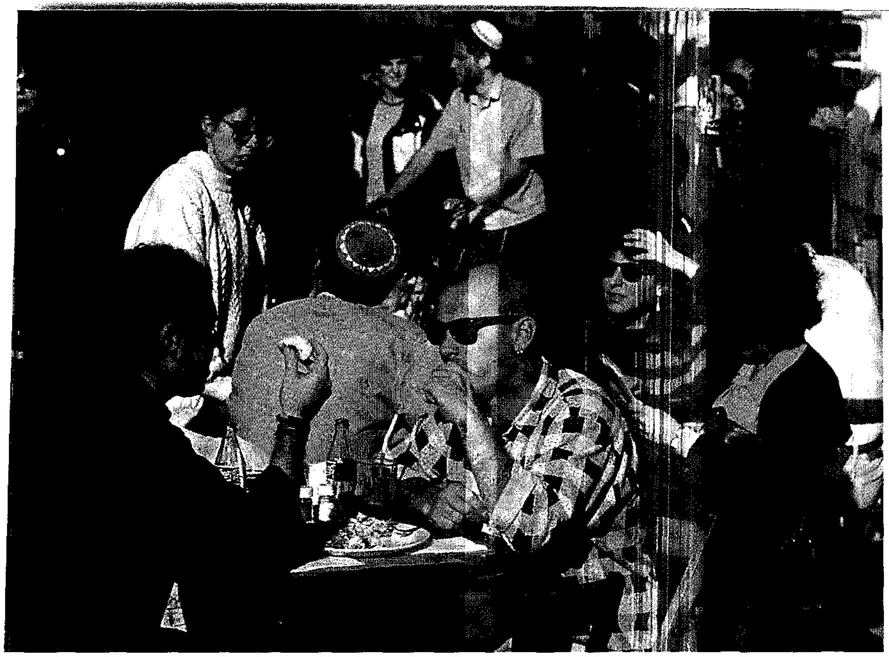
"What was happening was, we started out with a whole list of things we wanted to do, and every time there were problems, we'd eliminate something. So we kept paring down and paring down until finally you say, 'Hey, there's really nothing left except the television special we're doing in Los Angeles.' " (The two-hour special, *To Life! America Salutes Israel's 50th*, produced by television veterans Don Mischer and Gil Cates and with a writing staff headed by *M*A*S*H* creator Larry Gelbart, ran on CBS last week.)

To make matters worse, while Josephson and Adelson were going through this excruciatingly disappointing process, negative items began to appear about them in the Israeli press. First they were portrayed (incorrectly) as major contributors to Netanyahu's campaign who were rewarded with these "plum" jobs as heads of the international anniversary committee.

Then they were accused of submitting fictionalized expense reports. CORRUPTION, screamed a headline in the Jerusalem *Post*. "We went through a period," says Josephson, "where the implications were that here were these well-off American Jews flying first-class, staying in the best hotels, and trying to get the Israeli government to pay for it. Well, the truth is, we did fly first-class and we did stay in the best hotels, but we paid for it ourselves."

The accusations had enough traction that the Knesset actually voted to send three auditors to Los Angeles to go through Adelson's books. At issue was $300,000 he submitted in expenses. "They went to my accountant's office and looked at checks, who was at what lunch. They got into very minute details," he

Photograph by John-Francis Bourke.



TWO JERUSALEMS: Above, young socialites at the Cafe Society; right, Orthodox Jews praying at the Western Wall.

says. "They came over with a hostile attitude and left apologizing."

Though Adelson was livid that his integrity and his credibility were being challenged, he wasn't surprised. "I'm not naïve. I knew beforehand that because of my relationship with Bibi, somebody might take a shot at me because they wanted to embarrass him. I had $150,000 in legitimate expenses that I didn't put in because I felt they could be criticized as personal, even though they weren't."

ng in ways that are insecure, confused, and neurotic."

And finally, Israeli resentment, which had bubbled below the surface, began to seep out. Quotes appeared in Israeli newspapers charging that the Americans were throwing their weight around and trying to Americanize the celebrations. "I don't think it's true completely, but there was some of that feeling," Adelson says. "With the Ramat Gan stadium show, we discussed the plans endlessly and the Israelis agreed that having David Wolper and Gary Smith involved, given their experience in this area, would be a positive thing. We always planned to do the show in Hebrew and have a co-producer in Israel. But I can't deny there was a feeling on the part of those involved in Israel that this was a show they should produce themselves."

In the end, that's exactly what happened. Jerusalem mayor Ehud Olmert, outraged that a significant symbolic event like this was going to be held in Tel Aviv, demanded that the show be moved to Israel's capital. It was. It was also significantly scaled down in size and scope and will no longer be televised around the world on Independence Night. For all their time and effort, and their admirable determination to hang in despite the disappointments and the indignities, Josephson and Adelson finished up with very little in the way of tangible results.

"The reason Americans wanted a big celebration," says Dr. Norman Lamm, president of Yeshiva University, the intellectual center of America's modern orthodox movement, "is Americans have a greater need for the psychological dimension of the event. We are a community in distress. Except the Israelis recognize their distress better than we recognize ours. The trouble is we have the American tendency to try and cover things up with a great deal of pseudo-optimism."

Josephson believes that the anniversary effort simply got caught in the endless web of Israeli politics: "I'm more saddened than angry about the whole thing. A lot of Israelis don't understand Americans and a lot of Americans don't understand Israelis. Clearly, we missed out on a great opportunity to bring everyone together."

NOT LONG AGO, THERE would have been no need to manufacture an event around which Jews from the two countries could come together. American-Israeli unity was a given, as natural as the seasonal rhythms of the festivals that mark the Hebrew calendar. It is accepted wisdom that in the course of modern Jewish history, no ideology, no set of values, and no single occurrence—not even the Holocaust—has been as unifying a force for Jews as the existence of the state of Israel.

The human drama of Israel's creation and the improbability of its survival still leave many Jews breathless. "Stop just for a moment and consider where the Jewish people were after World War II and the Holocaust," says David A. Harris, executive director of the American Jewish Committee, "stateless, powerless, decimated. Not only does this new Jewish state survive and overcome war, terrorism, economic boycotts, and persistent attempts at diplomatic isolation, but it fulfills this unprecedented notion that it is a home and a haven for the world's Jews.

"So in addition to this extraordinary story of the will to live and thrive and prosper," Harris says, "you have a story of return and renewal. The tale of a country the size of New Jersey receiving—while fighting for its survival against six armies—Jews from 100 countries who speak 110 different languages. And it successfully manages this Herculean task of integrating Jews from around the world of various historic, religious, political, and social experiences based on one fact—they all share the same Jewish identity."

But Harris and his peers at the major Jewish organizations know the American-Israeli relationship faces an uncertain future, one in which there'll be a desperate search for ways to maintain the synapses that have so effectively carried the impulses back and forth for the first 50 years. Some of the distancing that's occurred is the natural result of evolution. If two brothers left Russia in the early forties and one went to Palestine and the other came to America, their descendants today would be second cousins. The next

Photographs: top, Gideon Mendel/Network/Matrix; bottom, Yurman/Gamma Liaison.

generation will be third cousins. So there is an ongoing shift, from a sibling relationship to one of distant relatives.

The change in the dynamic of the relationship is also a measure of how successful each community has been and how differently they have developed. In America, the flip side to the intermarriage-assimilation-indifference hysteria is that Jews have accomplished exactly what they wanted to over the past 50 years. They strove to be fully accepted and to function as equal partners in America, economically, politically, socially, and culturally. And in five decades, they've achieved that.

In fact, they've achieved more than that. Not only do Jews now think and act like Americans; Americans now think and act like Jews. There's been a slow Judaizing of America in which it's becoming increasingly difficult to see where one begins and the other ends. Are Jerry Seinfeld, Paul Reiser, and Billy Crystal Jewish comedians or American comedians? Or both? Which sensibility does their view of the world represent?

The downside to this commingling has been the dilution and in some cases the complete disappearance of a distinctive Jewish culture among mainstream American Jews. As a result, it's become more difficult to feel Jewish without an institutional connection. And the phenomenon of the completely secular American Zionist whose whole life is Israel—the story of many Jews over 60—is largely a thing of the past. The connective tissue between the two communities is, increasingly, religious commitment.

"So have we stood back and enjoyed this wonderful American success?" asks Gary Tobin at Brandeis. "No. We've turned it into the intermarriage crisis. We don't know how to deal with normality. As American Jews, we should take the next twenty years to get our house in order; that's the most important aspect of relating to Israel. Because right now, the American Jewish community is behaving in ways that are insecure, confused, backward-looking, and neurotic."

ISRAELIS HAVE ALSO BEEN extraordinarily successful in reaching their goals over the country's first 50 years. Though security remains a constant emotional, physical, and financial strain, survival is no longer a real question. Israel has become not only a dominant military power but an economic one as well. The current recession notwithstanding, Israel has a per capita gross national product greater than that of its four neighbors—Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, and Egypt—combined.

The country has come a long way from the fifties or even the sixties Israel, which was dominated by the kibbutz ethic and the collective sensibility of its European founding fathers. Today's Israelis have grown up in the Middle East. They speak Hebrew and perhaps some Arabic but not always English. They have also been buffeted by the cultural and political impact of absorbing hundreds of thousands of immigrants from Sephardic countries.

"ANY SERIOUS CULTURE DERIVES ITS IMAGES from its surroundings," says Leonard Fein. "So when Israelis think about rivers, they don't think about the Mississippi; they think about the Jordan. Everybody in Israel has experienced war. There's only a very tiny percentage of Americans who have. Whenever there's a terrorist incident or a military one, everybody knows someone who was involved. Israel is really a neighborhood pretending to be a country. It's a very different experience from the American one. So culturally we're drawing apart."

What has developed over the past fifteen years or so is a kind of pyramid structure. Relations between Israeli and American Jews are very tight on the leadership level—between, say, Netanyahu and the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations. But the farther down you go, the less serious, sustained contact there is. "Most Americans, even those who know a great deal about Israe politics, don't know much about daily lif in Israel," says Fein. "They don't kno what's taught in the schools. They don know what songs are on the pop charts or what plays Israelis go to. Amos Oz i read by a small number of Americans A. B. Yehoshua by an even smaller number, and David Grossman by a smalle number still. And that's about it."

It is also true that the farther you ge from the top of the pyramid, the les American Jews matter to Israelis. "By anc large, the Israeli leadership recognizes that American Jewish support is important and necessary," says Dr. Steven Bayme. "But increasingly, the rank and file believe that the American Jewish community is withering away. Israeli education shows very little understanding or appreciation of American Jewry. There's no sense of the vitality of the American Jewish community. So Israelis grow up knowing only that America means assimilation. And if American Jews are going to disappear anyway, Israelis feel, why should they be important to us?"

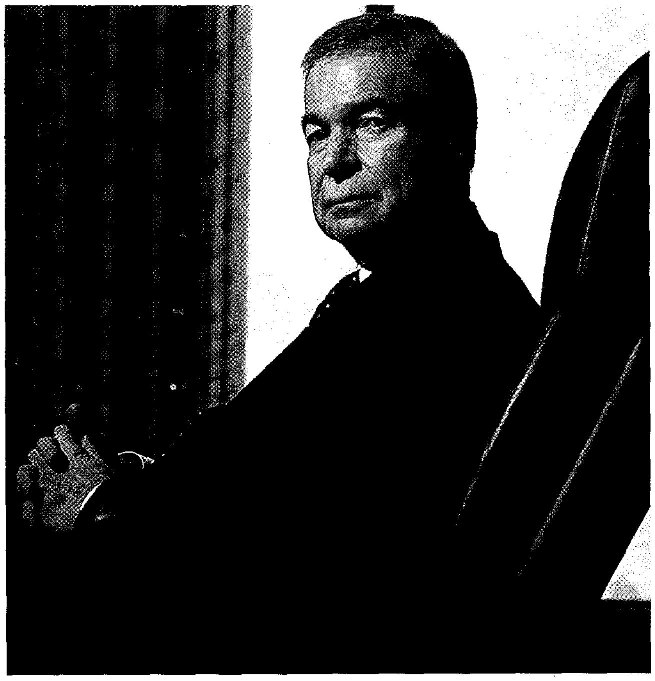
IN THE NEAR TERM, THE CRITICAL ISSUE, THE one with the potential to continue doing the most damage to the relationship between Israeli and American Jews, is what's known as the conversion issue, or sometimes the pluralism issue. The controversy spins around two central questions: Who is a Jew? And what should be the character of a Jewish state?

Back in 1948, when Israel was founded, David Ben-Gurion allowed the Orthodox to continue their control of all religious affairs. The government sanctioned a board of rabbis known as the Chief Rabbinate, and it was given complete dominion over all marriages, divorces, burials, and conversions.

The issue is critical now because there are several hundred thousand Israelis—mostly non-Jewish Russian immigrants married to Jews, or children with Jewish fathers and non-Jewish mothers—who are not considered Jewish by the state. Though they are citizens, they cannot marry in Israel or be buried there in a Jewish cemetery unless they convert. And this must be done under the auspices of an Orthodox rabbi—a rigorous process that requires a commitment most are not willing to make.

Conversions performed by

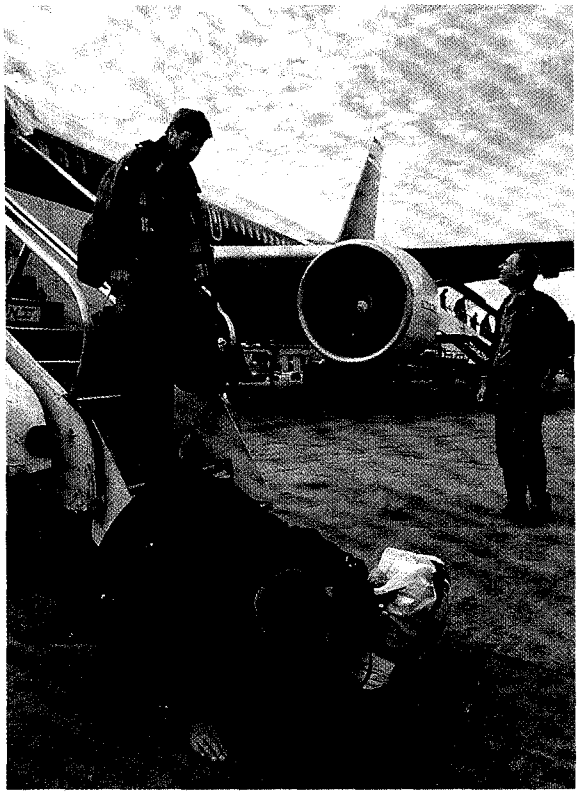
"We missed out on a great opportu



IDEA MAN: Marvin Josephson volunteered to plan the celebration.

Photograph by John-Francis Bourke.

Conservative or Reform rabbis in Israel are not recognized by the Chief Rabbinate. In other words, they're not legal. The impact of this has been to create a group of citizens who are denied basic rights: To marry, they must go overseas. This creates the prospect of a two-tiered society. It also creates the possibility that—given the number of Jews in the U.S. whose religious identity would also not be accepted by the Orthodox—there will be two groups worldwide as well.



“If Israel wishes to remain the center of the Jewish world,” says Rabbi Ismar Schorsch, chancellor of the Jewish Theological Seminary, the Conservative movement's academic center in New York, “it must have a level playing field in which no religious community has the ability to restrict, impose, or harass everyone else. It is not the business of a modern government to determine who can marry whom and who can be buried where.”

In America, Israel's Orthodox monopoly has sparked deeply felt outrage and a sense of alienation at a time when the relationship between the two communities is least able to endure the damage. The poisonous rhetoric of the Chief Rabbinate has left most Jews in America angry and disappointed. The rhetoric is so unforgiving that after a recent failed attempt at a compromise, which would have allowed Reform and Conservative rabbis a role in preparing converts, the Chief Rabbinate issued a statement in which it could not even refer to the other streams of Judaism by name. It simply denounced them as “those who do not believe in Torah from the heavens, who try to shake the foundations of the Jewish religion.” The statement also condemned “those who have brought about disastrous results of assimilation among Diaspora Jewry.”

y to bring everyone together,” says Josephson.

ON HOLY GROUND: Top, Russian immigrants arriving in Israel in 1990; above, Ethiopian immigrants at the Western Wall.

Rabbi Eric Yoffie, president of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, the Reform organization that represents 876 congregations and nearly 1.5 million American Jews, has been out front in Reform's battle to gain a foothold in Israel. “In America, it's the synagogue that's the heart of Jewish life, and American Jews believe they're being put in the position of having to choose between their synagogue and allegiance to the state of Israel.”

Yoffie accuses Israel's leadership—on the left and on the right—of a lack of courage and vision. “This could be a time for a significant national leader to galvanize the state of Israel and the Jewish people and to provide some direction. Where's Ben-Gurion when we need him?”

Israeli leaders, Yoffie argues, forget they have a broader constituency. “They're supposed to be the leaders of the Jewish world. If they only serve the Israelis, then Israel is only the state of the Israelis and has nothing to do with me,” he says, barely able to contain his anger.

“Netanyahu doesn't have to be a reform Jew. But if he can't even say, ‘I value what you're doing; I understand that your movement is a significant force in promoting Jewish values and fighting assimilation; I see you as an ally in our battle to preserve the Jewish people’; if he can't as prime minister come and visit a Reform synagogue . . . if those things can't happen in 1998, we're in deep trouble.”

FOR MOST ISRAELIS, THE ISSUE has a different focal point entirely. The Reform and Conservative branches of Judaism, which essentially represent an attempt to preserve religious practice for those living in a modern, integrated society, have registered barely a blip on Israel's spiritual radar. In the West Bank town of Efrat, for example, which was first settled by Rabbi Shlomo Riskin, founder of the Lincoln Square Synagogue on the Upper West Side, there are 7,000 residents and 23 Orthodox synagogues. In the entire state of Israel, there are fewer than 50 Conservative synagogues. Of Israel's 4.6 million Jews, just over 10,000 are Reform and 20,000 are Conservative.

The struggle in Israel is not between the various streams of Judaism but between the Orthodox and everyone else. Will Israel be a Western-style democracy that welcomes the diversity of the Jewish people? Or will it become a theocracy dominated by fundamentalism?

Will the government legislate Sabbath observance? Will there be more measures like the one that supports segregated public buses—which women have to enter at the back—that run through some ultra-Orthodox neighborhoods? Or will things go to the other extreme, as exemplified by a proposal from the Meretz Party that called for a new national anthem? The idea was that “Hatikvah,” the anthem since 1948, which speaks movingly of Jewish hope, might offend Israel's non-Jewish residents.

These issues have so much ballast in Israel that a recent poll done by Tel Aviv University's Tami Steinmetz Center for Peace Research found that only 30 percent of Israelis thought the conflict with the Palestinians was Israel's greatest threat. This even though three out of four believed the peace process was going nowhere. Fully 60 percent believed that the primary dangers—especially the *(continued on page 77)*

Photographs: top, Shlomo Arad/Sipa; bottom, Ricki Rosen/Saba.

The Talk of the Town

Legendary 'New Yorker' editor William Shawn zealously guarded his privacy. Now, as Lillian Ross, one of his most illustrious protégées, prepares a memoir of their 40-year affair, it's clear he had plenty to keep secret.

By Paul Alexander

One day in 1975, Z, an editor who had been working at *The New Yorker* for a decade, was walking down the sidewalk on the Upper East Side, a neighborhood where, like herself, many of *The New Yorker*'s staff members lived, when she encountered William Shawn, the magazine's editor-in-chief, and Lillian Ross, one of the magazine's most respected reporters. It was a memorable sight, for they were an unusual couple. "Shawn was soft and old-maidish and really strange-looking," says a former *New Yorker* employee. "He had teeny little hands and tiny little feet. He was small—about five feet five. He was a little man with rosy cheeks." With his bald head, bad eyes (he wore black-plastic-rimmed glasses), and hushed, paper-thin voice, Shawn was as delicate and demure as Ross was extroverted and tough. She was so robust in her manner and solidly built in her physique, which she kept in shape by playing tennis on the Central Park courts and by power-walking around the Park's reservoir, that she would one day be described in print as a "fireplug."

When Z passed Ross and Shawn on the sidewalk that day, a typical exchange ensued.

"Hello, Mr. Shawn, Miss Ross," Z said.

"Hello," Shawn said quietly, his whole face blushing.

"Hello," Ross said loudly, her voice as commanding as a traffic cop's.

Lillian Ross and William Shawn at the 1991 Peabody Awards dinner at the Plaza Hotel.

Photograph by Marina Garnier.

And that was that. Z continued on her way, as did Ross and Shawn. Not a handful of words were exchanged because, unless it was absolutely necessary, junior members of the *New Yorker* staff did not engage in conversation with Shawn. A "Hello, how are you?" was it. Especially when Shawn was seen in public with Ross.

"For years, it never occurred to me that there was a romance going on between them," says Z. "Finally, around this time, a light had gone off in my head, and when I realized what was really going on, it enlarged for me the very idea of what love could be. Suddenly I realized here were two mousy little middle-aged people who were about to be old, and theirs was a great romance."

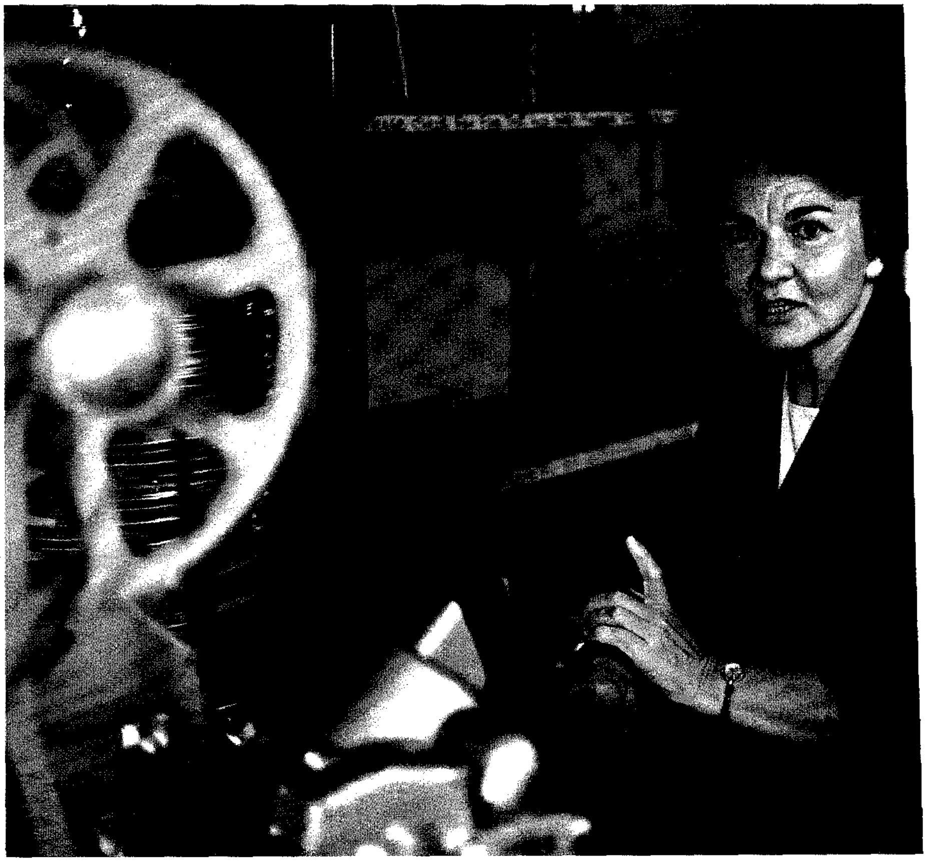
Now, all these years later, Ross has written about her "great romance" with Shawn, in a memoir scheduled to be published this summer by Random House. As word of the book has spread through publishing circles over the past several weeks, old-time *New Yorker* staff members, many of whom worshiped Shawn, have become horrified at the prospect of the public's soon being able to read about an affair some of them kept secret for years. These Shawn loyalists regard Ross's memoir as the ultimate act of betrayal. They are shocked she wrote it. They are not shocked, however, to learn that the person rumored to have been most influential in encouraging Ross to write it is Tina Brown, *The New Yorker*'s current editor.

THERE WAS, OF COURSE, ONE problem with their "great romance." During the whole time Shawn was involved with Ross, a relationship Ross now says went on for 40 years, he remained married to his wife, Cecille, a caring, intelligent woman who was the mother of their sons, Wallace, now a well-known actor and playwright, and Allen, a composer married to Jamaica Kincaid, a former *New Yorker* writer. Indeed, at the time of Shawn's death in 1992, he and Cecille had been married for 63 years, and theirs was by no means a marriage of convenience. "I've hardly known a more romantic couple than the Shawns," says Ved Mehta, whose work Shawn edited and published for 33 years. (Mehta has documented this collaboration in *Remembering Mr. Shawn's New Yorker,* which will be published in May by Overlook Press.) "When they sat on the sofa in their living room, even in their sixties and seventies, they always held hands," Mehta recalls. "When he walked through the door every night, it was as if a conquering hero had come home. The intimacy in that relationship was unwavering right until the very end."

Still, for almost two thirds of the time he was married to Cecille, Shawn and Ross had what one knowledgeable source calls "a shadow marriage." During most of the years that Shawn lived with Cecille at Fifth Avenue and 96th Street, Ross kept an apartment eleven blocks away, on 85th Street near Madison. When Ross adopted her son, Eric Ross, Shawn played the part of the child's surrogate father. "Mr. Shawn's inner circle knew the relationship was going on, but it was kept secret," says Mehta, himself a member of that inner circle. "After all, he was the most private man I've known, except maybe for J. D. Salinger."

Not surprisingly, friends of Shawn's were dismayed when, earlier this year, Random House made the startling announcement in its summer 1998 catalogue that Lillian Ross had written a tell-all memoir about her affair with Shawn. "All enduring love between couples," the catalogue quoted from Ross's book, *Here But Not Here,* due to be published in June, "no matter how startling or unconventional, tends to feel intrinsically normal to the two people immersed in it, so I would have to say that I had an intrinsically normal life for over four decades with William Shawn." Some friends of Shawn's are so disturbed by the mere idea of the book—no one has read it, since Random House has not yet produced galleys and may not provide them at all—that they refuse to talk about it. "Move on to something else," says Elizabeth Drew, a former political reporter for *The New Yorker,* when she's asked about Ross's

> "I don't think Mr. Shawn was an angel and I don't think he was a devil," says Daniel Menaker, a former editor at *The New Yorker,* "but he was one of the most manipulative people I've ever known—far and away."



Lillian Ross in 1964, shortly after she published her first and only novel, *Vertical and Horizontal,* which she dedicated to Mr. Shawn. By then, their affair was an open secret.

Photograph by Bruce Davidson/Magnum.

Shawn outside the *New Yorker* offices in 1975.

memoir. (Ross herself, through her publisher, also declined to be interviewed for this article.) Others are just now coming to terms with what the book's pending publication means. "Of course, I'm surprised by it," says Mehta, "although there is a tradition for this kind of writing. Think of Picasso's mistress."

That description of Ross, as someone's "mistress," is quite a departure from the ones she has become accustomed to during her long, prestigious career. After all, her "Portrait of Hemingway" stands as one of the best profiles ever written, and in the years following the publication in 1952 of *Picture,* her account of the making of John Huston's film adaptation of Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage,* some writers, notably Norman Mailer, credited her with the invention of the nonfiction novel, the mainstay of New Journalism. To Shawn's friends, *Here But Not Here* sounds tacky, tasteless. They believe Ross has violated one of her own ground rules of journalism—"Do not write about anyone who does not want to be written about," Ross stated in the introduction to *Reporting,* an anthology of her work—for during his lifetime, Shawn could not have been more resolute about his desire not to be written about by anyone in any way at any time.

Shawn loyalists are even more disturbed by the rumor that Ross was encouraged to write *Here But Not Here* by Tina Brown, who, when contacted at *The New Yorker,* was unavailable for comment. Many devotees of Shawn's believe Brown has systematically destroyed the magazine Shawn worked so hard to build. According to their theory, she resents being unfavorably compared with Shawn, and encouraged Ross to write the book as a way of besmirching his name—bringing him down a notch, as it were, and raising herself in the bargain.

For decades, Shawn's reputation for editorial integrity and moral rectitude were unassailable. To true believers, Lillian Ross's new book is an unforgivable breach of trust.

HE WAS BORN WILLIAM CHON in Chicago in 1907. His father, whose nickname was Jackknife Ben, owned a successful business that sold cutlery products to the city's vast meatpacking industry. Because the Chons were well-off, they were able to send William to Chicago's exclusive Harvard School for Boys, where in 1924, at 16, he was two grades ahead of Bobby Franks when Franks was abducted by Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb, two 19-year-old sons of wealthy Chicago families. After they had raped him, the teenagers murdered the boy by bludgeoning him with a small tool and then pouring acid over his body. During the trial, which became known at the time as "The Trial of the Century," evidence was presented that showed Leopold and Loeb had made a list of potential victims. The first name on the list was William, which led some to speculate that the teenagers' first choice was little Billy Chon, a boy so meek and passive that he would have made an easy target for abduction. The Chons lived only a couple of doors down from the Frankses, and Bobby's brother Jack was a close friend of William's, so Leopold and Loeb could easily have been pursuing William when they picked Franks instead. Even the mere rumor that he had been the possible target of two of the most famous murderers of the twentieth century must have had a profound effect on the way William lived the rest of his life.

Chon attended the University of Michigan but dropped out when he was 20. He worked for six months at $30 a week for a newspaper in Las Vegas, New Mexico, called the *Daily Optic* ("I thought I'd like the climate," he later said) before he returned to Chicago and got a job with the *International Illustrated News.* Immediately, he rekindled a romance with Cecille Lyon, which had begun before he moved to New Mexico, and they married on September 1, 1928. By 1932, Chon had changed his name to Shawn—Chon sounded "too Chinese"—and he and Cecille had moved to New York. There, Cecille, also a journalist, got freelance work with *The New Yorker,* founded eight years earlier by Harold Ross. Actually, Cecille turned over much of the work to William, and within a year, he was hired as a reporter for the "Talk of the Town" section.

At *The New Yorker,* Shawn blossomed, becoming an associate editor in 1935 and managing editor in 1939. He performed so well during the forties that it became apparent he was destined to be the successor to Ross, who was suffering from various health problems. At the same time, Shawn's family life flourished, though it was not without tragedy. The couple had five children in six years, according to Mehta, but only three survived. Wallace was born in 1943, Allen in 1948. The third surviving child, Mary, Allen's twin sister, was born retarded, and was institutionalized for the rest of her life.

It was during this period, in 1945, that a journalist was hired at the magazine who would increasingly become an object of Shawn's attention. Born in Syracuse, New York, twenty years his junior, Lillian Ross (no relation to Harold) was hired as a "Talk of the Town" reporter to fill in for the men who were away fighting in World War II. Actually, Shawn was not taken with her at first. "Ross worked for *PM,* a magazine with a decidedly leftish slant," says a former *New Yorker* editor. "I don't think Lillian was a card-carrying Communist, though she was very frumpy, your idea of one of those people. Anyway, Peggy Weidman, the wife of Jerome Weidman, who wrote *I Can Get It for You Wholesale,* had gotten the idea that Lillian would be perfect for *The New Yorker,* so she called Bill Shawn. When Shawn met Lillian, he called Peggy and said, 'I don't think this is going to work out because she's too much of a Communist. She's not the right person for our magazine.' So Peggy said, 'Oh, Bill, she'll get there and she'll make a good living and she'll forget all that other stuff.' " Shawn took Weidman's advice and hired Ross, who became a presence at the magazine almost at once. Then something unexpected happened. Shawn found himself drawn to Ross, and Ross became captivated by Shawn, this soft-spoken, mild-mannered man who by then had already developed a set of phobias that would become legendary in the publishing business.

"Mr. Shawn wouldn't live above the second floor, because he was afraid of heights," says Mary D. Kierstead, who later became Shawn's secretary before being made an editor in the magazine's fiction department. "At the theater, he had to sit way back in the orchestra, because he wouldn't sit down near the stage, in case of a fire. There were also things he didn't like, like air-conditioning, and he was always dressed too warmly. Then there was the business with the tunnels. He didn't like to go

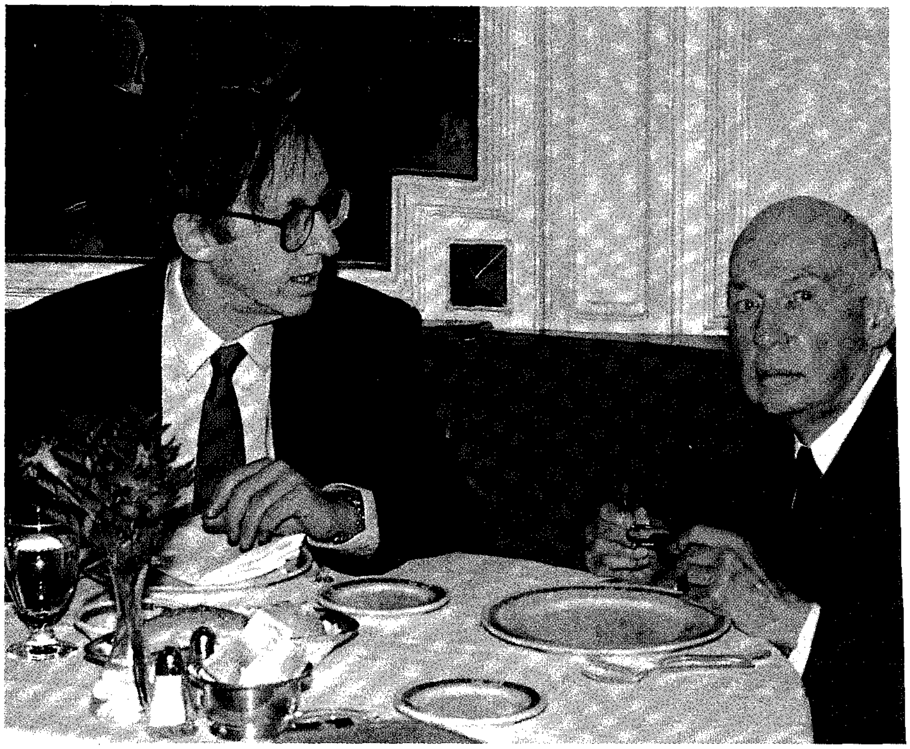
Photograph by Nancy Crampton.

through tunnels. And elevators—at the *New Yorker* offices, the elevators were automated, but one was kept with a human just to take Mr. Shawn up and down because he had a phobia about being stuck in an elevator." In fact, according to Tom Wolfe, who would one day write a famous profile of Shawn, "the gossip was he carried a hatchet in his briefcase in case he got stuck in an elevator. That's just how powerful his elevator phobia was."

In 1949, Ross distinguished herself by publishing "Symbol of All We Possess," a provocative article about the Miss America Pageant, and "El Único Matador," a long profile of Brooklyn-born bullfighter Sidney Franklin. One admirer, James Thurber, called her "the girl with the built-in tape recorder." It was while she was reporting the latter piece that she interviewed Ernest Hemingway, who agreed to allow her to follow him around for two days in New York in late 1949 and write about it. The piece Ross wrote, "Portrait of Hemingway," which appeared in *The New Yorker* on May 13, 1950, became an instant publishing sensation. Ross thought the article was a flattering profile of Hemingway, but many readers saw it as a "hit" piece highly critical of the flamboyant, over-the-top character Hemingway had made himself into. Hemingway agreed with Ross—he loved the article—and over the next decade, the two remained good friends, exchanging some 80 letters.

It was around this time that Ross moved to California. Ostensibly, she went there to write a series of articles about the filming of *The Red Badge of Courage,* most of which was shot on John Huston's 480-acre ranch in the San Fernando Valley. As luck would have it, while Huston was making the picture, Louis B. Mayer, MGM's studio chief, and Dore Schary, the head of production, became embroiled in a fight over control of the studio, which provided Ross with a dramatic backdrop for her story. (Eventually, Mayer was fired.) "They were aware [of me], but somehow or other I was there and I wasn't there," Ross later said about being allowed to sit in on numerous confidential meetings at the studio.

Ross's five-part series appeared in *The New Yorker* during 1951 and on into 1952, the year Shawn took over as editor-in-chief. She collected the pieces into a book, under the title *Picture,* which was immediately seen as a tour-de-force. Ross's trip to California had allowed her to produce her best work yet, but years later she confirmed that while she had traveled out West to work, she had also used her stay there "to escape [her] developing liaison" with Shawn.



Robert Gottlieb, who replaced Shawn at *The New Yorker,* with Shawn at the Algonquin in 1987.

Still, Ross could not help returning to New York in 1952, when, according to a recent report in the New York *Observer* citing a passage from Ross's book, "a lengthy period of unspoken passion . . . culminated in a sudden dash one afternoon to the Plaza Hotel for confirmation." After that, Ross and Shawn set out on their affair, which ended up lasting longer than most marriages.

"WHAT PEOPLE DON'T know," says one well-known writer who worked at the magazine during the early seventies, "is that *The New Yorker* has always been a hotbed of wife-swapping. It was a den of goddamn iniquity. I mean, people were leaping in and out of bed with each other. It was like *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice.* X and Y would be married and P and Q would be married, and the next thing you knew, X would be married to Q and Y would be married to P." For example, Katherine Angell, the mother of Roger Angell, who himself would become a legendary *New Yorker* editor and writer, was married to Ernest Angell before she divorced him to marry E. B. White, with whom she had a son, Joel White. Years later, Lis Shabecoff, a member of the magazine's fact-checking department, was married to Richard Harris, an editor whose writers included Kennedy Fraser; before long, Harris had divorced Shabecoff to marry Fraser, who, even after she had married Harris, still had her stories fact-checked by Shabecoff. "There was so much of this inter-office romance going on, it makes one wonder how they got a magazine out every week," the former employee continues. "It also reminds one of that famous Dorothy Parker quote when someone asked her why she had not gotten a story in on deadline and she said snootily, as only Dorothy Parker could, 'Because I was too fucking busy and vice versa.' "

It was in this atmosphere of heated Victorianism that Ross and Shawn's romance flourished. "After they started having an affair, Lillian did less and less work for the magazine," says Naomi Bliven, a *New Yorker* writer, "and I think Bill saw to this because he didn't want to seem to favor her." Indeed, the relationship was what was important to them, which was why Ross took an apartment on East 85th Street—so she could be a short walk away from Shawn. In time, Shawn had a private telephone line put into the apartment he continued to share with his wife; that way, Lillian could call him at home without creating too much fuss. At the office, Ross and Shawn saw each other every day. They regularly spent time together after hours, sometimes going out to dinner. Eventually, at night, Shawn ended up at home with Cecille and his children. Finally, late in the evening, Ross and Shawn would talk to each other at length on Shawn's private line.

Naturally, people who knew about the affair began to ask the obvious question: Did Cecille know? "She did and she

Photographs by Marina Garnier.

"*The New Yorker* has always been a hotbed of wife-swapping. It was a den of goddamn iniquity. I mean, people were leaping in and out of bed with each other. It was like *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice.*"

Left to right, Lillian Ross, current *New Yorker* editor Tina Brown, and S. I. Newhouse at *The New Yorker*'s seventieth-anniversary party.

didn't know," says a longtime friend. "I think she said once to Phil Hamburger or somebody that she and Bill always had dinner together and that they had never spent a night apart. But that just wasn't true." (Cecille Shawn did not respond to a written request for an interview.) Others believe that she *had* to know but that, despite this, Shawn was still able to maintain his double life. "I don't think he was an angel and I don't think Mr. Shawn was a devil," says Daniel Menaker, a former editor at *The New Yorker* who is now an editor at Random House, "but he was one of the most manipulative people I've ever known—far and away." His ability to manipulate the very structure of his life let him live essentially as "a bigamist in all but legality," says one observer.

There would be other developments. In the winter of 1959, as Mehta reports in his book, Lillian Ross telephoned him to seek advice on adopting a baby. "I saw a picture of a small, Buddha-like man with a soft-gentle face and delicate features, a little like Mr. Shawn," Ross told Mehta. "That's exactly the kind of baby I want. I thought because you're from that part of the world"—India—"you could help me." Mehta tried, but Ross ended up adopting a baby, whom she gave her surname, from Norway. Even though Shawn was married and had three children of his own, Ross and Shawn, as Ross would later concede, "created a home [in which they] raised a child." Ross and Shawn did not keep Eric a secret, however. "They changed the linoleum on the floor of Lillian's office to a kind of pale gray or light blue," says a former *New Yorker* editor, "to make it more like a baby's room. When she had sitter problems, Lillian would often bring Eric into the office. As I recall, girls from the typing pool took turns helping Lillian out with the baby."

Some magazine staff members began to suspect that Shawn might even be the child's father, a rumor that would not be debunked until Ross revealed years later that she adopted because she had had a hysterectomy. Over the years, as Shawn continued to edit the magazine and Ross continued to write—in 1963, she published her first and only novel, *Vertical and Horizontal,* dedicating it to Shawn—the couple began to invite gossip by becoming less guarded about being seen together in public. "Not only would you see them on the street occasionally," says Ian Frazier, a former writer for the magazine, "but people said they saw them in nightclubs and restaurants together. Nobody knew for sure what was happening because Shawn wasn't talking and Lillian wasn't talking and nobody was catching them in bed together."

Maybe not, but in April 1965, Tom Wolfe hinted at the affair in "Tiny Mummies! The True Story of the Ruler of 43rd Street's Land of the Walking Dead!," the first installment of a two-part series he wrote for *New York,* the New York *Herald Tribune*'s Sunday magazine. Most of Shawn's admirers were livid over Wolfe's depiction of Shawn, which contained documentation of his shyness and his many phobias (it was here that Wolfe first mentioned the hatchet in the briefcase) as well as the view that Shawn was nothing more than "the museum curator, the mummifier, the preserver-in-amber, the smiling embalmer . . . for [Harold] Ross's *New Yorker.*" It was an audacious piece, but many close to Shawn were even more concerned about Wolfe's veiled references to Lillian Ross. "Nobody seems to know [Shawn] except for a few 'inties'—intimates—at the *New Yorker,* like Lillian Ross," wrote Wolfe, who went on to point out that at the office, Shawn "calls up Lillian Ross all the time," and outside the office, "he and Lillian Ross will drift off up to this delicatessen near Rockefeller Plaza for a very quiet, unpretentious couple of corned beef sandwiches."

Before "Tiny Mummies!" appeared, Shawn did everything he could to stop publication, according to Wolfe. In a letter to Jock Whitney, the owner of the *Herald Tribune,* Shawn said Wolfe's article was "a vicious, murderous attack on me and the magazine I work for." No doubt Shawn was afraid of what Wolfe might say about him and Ross in the piece's second part, for Wolfe's veiled clues had certainly gotten the attention of some readers, among them Cecille Shawn. "He makes it sound as though Bill and Lillian are having an affair," Cecille said to Naomi Bliven at the time.

"To this day, I'm not sure what on earth Shawn was so upset about," says Tom Wolfe. "The revelations were rather innocuous. But somebody—I was always told it was Lillian Ross—organized a campaign which included letters and telegrams being sent to Jock Whitney. As I recall, I was accused of yellow journalism."

THROUGHOUT THE SIXTIES, *THE New Yorker* was the most successful magazine in the United States. Some years, it sold well over 6,000 pages of advertising. During the seventies, however, the magazine's popularity began to decline slightly, but by the first half of the eighties, when advertising sales and circulation had dropped even more, the magazine still cleared $5 million a year in profits. Indeed, during all the years Shawn was editor, going back as far as 1952, *The New Yorker* never had a year in which it lost money—a feat few editors can claim. Then, in 1985, Advance Publications, the Newhouse family's media company, acquired *The New Yorker* for $170 million. "When Newhouse bought the magazine, Ross was apoplectic," says one insider. "The notion of anyone else owning the magazine made her crazy."

Things only got worse. In January 1987, Newhouse fired Shawn and replaced him with Robert Gottlieb, the editor-in-chief of Alfred A. Knopf, a division of Random House, then also owned by Newhouse. To protest Shawn's firing, a petition encouraging

Gottlieb to turn down the job was submitted to him; that petition was signed by 170 writers, artists, and editors affiliated with *The New Yorker*, including J. D. Salinger. It did no good. Gottlieb accepted the job, and after having worked at the magazine for 54 years, Shawn was given three weeks to clear out his office, an insult that prompted many staff members to resign.

One was Lillian Ross. "When Shawn was forced out, Ross sort of went nuts," says an insider. "She was the one behind the petition, as a way to protect her man. She also tried to get people to quit, and those people who wouldn't walk away from their jobs she stopped speaking to. To Ross, Gottlieb was the Devil's agent and Newhouse was the Devil." To add insult to injury, a year later Gigi Mahon included the following anecdote at the end of her book *The Last Days of the New Yorker*: "A *New Yorker* free-lancer sat next to Newhouse at a dinner. Midway through the meal, Newhouse turned to him and said, 'Do you think Mr. Shawn is getting it on with Lillian Ross?' "

DURING THE LAST FIVE YEARS of his life, Shawn was, as Mehta puts it, "a shattered man," mostly because "he thought he would be kept on as an editor emeritus with an office and a secretary." Obviously, he had never dreamed he would be dismissed so abruptly, with no chance for the dignified retirement he felt he deserved. In those five years, he worked sporadically as an unpaid consulting editor for Farrar Straus Giroux, but because he had few projects to work on and because the work was in the book business, not the magazine business, he was unfulfilled. Shawn told some friends he was working on a novel, but he spent most days, as he had done for years, dividing his time between Cecille and Lillian. Frustrated and discouraged, he died at the age of 85 of a heart attack in his bed in his Fifth Avenue apartment on December 6, 1992. In accordance with his wishes, he was cremated with no memorial service. At the cremation, his son Allen read John Donne's poem "A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning." Also present at the service were Cecille, Wallace, and Jamaica Kincaid—but nobody else.

Earlier that fall, just months before Shawn's death, Newhouse made another abrupt change at *The New Yorker*. After the magazine had struggled for five years under Gottlieb, Newhouse replaced him with Tina Brown, the editor of *Vanity Fair*, another Newhouse magazine. Over the next several years, Brown changed almost every aspect of *The New Yorker*, but then, in 1993, a mysterious development occurred. "One day," says Thomas Kunkel, Harold Ross's biographer, "when the magazine came in the mail, I was looking at the table of contents and there it was—Lillian Ross's byline. I thought, *Tina has done it*. She can be a powerful and shrewd woman, and she's somehow convinced Lillian to come back to the magazine."

> "It's simple," says one insider, "Lillian goes where the power is. Lillian is a chameleon in that way. There is no core to her."

Ross, who organized a petition to protest Shawn's firing, later went back to write for *The New Yorker* under Tina Brown.

Photograph by Marina Garnier.

Of course, that's exactly what happened. Brown was a fan of Ross's *Picture*, so it made sense that she would want Ross to write about contemporary Hollywood figures like Tommy Lee Jones and Robin Williams, two actors Ross would eventually profile for the magazine. With this end in mind, Brown pursued Ross, even while Shawn was alive. The two women talked, and enough rapport developed that Shawn himself was considering having lunch with Brown—a move that would have been seen by many as an endorsement of her editorship. But before the lunch could take place—and how heads would have turned that day at 44!—Shawn died suddenly.

Ross was one of the 27 writers who contributed testimonials to a splashy tribute Brown ran on Shawn in *The New Yorker* following his death. Not long afterward, Ross again began contributing to the magazine on a regular basis, eventually producing one of her most memorable pieces, "The Shit Kickers of Madison Avenue," a "found" story in which she describes a group of teenage girls chatting among themselves in a restaurant one afternoon on Madison Avenue.

"By 1995, Tina and Lillian were so close that when I attended a sit-down dinner at Tina and Harry's apartment to commemorate the publication of Norman Mailer's book on Lee Harvey Oswald," Ian Frazier remembers, "I sat next to Lillian. At one point in the evening, she told me that Shawn had gotten angry at me after he was fired because I signed a contract to work for Gottlieb when I had never signed a contract to work for him. I was bothered by this since Lillian—and obviously Shawn—didn't understand that I had not signed a contract to work for Shawn because I saw no reason to. I trusted him."

What mystified many friends of Ross's and Shawn's was why Ross would go back to work for Newhouse when she had been so vocal in her opposition to almost everything he stood for at the time he bought *The New Yorker*. But she did. And not only that: After rejoining the magazine, Ross went on record to say that Brown had the "right idea" about *The New Yorker*, even though almost all of the alterations she was making went against what Shawn would have wanted. "It's simple," says one insider. "Lillian goes where the power is. For years, she was attracted to Bill because of his power. It makes sense she would be attracted to Tina. Lillian is a chameleon in that way. There is no core to her."

It was through this friendship that Brown was able to talk to Ross about writing *Here But Not Here*, which Brown wanted to excerpt in last fall's "Love" issue until staff members convinced her that running part of Ross's book would be in bad taste. Brown acquiesced, but Random House proceeded with its own plans to publish—despite efforts by some at the publishing house, according to one insider, to at least delay the book in order to protect the feelings of Shawn's 92-year-old widow.

"It's shocking Lillian would publish the book now, when there are people who can be harmed, but it does make sense that she would write the book," says Ian Frazier. "After all, Lillian's long suit is writing about great men"—Hemingway, Huston, Charlie Chaplin—"and now she's written about Shawn, whom she knew best of all." ▬

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If These Walls Could Talk

A Chelsea brownstone needed rehab. Thomas O'Brien, interior designer of the microsecond, gutted the place and stitched it back up, then set out on a shopping safari. "Decorating" is a *lot* harder than it sounds.

By Carol Prisant

IN THE WAR ROOM AT AERO STUDIOS (132 SPRING STREET), one floor above his own home-furnishings shop, Thomas O'Brien is displeased. Custom curtain-rod samples are hitting the ground like spent shell casings. "Too expensive. They're too expensive. I *love* those bronzed finishes, but I'd rather we spent our money on fabric or whatever." "Our money" belongs to Anthony Iannacci and Pierantonio Giacoppo, a journalist and an Italian architecture-magazine correspondent, respectively, who have hired O'Brien to decorate their Chelsea brownstone—even if the word *decorator* makes O'Brien crazy. He's a Designer, and like many of his colleagues, he doesn't just do soft stuff, like decorator-housewives. He does the hard stuff, too.

Which is why one hires a designer, after all. Not just for access to that holy-of-holies, the D&D (Decoration and Design) Building, where the privileged—trailing tape measures, floor plans, and bedazzled clients—breeze through furniture, fabric, and lighting showrooms with impunity. And not just for the designer's secret resources, like upholsterers and private dealers (more on these to come). And certainly not to "get it wholesale," because most design pros, O'Brien among them, charge hourly for consultations and tasks like designing new moldings and shopping. Then they add a 30 percent commission above the cost of items and services plus tax (all prices shown here are the suggested list prices).

That's O'Brien's deal with Iannacci and Giacoppo, who'd never sought decorating help before, but whose three-story Chelsea townhouse, when they bought it, looked like some ghastly eighties decorating joke. All stripped down and "Memphis'd" up—robo-raunch meets Lego—the place longed for an inspired gutting. Plus some revamped heating and plumbing; a decent fireplace; some moldings, maybe, because the originals had been chucked; cleanly squared angles where ceilings met walls; patches for ill-used floors; and then, of course, replastering, painting, window treatments, carpeting, lighting, stuff for the walls, chairs, and cool *objets*. The clients already owned a few things, of course—mostly art, two beloved (if dreary) black leather Italian sofas, and a prized Knoll table—but it all seemed seriously ill-at-ease here.

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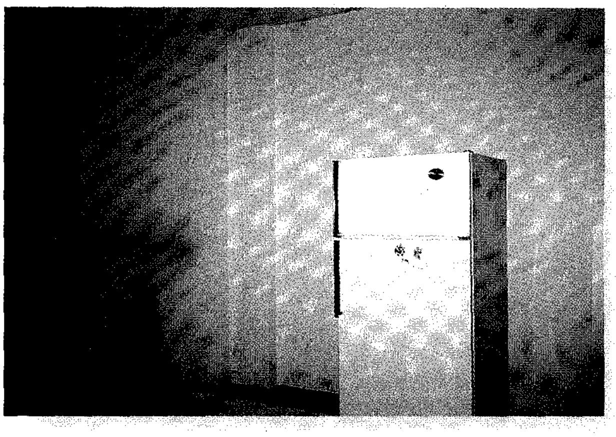
Chase Manhattan

There's no such thing as a quicker-fixer-upper. To return a Chelsea townhouse to habitability, Thomas O'Brien made a jillion pit stops.



Rising from the ashes

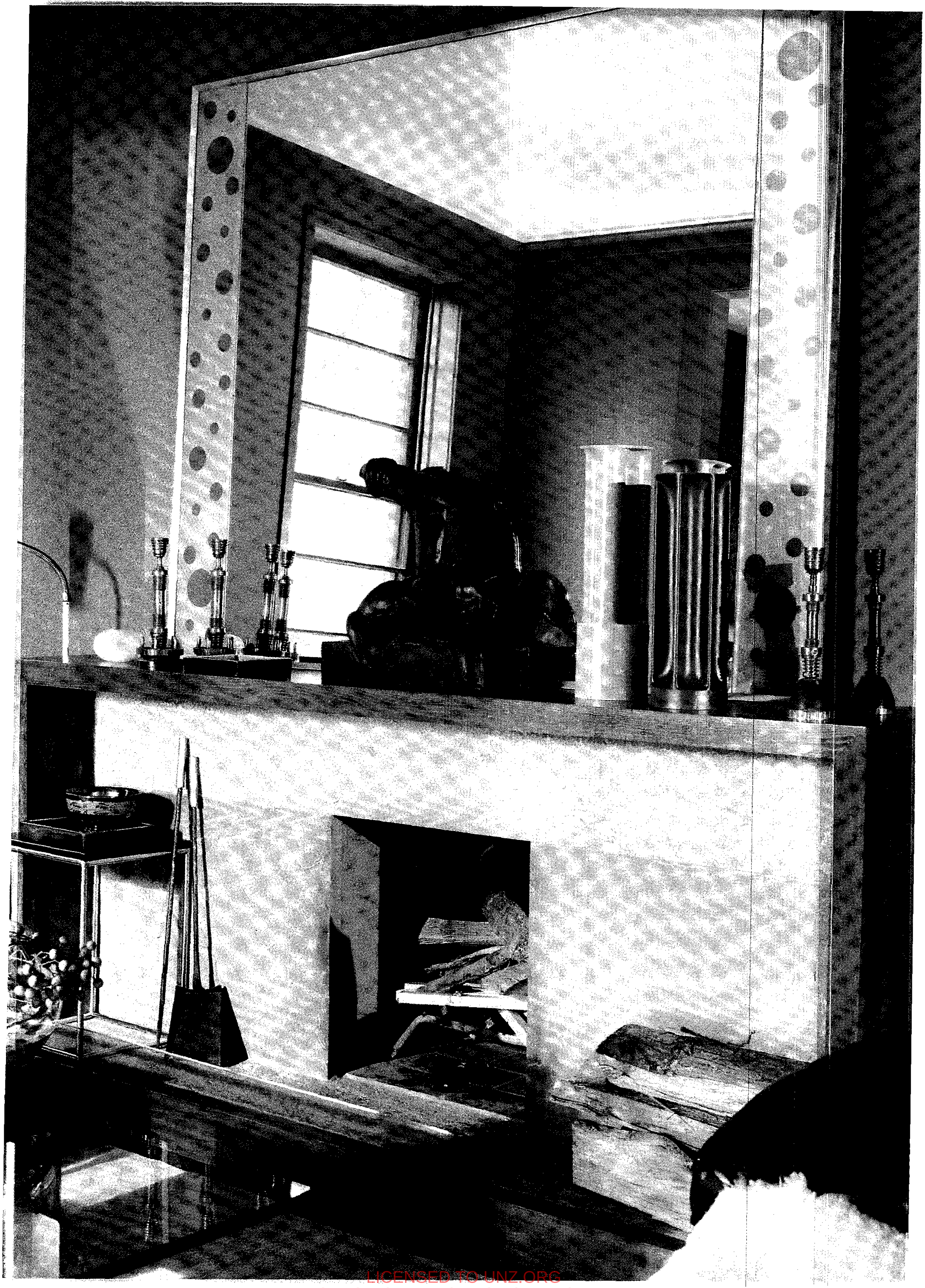
An undistinguished hole-in-the-wall hearth (above) is sheathed in bluestone and bordered in oak (opposite); O'Brien saw one like it years ago when he was apartment-hunting and decided to reproduce it here and in his own home. The cleft-cut slate chimney breast is "kind of masculine looking" and suitably ranch-house in style.

"When we bought this space, despite the fact that it had been designed by the guy who once did Bette Midler's place and one of Diane Keaton's houses, it was a real dump," says Iannacci, a friend of O'Brien's from his days at Cooper Union. "We knew it would be important to put things back, like moldings, but my partner and I are scared by things like color and shiny floors. Left to ourselves, it would have all turned out beige. So we called Tom."

"Well, tell me what you hate," the designer began. O'Brien first drew up detailed existing-condition plans, demolition plans, electrical plans, and furniture-placement plans for all three floors and the basement. He installed bathrooms, a new kitchen, a terrace out back, and altered

Produced by Michael Green

Photographs: far left, Philip Greenberg; right, Fernando Bengoechea.



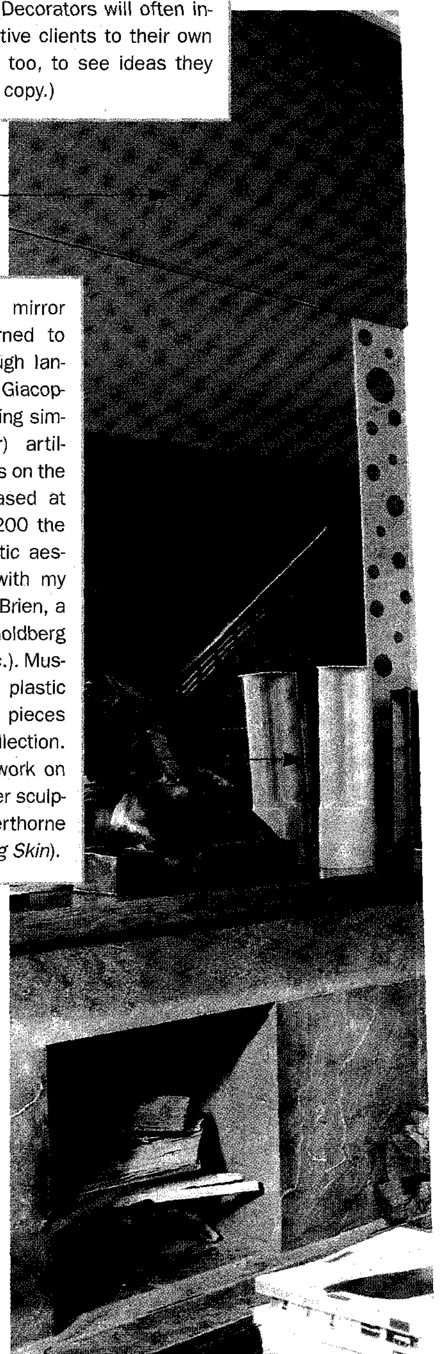
several windows. He widened doorways for spaciousness and drama, crafted ingenious window and door casings from lumberyard stock for a finished look with less period stuffiness, and transformed a hole-in-the-wall fireplace with a drop-dead limed-oak-and-slate mantel. Twelve months later, Iannacci and Giacoppo had the beginnings—but just the beginnings—of a lovable house.

Designers need to be virtual engineers, but they also need the kind of eye that's been sharpened by experience—in O'Brien's case, at Ralph Lauren, where O'Brien used to jet around with Lauren, picking out cracked leathers, quasi-*Braveheart* tartans, club-tie silks, and club-look chairs—a plummy job that followed hard on his six-week stint as Mario Buatta's assistant. Today, swearing he can still do swags and tassels, and denying there's such a thing as an “Aero look,” O'Brien has racked up such clients at his seven-year-old design studio as Giorgio Armani, Donna Karan, the David Barton Gym, Perri Peltz and Eric Rutenberg, and Gigi and Averill Mortimer. With the help of 22 employees, he prescribes his own red-hot industrial-eclectic style, his studio a whetstone for the millennial edge.

Once the first floor of his clients' West 21st Street townhouse is buff and burnished, it's time for fabrics and furniture. O'Brien's just finished painting the main rooms a velvety brown-gray—a color that, along with the newly ebonized floors, exactly matches that of Iannacci and Giacoppo's dachshund, Al. Curtains and bronzed hardware are in the works, at last. (Iannacci, in fact, will strip the lacquer from some standard brass hardware and let it tarnish naturally.) Grabbing his keys, O'Brien takes *New York* along for a few laps of surveilling and shopping.

THE “KIDS,” THOMAS O'BRIEN SAYS (HE'S 36), ARE HAPPY TO have “Dad” out of the office. O'Brien is cabbing to **McPike-Ameer** (109 West 27th Street), where motes of down and Dacron float in shafts of sunlight in a big roomful of upended sofas, armchairs, and bolts of wool. Three brawny guys sew, hammer little tacks, and joke over the radio's blare. Ameer is one of three such workrooms O'Brien likes for upholstery. This one is virtuosic with cushions. And though Ameer gives top customers special attention, O'Brien has already sent over his usual exceptionally detailed work order, which reads (for a few simple sofa pillows): “Start from the edge; do not center print; add a self-welt with zipper; use minimum yardage; please save all extra fabric.” He asks to see the bolsters Ameer is making to soften the look of those black leather sofas. Hoisting the pillows, he decides they need tightening up. Laying a length of ribbed fabric against the insert, he thoughtfully turns it both ways, and decides to run it lengthwise. Ameer scribbles notes. “I have a kilim-covered sofa being re-covered here, too,” O'Brien mentions. “That's what's happening to all of them these days. Kilim is *out.*”

There's not a tea set in sight at the to-the-trade-only shop **Robert Altman** (1148 Second Avenue, near 61st Street), dark and bristling with clocks, leather, serious wood, and generally macho oddments. Nearby, in the Cirker's Hayes building, Altman has salted away some stuff for good customers. O'Brien scans the store's stock, selecting a pair of lamps made from nineteenth-century clockworks ($3,900 the pair) and putting them on hold. He then follows Kim, the manager, to the warehouse and its brilliantly lit vault, crammed with a trove of vintage merch. “They have opening parties here for each new shipment,” O'Brien confides, “and anything good goes on hold right away.” Today, several candlesticks made from World War I artillery parts are possibles “because my clients don't own much furniture, but their art is so strong that *every* object needs to be unique.” A $165 late-American mirror is a maybe, but leafing through several explicit prints of equine stud instructions, O'Brien grins. Iannacci and Giacoppo will love them. They trust his taste, and though he might buy things for them sight unseen, he usually asks for pho-

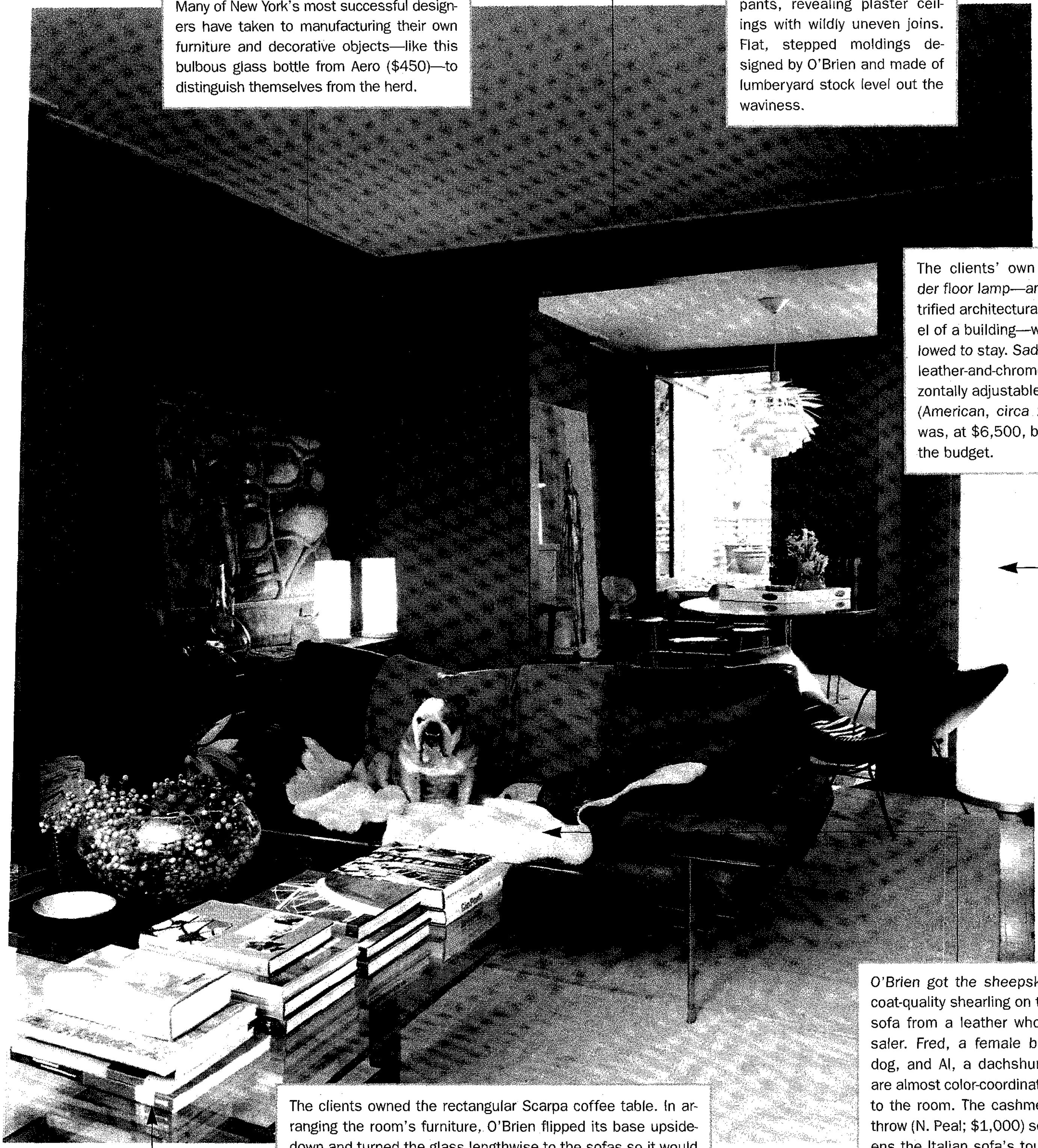


The living- and dining-room walls were painted identically in Benjamin Moore No. 1463, a color similar to one used on the walls of Aero's showroom. (Decorators will often invite prospective clients to their own apartments, too, to see ideas they may want to copy.)

The mantelpiece mirror ($1,500) was returned to reGeneration; although Iannacci rather liked it, Giacoppo preferred something simpler. Two (of four) artillery-shell candlesticks on the mantel were purchased at Robert Altman ($1,200 the pair). The mechanistic aesthetic “works well with my clients' art,” says O'Brien, a fan of all that Rube Goldberg stuff (clock parts, etc.). Mustard-yellow and olive plastic vases are choice pieces from the clients' collection. The semi-figural artwork on the mantel is a rubber sculpture by Jeanne Silverthorne (who also created *Big Skin*).

No gut, no glory

The living room (foreground) and the dining room (rear) are connected by a skimpy doorway O'Brien widened and heightened to give a sense of stateliness to the high-ceilinged spaces.



The painting *Big Skin* lends color and texture to the room. Two glass-cylinder lamps ($1,500) atop the 1960 Knoll cabinet (re-Generation; $1,500) are from Aero's shop. Many of New York's most successful designers have taken to manufacturing their own furniture and decorative objects—like this bulbous glass bottle from Aero ($450)—to distinguish themselves from the herd.

Original old moldings had been removed by previous occupants, revealing plaster ceilings with wildly uneven joins. Flat, stepped moldings designed by O'Brien and made of lumberyard stock level out the waviness.

The clients' own cylinder floor lamp—an electrified architectural model of a building—was allowed to stay. Sadly, the leather-and-chrome horizontally adjustable chair (American, *circa* 1959) was, at $6,500, beyond the budget.

O'Brien got the sheepskin-coat-quality shearling on the sofa from a leather wholesaler. Fred, a female bulldog, and Al, a dachshund, are almost color-coordinated to the room. The cashmere throw (N. Peal; $1,000) softens the Italian sofa's tough lines. (The sofa cushions may yet get summer slipcovers of natural linen.)

The clients owned the rectangular Scarpa coffee table. In arranging the room's furniture, O'Brien flipped its base upside-down and turned the glass lengthwise to the sofas so it would echo the horizontal line of the new mantel and the room's long rectangular shape. The clients were shocked that such a small change could instantly reorder the space. Trays like this one (David Stypmann; $200) protect surfaces, and O'Brien often uses them to group disparate objects.

Photograph: top, Fernando Bengoechea.

tos of everything he's liked so he and his clients can pick together. He pockets Kim's Polaroids of his selections, though he might bring the clients back tomorrow, anyway.

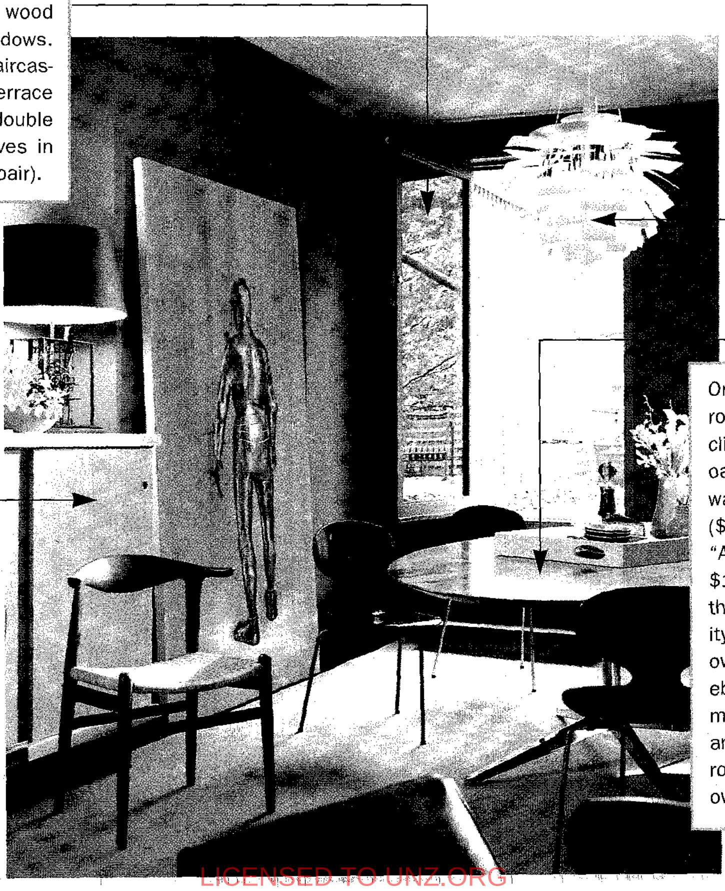
THE **McKee Gallery** (745 FIFTH AVENUE, NEAR 58TH Street, fourth floor) has the usual excellent natural light for viewing pictures, and something less usual—a cordial receptionist. This may be because O'Brien is here to vet a painting that Iannacci and Giacoppo are seriously considering; he is shown immediately to a back room where the massive work hunkers on the floor. *Big Skin,* crafted by Jeanne Silverthorne, depicts hugely magnified (and distinctly gross) human skin cells—in rubber. "Doctors all recognize it," Renée, one of the gallery owners, says, laughing. And after the requisite dermatology jokes are shared, O'Brien concludes it will look great over the fireplace, although—is it too wide? Jesse Carrier, O'Brien's efficient assistant, whips out the chimney-breast measurements, rulers arrive, and everybody concludes the scurfy dermis should fit like a (rubber?) glove. But how to hang a 200-pound artwork without hammering nails into newly painted walls? Lean it, very carefully, over the mantel (where it ultimately doesn't work, after all—though it looks pretty good over the new Knoll credenza).

"The sun and Lemon Pledge did a real job on the original finish," furniture restorer Karl Kipfmueller observes ruefully at **Richomme** (27 Vestry Street), running his hand over a forties Robsjohn-Gibbings cabinet that will be reborn as a sideboard in the dining room. In fact, when the "picker"—an itinerant source for antiques who occasionally appears at O'Brien's doorstep with interesting stuff—dropped it off at Aero, it was celadon green. This week, in Kipfmueller's one-room furniture-restoration shop (which usually specializes in nontraditional finishes like leather, parchment, and similar weird stuff), he and his three-man team have bleached its damaged surface and limed the dresser with white-pigmented powder. In a less-than-ample space reeking of solvents, varnishes, and the chemically dubious cleaning agents that condemn its craftsmen to hours in industrial masks, Richomme seems vaguely sci-fi, though its gung ho crew repairs, neatly and impeccably, chipped and missing veneers, not Mir solar panels. O'Brien opens the cabinet's doors, inspects the smooth finish, and beams. It's perfect. "This is one of the better shops," he says, "and it's not too expensive. This job should run $500 to $800." (He's more than a little low. The final bill is $1,200.)

At one time, this building housed a sausage-casing plant, but **reGeneration** (38 Renwick Street) is stuffed, these days, with O'Brien's favorite meat—forties to sixties collectibles. In the shop's cluttered interior, O'Brien zeroes right in on a sixties mirror with etched-glass and bronzy-bubbled borders—vintage Lawrence Welk. If they decide against that painting, the mirror could work over the mantel. Downstairs, adrift in the basement overflow, O'Brien is thrilled to find a pair of armless Plycraft chairs for $500. He might go for a mix of chairs around the big Knoll table, he thinks. They're a lot more interesting (and easier to find) than a dining-room set. On the way back upstairs, expansive with success, he tells Val, one of the owners, "My dad's a retired IBM-er turned antiques dealer, and he canes chairs. If you need some of my cane catalogues, I'll be glad to send them to you." Spotting

The long haul

1. O'Brien blows into reGeneration on Renwic Street, a respectable source for fifties-t seventies furniture. **2.** A chair at reGeneratio bears closer scrutiny, and O'Brien leaves onl after putting a credenza, Plycraft chairs, and mirror on hold. **3.** O'Brien decides which wa the fabric should run on his clients' sof bolsters at McPike-Ameer. He's not thrille with their black leather sofa, and he's adaman

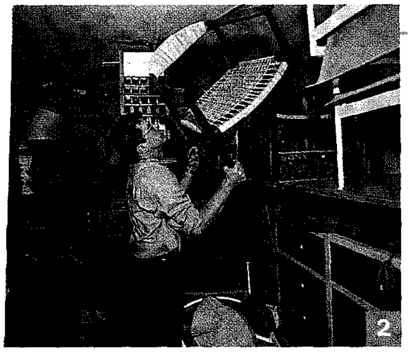


Doors to a newly built wood terrace were initially windows. The custom red-oak staircases leading up to the terrace are movable and can double as chair-side bookshelves in the winter ($1,500 the pair).

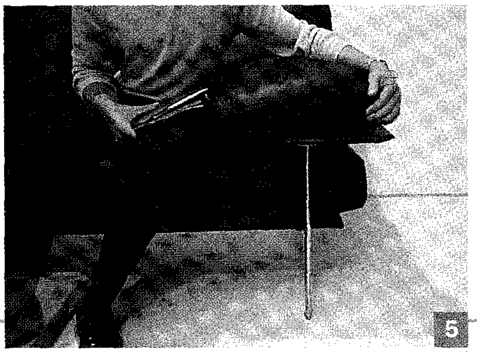
Paul Henningsen's classic artichoke chandelier (Aero; $7,650) was chosen "for the play of its silhouette against the walls," says O'Brien. The clients first spotted this fixture in use at O'Brien's offices. The ceiling is actually painted a very light gray but "reads" white—a minor optical illusion. (A true white would have been glaring against such dark walls.)

Because the dining room has no long wall, a small Robsjohn-Gibbings cabinet doubles as a sideboard. Kage's circa-1950 shell-shaped "Vega" bowl (Lin Weinberg; $850) riffs on the chandelier. The lamp, its base an old clock movement (Robert Altman; $1,950), came with the black shade—another piece O'Brien says he would have bought for himself if the clients had rejected it. The Robert Feintuch painting is still being considered for purchase. The Hans Wegner "cowhorn" chair is a fifties classic.

Originally a conference table, the round Florence Knoll came with the clients, says O'Brien. A whitewashed oak tray on top with offset handles was designed by O'Brien for Aero ($625). Arne Jacobsen's circa-1952 "Ant" stacking chairs (Carpe Diem; $1,100 for five) were chosen for their size, lightness, and compatibility with chairs the clients already owned. Floors are stained almost ebony, which makes the house feel more modern and creates a border around area carpets—removable, so rooms seem cooler and more shadowy in the summer.



about softening its look. **4.** Vetting a graphically dermatological painting his clients have picked out at the McKee Gallery, O’Brien wonders whether it will play well over the mantelpiece in the living room. **5.** O’Brien gives the cushions at B&B Italia the Mr. Whipple squeeze test. The clients already own Citterio sofas purchased here, and O’Brien’s on the lookout for a matching ottoman. **6.** Don’t leave home without it: The cell phone is O’Brien’s lifeline when he’s out on appointments. His assistant Jesse flags down a cab on the West Side Highway.



some forties green Stangl pottery on a bottom shelf, he excitedly peers at the back of a plate. “I didn’t know Tiffany sold Stangl,” O’Brien says, happily. “This is my thing! I’ll take it all for my new apartment.” Casually adding a ($1,500) sixties Knoll credenza for the living room (which the clients will love), he breezes out the door, as Jesse takes furious notes. But only the china’s an actual sale; all the rest will be held for client approval.

Lin Weinberg Gallery (84 Wooster Street) has an impressive stash of thirties and sixties furniture, and here O’Brien makes an haute-cool find—a rare armchair. Its seat, a splayed semicircle of gray leather on a chrome base, sits loose on the frame and slides, if one chooses, from side to side. O’Brien is besotted, but falls out of love—fast—when he sees the price: $6,500. He can’t resist asking to try it “on approval,” though, for maybe if his clients keep it for a few days, they’ll find that they can’t live without it. Or, “if they don’t want it,” he says wistfully, “I can buy it for myself.” (As it turns out, they don’t and he doesn’t.) He also picks out two Hans Wegner “cowhorn”-shape chairs at $4,500 and $2,800 each and a $1,200 thirties rope-seat stool. O’Brien has them trucked to the clients (at their expense). But all they buy is the stool. True swank comes dear.

And then, pay dirt. In a below-ground warren big enough for two very careful, very thin antiquers, gentlemanly dealer **David Stypmann** (192 Sixth Avenue), a favorite source, has a funky $185 steel high stool from the sidewalk display that can’t be crowded into the store, a mahogany serving tray ($200), and, for $460, two yellow ceramic Japanese vases—really a good buy. And Stypmann finally lets him have a cube table he’s coveted for years, for $225. Across the street, at **Carpe Diem** (187 Sixth Avenue), O’Brien bags five 1952 Arne Jacobsen stacking chairs for a mere $1,100. He’ll truck the goods to Iannacci and Giacoppo, who will love (and buy) them all.

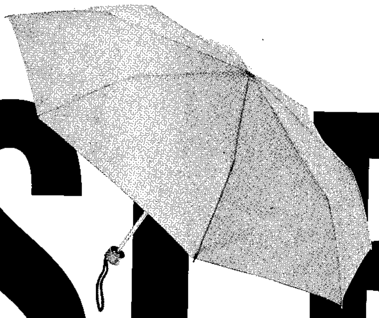
Now O’Brien is on a roll, joking with Jesse about the lobby décor in the sixties SoHo condo where private dealer **Curtis Marshall** (301 Elizabeth Street) shows his appropriately sixties wares—by appointment only. O’Brien is still looking for chairs, and as Marshall’s business card promises “astonishing photo research (fashion and interiors), gorgeous parties, smart interior design, fantastic furniture finds, and shopaholic” [*sic*]—he’s optimistic. But while O’Brien is polite about the Wave Machine, the plastic throw pillows, and the Pop daisies (and no great chairs), he’s utterly dazzled by the aluminum screen “by a guy,” Marshall notes, “who was inspired by Buckminster Fuller.” As the suitcase-size tangle of wire unfolds into a grand, sort-of-geodesic construct of intertwining ovals, O’Brien laughs. “I like it. We’ll try it in the dining room. Those ovals could be great with the oval Knoll table.” (It’s too big, ultimately, and overwhelms the room. Back to the dealer it goes.) Marshall presents a group of seventies colored glass. As O’Brien toys with some pieces, Marshall looks hopeful. “If they really liked cased glass,” the designer observes tactfully, “they’d have some already, don’t you think, Jesse?”

His clients originally bought their Citterio sofas at **B&B Italia** (150 East 58th Street), and O’Brien expects to find a big complementary ottoman here. But when he arrives at the spacious showroom, workmen are swarming all over. “It’s Harry!” O’Brien gasps, “the contractor who’s supposed to be working on my new apartment right now! What’s *he* doing here?” Flustered and more than put out, he takes a long minute to refocus. Then, fortuitously, he spies a possible ottoman. Oblivious to the surrounding bustle, he sinks down on it, settles in for moment, and declares it sittable (he’ll make his clients test it, too). Lolling on its reinforced raffia top, he considers a nearby sofa. “Can you see that, in my living room, covered in chenille?” he asks Jesse. His eyes narrow speculatively. Nope. The dog hair would show. Well, there are some large cabinets he likes a lot, and he asks for “cuts” (printed photos with descriptions) on everything—the cabinets, the sofa, and the ottoman. He’ll have the last trucked to his clients for the take-home test.

CABBING BACK TO AERO, HE ENTHUSES, “I’M REALLY GLAD we found that ottoman, and it’s really cheap—only $900, right? Better check that, Jesse.” (It’s actually $957.) After a moment’s thoughtful silence, he adds aggrievedly, “I can’t believe that 3-D Construction was working in their showroom.” Just a glitch out there in Aerospace. But for the guy in search of the right stuff, it’s been a pretty good haul. There are still curtains to be made, of course, and outdoor furniture to be found, bibelots to locate, and years more of maintenance and repair. So it’s nice they’ve all become close friends, as this could go on for life—and one of these days, those sofas *will* wear out. ■

Photographs: opposite page, bottom, Fernando Bengoechea; this page, Philip Greenberg.

BEST BETS



The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

Outer Beauty

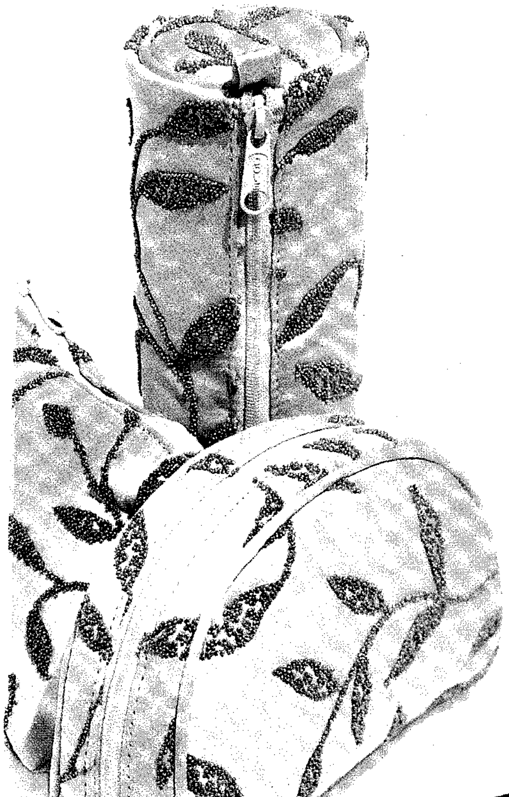
Bindya handbags have been spotted in glossy fashion mags and on the arms of numerous glam types. Her newest designs—beaded-satin cosmetics bags—are meant for private appreciation. Yet this young designer's tad-Indian (think sari) creations are so au courant, they're bound to make an appearance as luscious little summer purses ($24).

BLOOMINGDALE'S/*Main floor*

Lighten Up!

Gals whose black tote bags double as home, and guys who live out of their overstuffed briefcases, take note. Liberty has devised an umbrella that's so weightless and so teeny you can add it to your stash of essentials painlessly. It has an aluminum-and-fiberglass frame covered in shimmery, light-as-air polyester ($28; in six neon shades, plus black, brown, and silver).

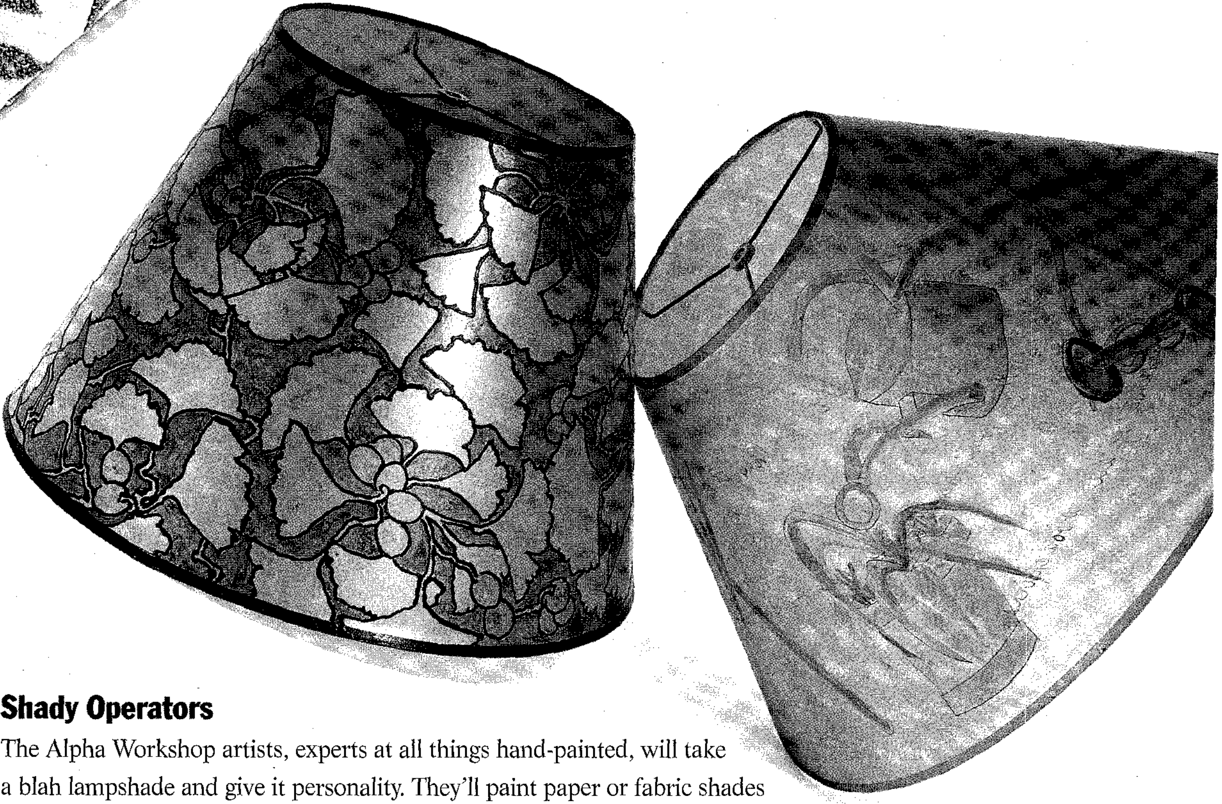
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE/
Main floor

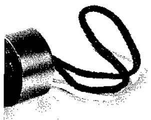


No Egg, No Cream

Our resident egg-cream maven proclaimed our in-house concoction from Junior's Kit mighty good, but not *quite* Dave's. No faint praise considering that Dave's Luncheonette (though extinct) is legendary for its quintessential egg cream, *the* one that all others are measured against. The secret was in the chocolate syrup that owner Dave Sherman cooked each day. Junior's Egg Cream Kit uses an equally venerated Brooklyn brew, H. Fox's U-bet syrup: The company has been making the stuff since the early 1900s. The kit includes, besides a 30-ounce bottle of syrup (with a fountain-style pump), two glasses marked with foolproof instructions (no more guessing how many squirts of syrup to how much milk and seltzer) and two long-handled mixing spoons ($15.95).

JUNIOR'S/*386 Flatbush Avenue Extension, Brooklyn/718-852-5257*





Shady Operators

The Alpha Workshop artists, experts at all things hand-painted, will take a blah lampshade and give it personality. They'll paint paper or fabric shades in any style: classic, chinoiserie, Art Nouveau, retro, whatever. Just bring in a base and your old shade—or they'll supply a new one—pick the colors and design, and you'll wind up with a swell one-of-a-kind lamp ($65 to $450; allow four weeks).

THE ALPHA WORKSHOPS/*245 West 29th Street/Suite 12A East/594-7320*

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Joshua McHugh; Nedjeljko Matura (4); Michael Grimm.

SALES & BARGAINS **ONDINE COHANE**

Masses of Glasses

Keep your wallet **half full:** *Fine wine runneth over at midtown lunch spots, and Union Square Optical* **cuts its prices 50 percent.**

To settle the oft-asked question "Where can I play tennis in New York?" USA Tennis '98 has created a free map (with the MTA) showing just where to go. The maps will also direct children and grown-ups to 100 locations throughout the five boroughs where they can get free and inexpensive lessons for the summer; maps will be available at sporting-goods stores and tennis facilities and in parks. *For more information, call 718-YES-7676.*

Faber's Favors

AARON FABER'S ANNUAL STOREWIDE SALE cuts the prices on everything from engagement rings to cuff links to vintage watches. For example, eighteen-karat gold cuff links, were $1,055, now $791; estate double pearl choker, was $3,450, now $2,415; Rolex steel "bubble-back," circa 1945, was $3,350, now $2,680. *Aaron Faber, 666 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. (586-8411); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10–6, Thurs. till 7, Sat. 11–6; 4/20–5/2.*

All Trussed Up

AS TRUSSARDI'S BUSINESS CONTINUES TO grow rapidly in the United States, its showroom sample sales have an even bigger selection. Python skirts, jackets, and tops, retail $1,400 and up, here $948 and up; men's double-breasted suits, retail $1,400–$1,600, here $980–$1,120; suitcase, retail $698, here $493.60; evening dress, retail $695; here $486.50. *Trussardi, 745 Fifth Ave., near 57th Street, Suite 601 (906-9133); Wed.–Thurs. 9–6; checks accepted; 4/22–4/23.*

Wedding Bells

HOUSING WORKS'S BRIDAL PARTY PUTS ALL sorts of wedding-related merchandise on sale. Marcy Blum (who wrote *Weddings for Dummies*) will also be around to answer any questions. New Calvin Klein tuxedo, retail $2,000, here $450; new Escada mother-of-the-bride dress, retail $2,300, here $425; John Hardy sterling-silver frames, retail $300–$315, here $100; Mary McFadden couture wedding gown, retail $8,000, here $675. *Housing Works, 306 Columbus Ave., near 75th St. (579-7566); Tues. 4–8; A.E., M.C., V.; 4/21.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

SAUVIGNON
RESERVE
1995
LES PIERRES
ESTATE BOTTLED
SONOMA-CUTRER
Jordan
1994
CABERNET SAUVIGNON

Grape deal: Select restaurants offer bottomless bottles at lunch this week.

Modern Designs

RINA YOUNG AND KIWON Wang—two designers who sell their sterling and vermeil jewelry mostly in galleries and museums—are teaming up for a sample sale. For example, Young's sterling-and-amethyst necklace, retail $125, here $85; Young's earrings, retail $62, here $37; Wang's pearl necklace, retail $110, here $85. *Kiwon Wang, 526 W. 26th St., Suite 704 (229-9332); Fri. 5–9, Sat.–Sun. 11–5:30; M.C., V., checks; 4/24–4/26.*

Half Glasses

UNION SQUARE OPTICAL'S SIXTH ANNUAL sale has all of its fancy eyeglasses—designer brands whose names you would surely recognize if we could print them—at 50 percent off. Frames that were $100–$600 are now $50–$300. *Union Square Optical, 9 W. 14th St., (242-0314); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 11–8, Sun. till 6; 4/20–5/3.*

Prima Donna

FOR LADIES WHO LIKE THE BALLERINA LOOK, Nina & Delman offers two styles: the classic and one with a half-inch heel. These (in addition to other shoes) will be available at the showroom sale, retail $155–$175, here $65–$85. *Nina & Delman Showroom, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., eighth floor (399-2323); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Thurs. 10–7, Fri. 12–6; 4/22–4/26, 4/28–4/29.*

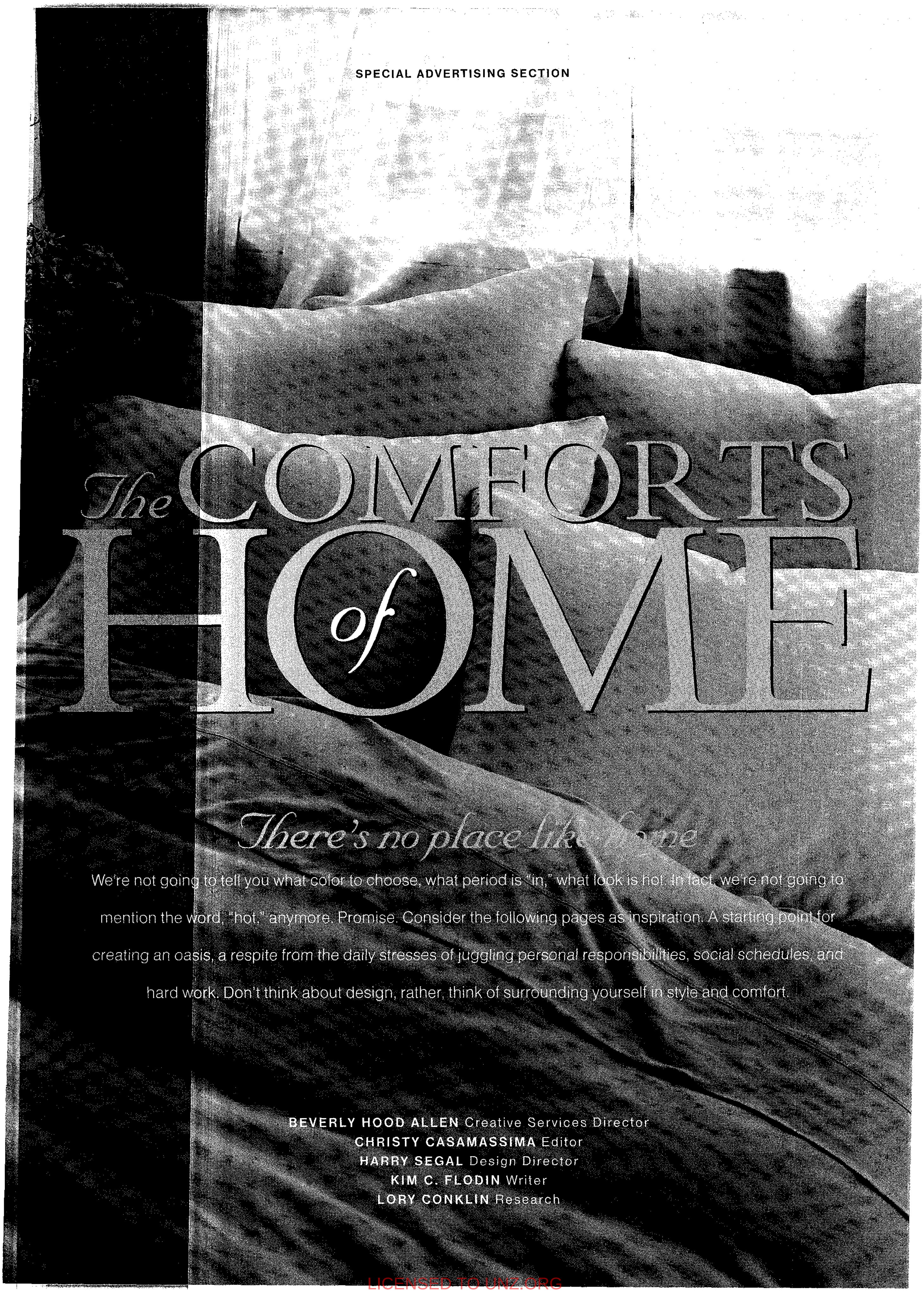
Pour Vous

IT'S THE PERENNIAL DREAM WEEK FOR BARgain and *vino* lovers—wine pours freely during lunch at Smith & Wollensky, Park Avenue Cafe, Cité, the Manhattan Ocean Club, Maloney & Porcelli, the Post House, and others. Wines include Opus 1, Lafite Rothschild, Louis Jadot, and Stag's Leap. Go easy if you have to head back to the office; it's tempting to do more than taste. *Call individual restaurants for reservations or 800-638-6449, ext. 51, for more information. 4/20–4/24.*

The Pillow Look

AMY FERGUSON'S PILLOWS ARE MADE OF fabrics from the likes of Donghia, Clarence House, and Jim Thompson, and are filled with high-quality goose down. Usually $90–$275, they're now $45–$170; she has over 300 to choose from. *Devereux-Ferguson Inc., 304 W. 90th St., Apt. 1F (362-3761); A.E., M.C., V.; Fri. 11–8, Sat. 10–6; 4/24–4/25.* ■

Photograph by James Worrell.



The COMFORTS *of* HOME

There's no place like home

We're not going to tell you what color to choose, what period is "in," what look is hot. In fact, we're not going to mention the word, "hot," anymore. Promise. Consider the following pages as inspiration. A starting point for creating an oasis, a respite from the daily stresses of juggling personal responsibilities, social schedules, and hard work. Don't think about design, rather, think of surrounding yourself in style and comfort.

BEVERLY HOOD ALLEN Creative Services Director
CHRISTY CASAMASSIMA Editor
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LORY CONKLIN Research

SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

The COMFORTS *of* HOME

...*The things you love.*

What's right for you is what you adore. There's no better place to loosen your notion of what's "right" to collect than **ABC Carpet & Home**, the Flatiron District's, 10-floor Mecca of home design. The ABC philosophy is, "collect, don't decorate." Thus, the process of creating your home becomes less a makeover and more a continual and passionate search to surround yourself with cherished belongings.

If you can't resist the beauty of fine carpets, but have limited space, layer your treasures over chairs, tables, sofas, or hang on a wall. **Einstein Moomjy** offers an excellent selection of unique carpets, from plain to exotic.

But don't stop there. Indulge your fancy with personal collectibles.

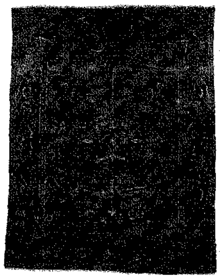
Maybe it's the faces of family and friends you crave. Picture frames come in every material conceivable–wood, metal, stone, even rubber bands! Covering a hallway from head to toe, or clustered on a bureau, photos create a collection that's totally your own.

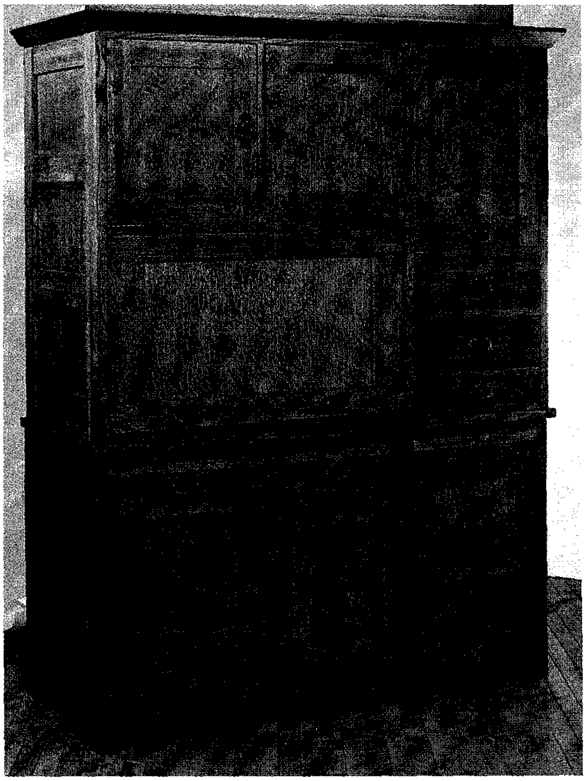
Or gather luxe pillows in all sizes, shapes, and fabrics, from a raw silk boudoir pillow, to a buckwheat-filled Japanese neck roll, to a mirrored, embroidered Pakistani floor cushion.

There's this fabulous gardener friend of ours. Quirky planters satisfy her need for life in every corner. Some look like birds, some like works of sculpture, others evoke the color of kindergarten crayons. All work somehow.

...*Quality you can touch.*

If there's one thing we've gotten smarter about in the past few years is the power of quality. The investment of a truly wonderful goose down comforter. The pure luxury of a velvet duvet. The hands-on appeal of cushy chenille. Good fabric lasts and feels like something you want to touch. Like knit jersey fabrics for our sheets or Egyptian/pima cotton for our bath towels. "The fabric industry has been revitalized by the fashion world of ready-to-wear clothing," says Alan Laytner, buyer and general merchandise manager of **Laytner's Linen & Home**, a purveyor of high-quality home designs at best-value prices. Laytner's also offers a carefully chosen line of furniture in simple, handsome designs, including Mission and Shaker pieces. These classic styles have proven their staying power and mix surprisingly well with other periods, too. But then, real quality always feels at home.





When shopping for furniture, look for craftsmanship and important details like solid woods, dovetailed joints, wooden glides on drawers. Don't use the price tag as your gauge, but rather the calendar. Will this outlast this year's passing craze? Will this endure my use, and perhaps, the use of future generations? Remember, quality means buying a future heirloom.

Cover: *Laytner's Linen & Home.* **This page: Left and right top:** *ABC Carpet & Home.* **Right bottom:** *Laytner's Linen & Home.*

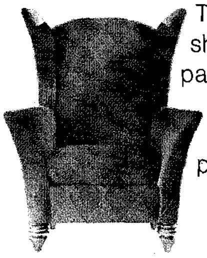
...Trusting your taste.

Today's rooms have a stylish vision that transcend designer names or period furnishings. "Don't worry about trends," says Darren Diamond, design director of **Design & Comfort**, which hosts an eclectic collection of American and European furniture and offers interior design services. "Strive to make it look right, but most importantly, make it look like you."

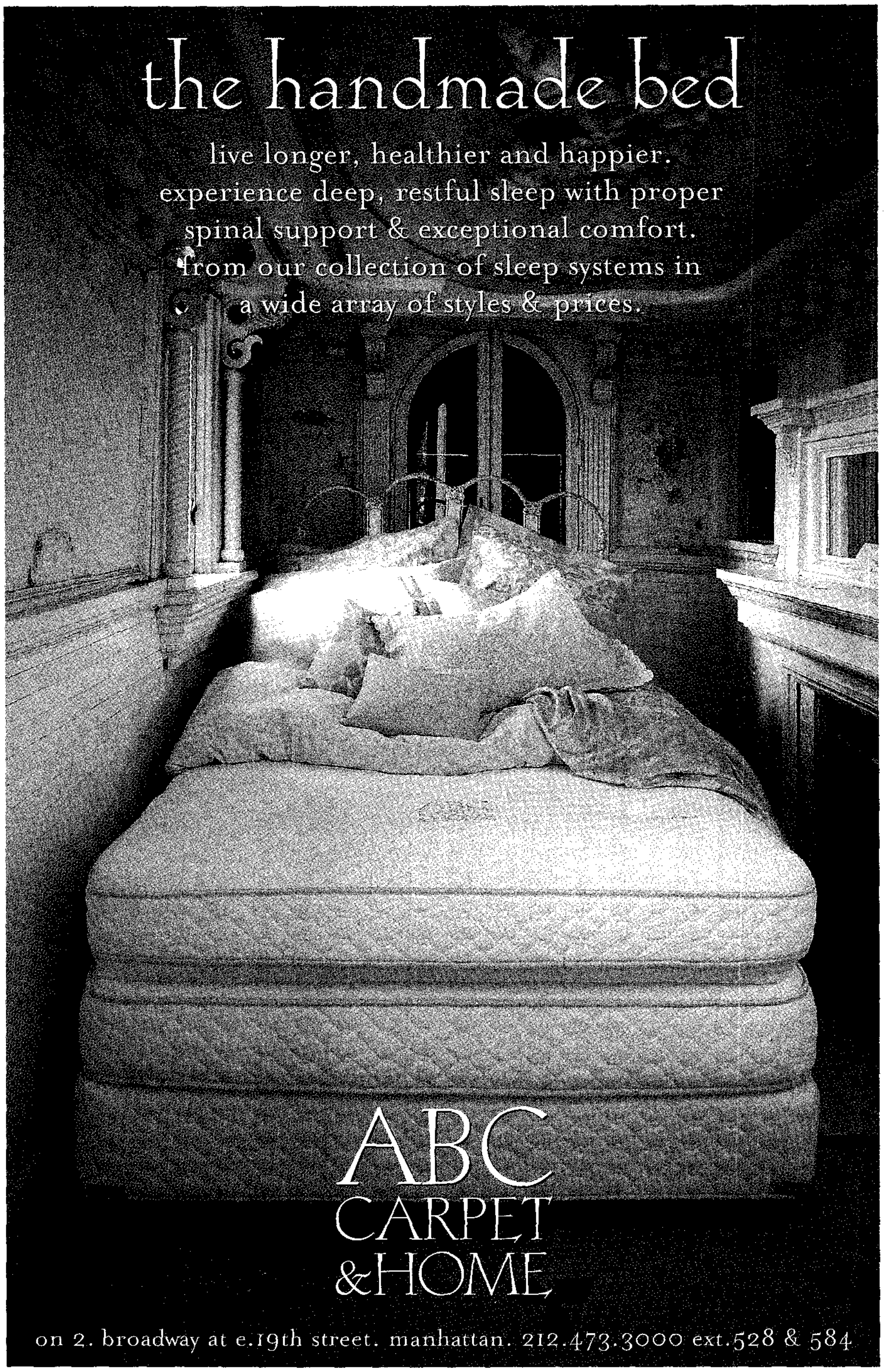
Trends imply a fly-by-night quality. The smart approach builds a look that is highly personal, yet cohesive and timeless. "That matchy-matchy look grows tired quickly," says Diamond. "The wallpaper doesn't have to match the curtains and the bed ruffle. Avoid the urge to decorate by formula."

Let a room speak to you as a whole. If it's a material you love, choose different shapes and styles, but hold it together by a common medium, such as all stainless steel or oak.

"Color, too, can be the bond that holds a look together," says Diamond, "whether it's the old-world elegance of deep, rich hues, or the sunny optimism of fresh citrus shades that suggest a new millennium's dawn." And, don't be afraid that you'll lose yourself when you bring a professional designer on board. The best relationships are forged as partnerships. Let your vision inform your designer's practiced eye.



Above: *Design & Comfort.*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...Form and function.

Practicality may not be sexy, but how can you feel at home if you don't have a comfortable place to sit, enough shelves for books, a decent place to store all your shoes, or a luxurious sleeper.

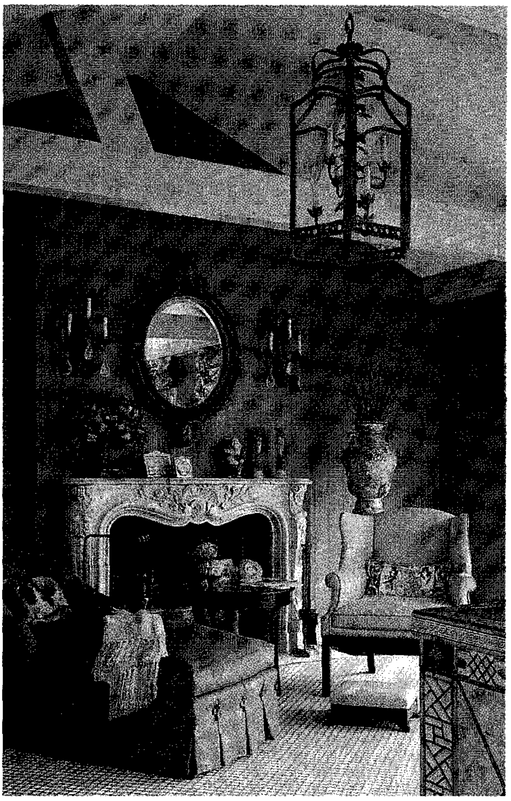
If home is to be your haven, it has to make sense with well-planned solutions for the things you need, particularly in New York where space is at a premium. An uncluttered home should make a complex life a little easier.

California Closets can bring organization to any home. "It doesn't matter how much space you have, it's how you use that space," says Bob Westenberg, vice president. "Actually, the smaller the space, the more you need a sensible plan." The experts at California Closets have lots of tricks up their sleeves:built-ins replace bulky bureaus, wall-mounted closet systems create instant space. Or a highly functional dressing closet transforms a small, awkward room.

Carlyle Custom Convertibles, Ltd. is another smart addition to your rolodex. Carlyle offers 60 different cushion-fill combinations and custom blends of down and feather mixes. A 30-day grace period and an opportunity to change your mind about the fill makes this shop a pure pleasure if you're in the market for quality sofa beds, couches, chairs, or ottomans.

...Mixing it up.

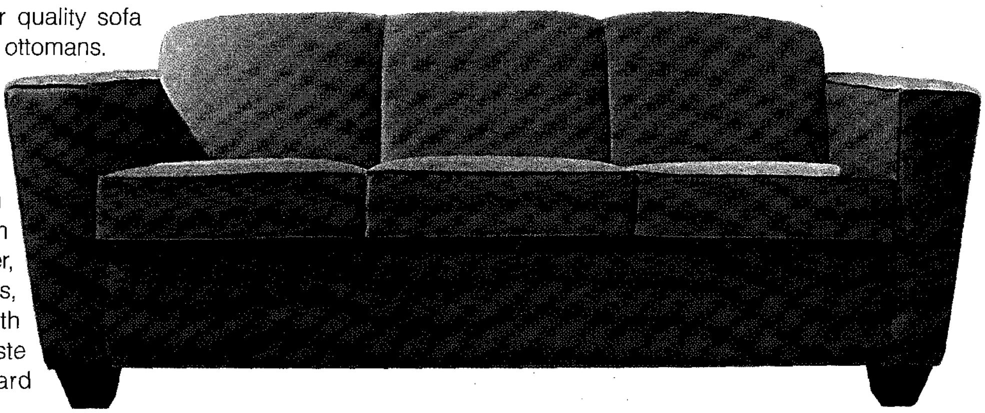
Liberate yourself from the traditional bedroom suite complete with dresser, mirror, bed, night tables, and armoire. "Allow both your home and your taste to evolve," says Richard Broderson of **Foremost Furniture**, New York City's largest full-service furniture showroom. "Keep the pieces you've always loved and add a beautiful imported chest, or a hand-carved curio cabinet to freshen a room." The look is casual elegance with attention to fine details like slipcovers, custom rugs, the unusual club chair. "It's not about saving dollars," explains Broderson. "You can spend as much money now on one wonderful leather chair as you might have spent on a bedroom set a decade ago. The difference is that your chair will be with you forever, and the entire matched set will feel dated just a few years from now."



...Open to change.

Do you know where you're going to be in the next 10 years? Buying the whimsical little piece for a funky corner is fun, but when you're investing in, say, a sofa or a significant table, consider the flexibility of your choice. Disposable furniture is not an option when you're buying important pieces to last into the future.

One of the best ways to approach designing a new room or revamping and old one, is to consult a designer referral service. You may be surprised to learn that working with a professional designer can save you money in the long run, because designers have access to vendors who supply discounted materials only to the trade.



Top: ***Designer Referral Service of NY, Ltd., SGH Designs.*** Bottom: ***Carlyle Custom Convertibles.***
Opposite page: ***Charlotte Peters, Inc., Francis Russel Design.***

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...Design solutions

You know the maxim that a model has to have good bone structure underneath all the makeup and clothing? The same can be said about your home. "Become educated about the details in the permanent background of what creates your home," says Judy Block, President of **Designer Referral Service of NY, Ltd.**, an agency that interviews, evaluates, and introduces clients to interior designers and architects.

A home's bones translate to good moldings, quality windows, excellent flooring materials, and natural stone and tile work. "Pay attention to architectural details that show through and support whatever you choose to actually fill the room," advises Block.

Home is where you eat, sleep, and throw a party or two. But chances are now that it's also where you work or perhaps surf the Net at odd hours. "**Charlotte Peters, Inc.** makes home designs simple," says Charlotte Schoenfeld, president of the professional interior design and architectural referral service. "You tell us your preferences and we make

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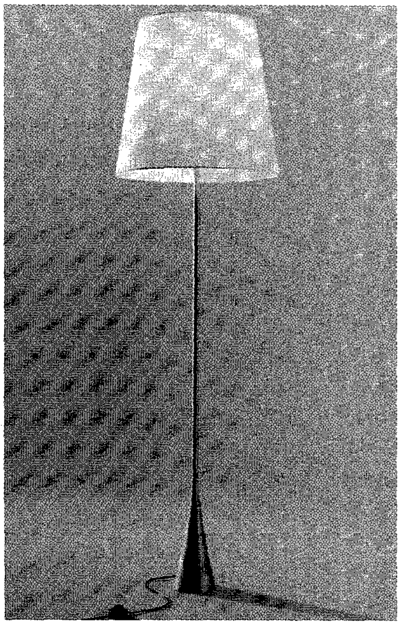
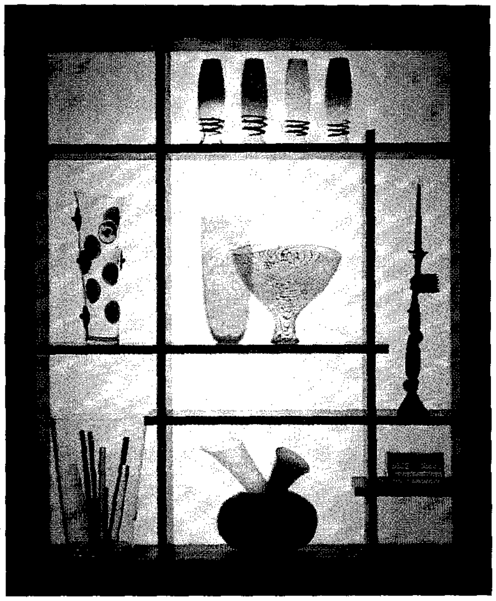


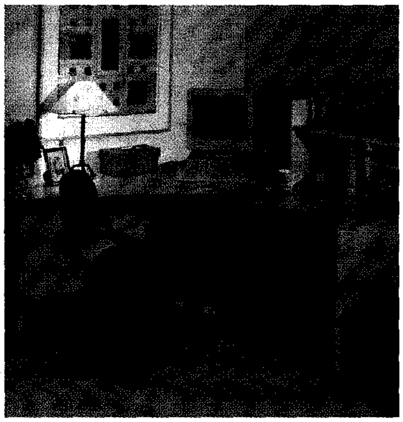
your vision a reality." Whatever you do, Charlotte Peters, Inc. calls upon a cadre of experts to create a home that fits your needs and lifestyle.

Laurie Messman, general manager at **Ligne Roset**, a preeminent French manufacturer of contemporary furnishings, encourages thoughtful planning. "For instance, we have a beautiful and highly functional glass table that extends. It's the kind of piece that makes a fabulous dining room table in a Manhattan apartment, and 10 years later will still fit perfectly in a suburban home's great room.'"



...Home office

One need that requires expertise is the home office. **Techline New York** has the pros to call, whether you're designing an entire room, or redoing a corner in which the family computer sits. Techline uses fabric panels and round edges to soften functional shapes, and their modular cabinets, bases, and countertops are cut to fit around angled walls, pipes, and awkward moldings. And about those wires... Techline calls it "wire management." Their experts will happily drill holes in countertops to tuck away the unsightly evidence of your technologically advanced world.



...Alive with beauty.

"We don't believe in selling an image or pushing our agenda," says Richard Johnson, buyer for **The LS Collection**, a SoHo collection of interesting accessories for the home. "Simply put, we travel all over the world to gather beautiful pieces and let you pick what you love."

Art glass makes up a full quarter of the lovely pieces that LS Collection carries. "There's a style of glass for every taste," says Johnson. "And there's something about glass–when the light hits it, it comes alive." Whether it is modern, Scandinavian glass with pure, startling color, or the complex facets of traditional Irish crystal, or even the fantastical Venetian millefiori, glass instantly makes your home glow. Just follow your personality and color scheme for pieces that reflect your taste.

...Value counts.

The economy is gung-ho, you have money to spend, but value is never out of fashion. No matter what your budget, we encourage you to search for value.

Rae Home is a treasured resource of savvy shoppers. With a city-block of quality fabrics and trims, Rae Home offers prices well below that of other major competitors. And they don't skimp on service either; they offer free estimates and expert advice on creating an interior look to suit any style. Are you in the market for window treatments, custom shades, upholstery, slip covers? Here is where you can find the fabrics and the finesse to create rooms with panache.

So, now you're on your way to creating an oasis, a place you can truly call home. What follows is a directory listing of some of the city's best home-goods suppliers. Many of these professionals offer complimentary consultation and design services. Just ask.

Top left: ***Ligne Roset.*** **Center:** ***Techline New York.*** **Bottom left:** ***LS Collection.*** **Right:** ***Rae Home.***

The COMFORTS *of* HOME DIRECTORY

Accessories

THE LS COLLECTION
494 Broome Street, 334-1194
This SoHo shop offers a hand-picked collection of interesting pieces for the home, including an extensive collection of art glass.

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·1625 York Ave., 517-7877
·5 Skyline Dr. Hawthorne, NY, 914-592-1001
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·590 Central Ave., Scarsdale, NY, 914-725-2064
·12 Caesar Place, Moonachie, NJ, 201-933-1285
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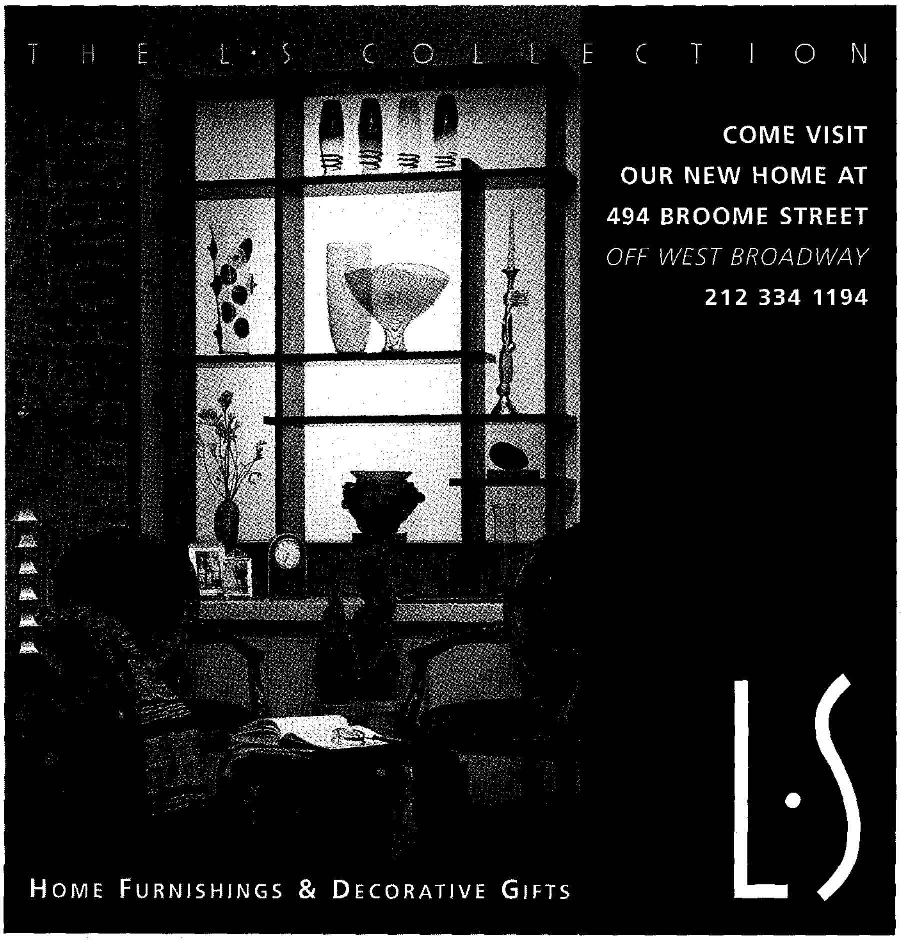
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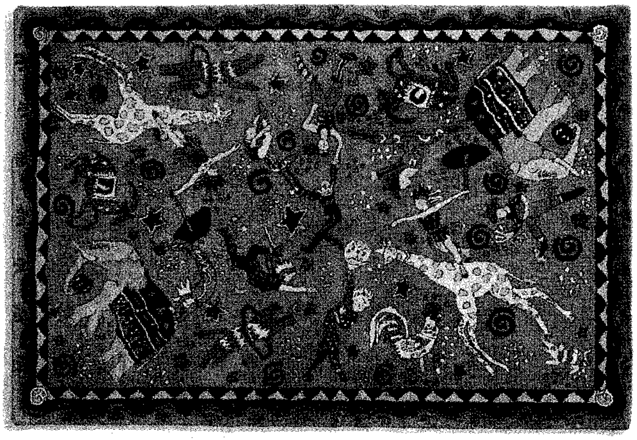

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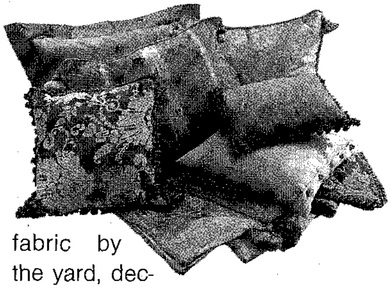

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1375 Third Avenue, 570-2236
·Classic Collection:
1056 Third Avenue, 838-1525

Top: ***ABC Carpet & Home.***
Bottom: ***Rae Home.***

SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

·Chelsea/Clearance:
122 West 18th Street, 675-3212

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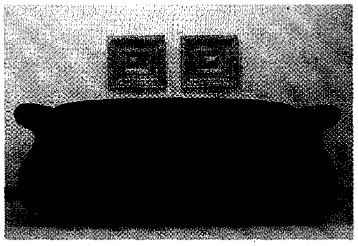

DESIGN & COMFORT

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SoHo: 380 West Broadway, 334-1000

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Above: ***Carlyle Custom Convertibles, Ltd.***

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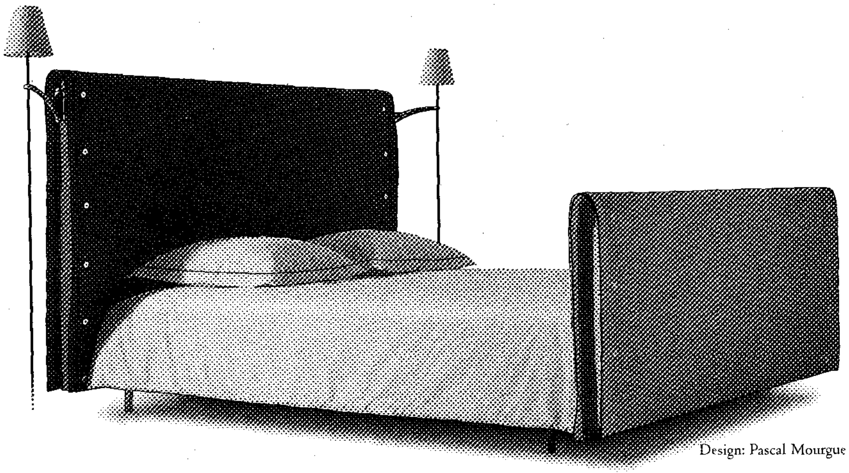

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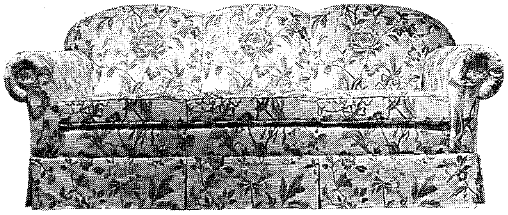

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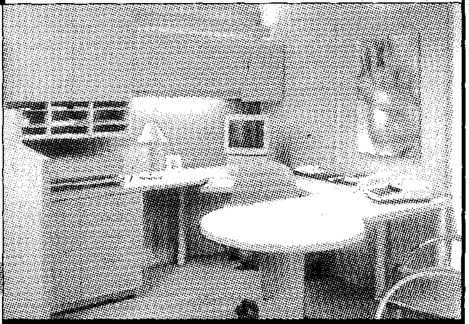

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Referral Services

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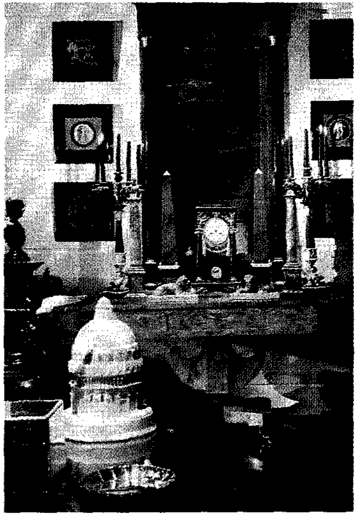

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PO Box 614 Chappaqua, NY, 914-234-0190; 212-971-9681

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Above: ***Charlotte Peters, Inc.*****, B. Francis**

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It Isn't Romantic

'The Object of My Affection' turns the modest tale of a woman in love with her gay best friend into a maddening twist on 'The Odd Couple.'

NO SUBJECT, I SUPPOSE, CAN BE categorically ruled out of bounds, but some subjects are a hell of a lot more difficult to pull off than others, and among the most difficult—the most embarrassing, the most awkward—is the love of a woman for a gay man. Such a relationship can be done gently and wistfully (Helen Hunt's fondness for Greg Kinnear in *As Good As It Gets*), and it can be done as farce. But if the woman's love is obsessive and needy, the story becomes stupid and painful, and that is what happens in **The Object of My Affection**, the Stephen McCauley novel that has been adapted for the movies with disastrous panache by playwright Wendy Wasserstein and director Nicholas Hytner. Jennifer Aniston plays Nina, a snippy-snappy young social worker in Brooklyn who takes as a roommate a lovable gay teacher, George (Paul Rudd). When Nina is made pregnant by her overbearing and unsuitable boyfriend (John Pankow), she asks George to raise the child with her. But Nina wants George's sexual love as well, and although George is willing to be daddy, he cannot be lover. Poor Nina is left with nothing to do but throw fits and turn her back in sorrow and furiously wash the dishes. *The Object of My Affection* is one of those cases, I think, in which the audience is so frustrated by an untenable situation onscreen that it shuts down on the movie: Paul Rudd is charming, and some of the scenes are intelligently written and played, but at a recent screening people on all sides of me were squirming in discomfort. Dramatically, *The Object of My Affection* has nowhere to go. Nigel Hawthorne shows up as a dapper old drama critic who loves a younger man, and he offers Nina rueful and worldly advice about her dilemma—the movie turns immensely sophisticated about the dumb situation it should never have allowed to develop in the first place.

Just when the country was beginning to like New York again, this picture comes along and ruins everything. Wasserstein has added to McCauley's rather modest novel all sorts of New York–style patter, and most of it is excruciating—the nervous, self-conscious chatter of a name-dropping literary agent (Alan Alda), the tense aggressions of his equally name-dropping and unhappy wife (Allison Janney), and much more. Since the two characters are extraneous to the plot, who is dropping names but Wendy Wasserstein? There are scenes that are supposed to satirize the pretensions of powerful, knowing people, scenes that are themselves exactly an example of the display that is being satirized. And the movie takes New York's ethnic and sex-preference variety to the point of boastful folly. *The Object of My Affection* is not just pro-gay (which is fine) and pro-diversity (ditto); it is programmatically and cheerfully committed to mixing everybody and everything together, as if life were just a problem that could be sorted out by creative casting at the Public Theater. This is the kind of fatuously self-approving movie that could bring Rush Limbaugh springing back to life.

IN **Wild Man Blues,** A DOCUMENTARY ABOUT WOODY ALLEN'S touring with a jazz band in Europe, Woody worries constantly about his laundry. He sends it out in Milan—will the clothes come back breaded? Will something improper be done to his underwear in Madrid? Woody Allen travels from country to country, playing concerts at night while residing with Soon-Yi Previn in hotels filled with marble and burnished wood, and everything has to be just so. In each hotel, the couple takes a suite so Woody has at his disposal a separate bathroom in which to perform unknown rituals and ablutions. Crowds wait outside his window, as if he were a royal personage. It's the hard easy life. *Wild Man Blues*, directed by Barbara Kopple, who usually takes on sterner material (such as the fate of striking coal miners in *Harlan County, U.S.A.*), is a portrait of a man caught out of his milieu—out of New York, where Woody can work and rest exactly the same way every day. In Europe, on tour, he's not in control of his life.

Or so he would have us be- *(continued on page 66)*

That obtuse object of desire: Jennifer Aniston and Paul Rudd in *The Object of My Affection.*

Photograph by Barry Wetcher/Twentieth Century Fox.

THEATER **JOHN SIMON**

Less Is Moor

The Royal National Theatre's spare, elegant production of 'Othello' does justice to Shakespeare's masterpiece; Adam Guettel gets spacey in 'Saturn Returns.'

NONE OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS IS MORE FLUENT in a universal language than **Othello,** which speaks of love and attendant jealousy, race and attendant resentment, sheer evil and attendant destruction. Not for nothing has it inspired one of the world's greatest operas and numerous other works in every medium. It features theater's most notorious villain and the purest, sweetest of all tragic heroines.

As has been frequently noted, the play moves on two timetables: one that urges the action forward at breakneck speed, and one that would have to be much slower to give Desdemona a chance to seem unfaithful even to the most gullible fool. But the playwright's artistry makes logic defer to poetry, drama, and the tragedy of human fallibility.

The Royal National Theatre's *Othello,* staged by Sam Mendes, was designed as a touring production with a unit set. Yet imperative as it is to make the transition from Venice to Cyprus felt, this doesn't happen here. The upper level, with its gigantic Venetian blinds, may be an homage to Venice, but in this updating to the 1930s there is nothing very Cypriot, except perhaps the British military uniforms.

In itself, the Anthony Ward setting is attractive: simple earth colors, a balcony behind which we once glimpse a stormy sky, a colorfully tiled courtyard floor. Ward's women are tastefully costumed, although one wonders why Desdemona, once in Cyprus, always goes barefoot, save for a minute or so on the night of her demise. Is this meant to make her sexier? More girlish? More of an innocent victim? Or did she forget her shoes in Venice and not yet find a suitable Cyprus cobbler?

Paul Pyant's lighting contributes all the atmosphere one could wish for. Paddy Cunneen's music, so disastrous for Cheek by Jowl's recent *Much Ado,* is much better here, concentrating on percussion suggestive of explosive emotions and the different—African—drummer the Moor may be marching to. But it is Mendes's direction that, until the home stretch, is most impressive. Eliminated are the extras that usually clutter things up, and the action remains lean, mean, and, barring the odd rubato, fiercely forward-hurtling.

As is often the case, it is the Iago who steals the show. Simon Russell Beale, chubby and nondescript, seems about as common as the common man can get. But there is sheet lightning in his eyes, and his voice and manner segue from deferential to peremptory, from solicitous to cynical, from Shakespeare to Noël Coward. Mendes has given him some nice business with such things as a liquor bottle and a kiss from his wife that he endures with the utmost loathing. That he eventually kills with a pistol may feel anachronistic even in this setting, but otherwise this is a powerful Iago, both foxy and bulldoggy.

David Harewood is a believable enough Othello until the last act. He towers above the others, and he has excellent elocution and an appropriate soupçon of an outsider's accent. If he seems a bit stolid throughout, that could be the military man's unease in mufti; it certainly helps make his credulousness credible. But he cannot rise to the great tragic poetry of the conclusion; the suffering that should give him heroic dimensions merely brings out his mediocrity.

Barefoot in the dark: Claire Skinner plays a delectable Desdemona in *Othello.*

Photograph by Mark Douet.

Desdemona is a notoriously difficult role: How does one make so much passive docility, so much unrebellious victimhood palatable to modern audiences? The extremely appealing Claire Skinner does it with a childlike freshness and winsomeness that works enchantingly till near the end; she, too, fails to grow into that ultimate terrible beauty. Mendes has not helped her here: Instead of letting her, as written, sing the Willow Song (the less professionally, the better), he has her listen to someone warbling it on one of her phonograph records, which is far less moving. And even the conjugal bed brought on for the murder fits poorly into the décor, especially as it replaces an earlier, rather incongruous divan.

Colin Tierney's unheroic Cassio, Crispin Letts's aging Roderigo, Trevor Peacock's frantic Brabantio, and the rest are all good, as would be Maureen Beattie's Emilia but for an unwarrantable Scottish accent. If this *Othello* were still at BAM, I would urge you to see it.

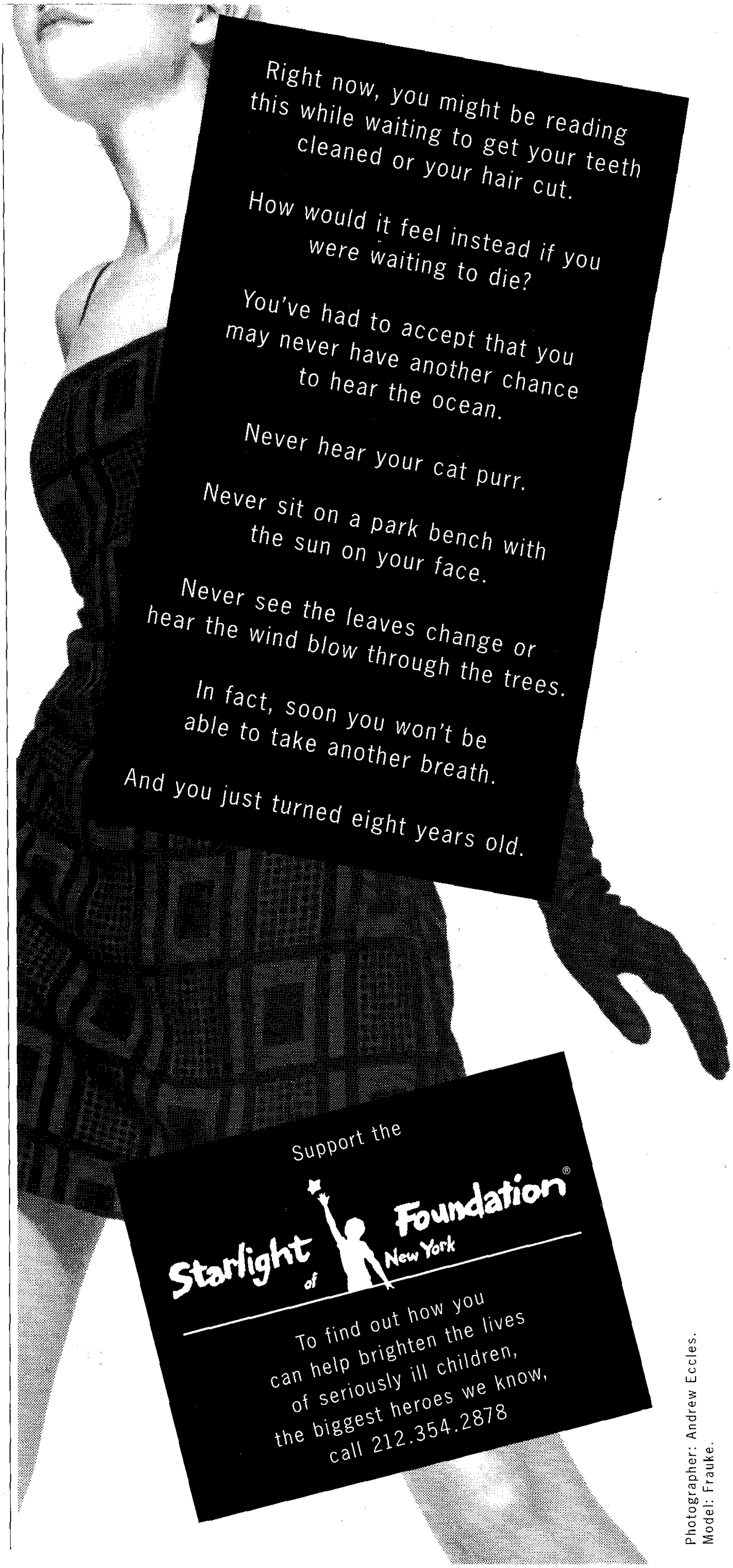
ADAM GUETTEL'S *FLOYD COLLINS* WILL TAKE its place among the classics of American musical theater. Not so, I fear, **Saturn Returns: A Concert.** Guettel and his director, Tina Landau, tried this one out in different forms. At present, it is a concert for six singers and nine musicians, with minimal action staged by Landau, and vestigial set and costumes by James Schuette, and it doesn't as yet work.

Guettel, grandson of Richard Rodgers and son of Mary, cannot avoid competition with his forebears. Having reached 28, the number of years it takes Saturn to circle the sun, he felt the need for human renovation and artistic innovation. He became fascinated by Greek myths, and also hooked on an old Presbyterian hymnal. So he set some of both in an eclectic score the *Times* described as "Gabriel Fauré meets Stevie Wonder, Caetano Veloso embraces Earth, Wind and Fire." Guettel confesses, "I hunger for something, but I don't know what it is." His angst and metaphysical quest may seem like a unifying principle to him, but the audience must feel like uncongenial orgiasts bouncing together on an alien water bed.

There is, for my taste, not enough Fauré and too much of those others. As a lyricist, Guettel still oscillates between occasional felicities and frequent triviality. But out of nineteen numbers, two have lyrics by Ellen Fitzhugh, five come from the Presbyterian hymnal, one is really wordless, and only eleven are by Guettel, adding to the uncohesiveness and making *Saturn Returns* a saturnalia with diminishing returns.

Yet the music is never less than respectable, and is sometimes outstanding. Ironically, the most successful number is a jazzy waltz, "How Can I Lose You," affectingly rendered by Annie Golden as a woman who can't understand her inability to hold on to a man. Here tune and lyric are happily entwined, demonstrating full command of basic musical-comedy idiom, though Guettel may be after bigger game.

Among the performers, I especially enjoyed the wittily versatile Theresa McCarthy and the staunchly resonant Bob Stillman. Jose Llana has an engaging personality, but his voice can take on a metallic ping. Vivian Cherry and Lawrence Clayton are fine gospel singers, a genre that, alas, leaves me cold. The eight musicians under Ted Sperling, who fitfully joins in, perform Don Sebesky and Jamie Lawrence's fetching orchestrations fittingly. ■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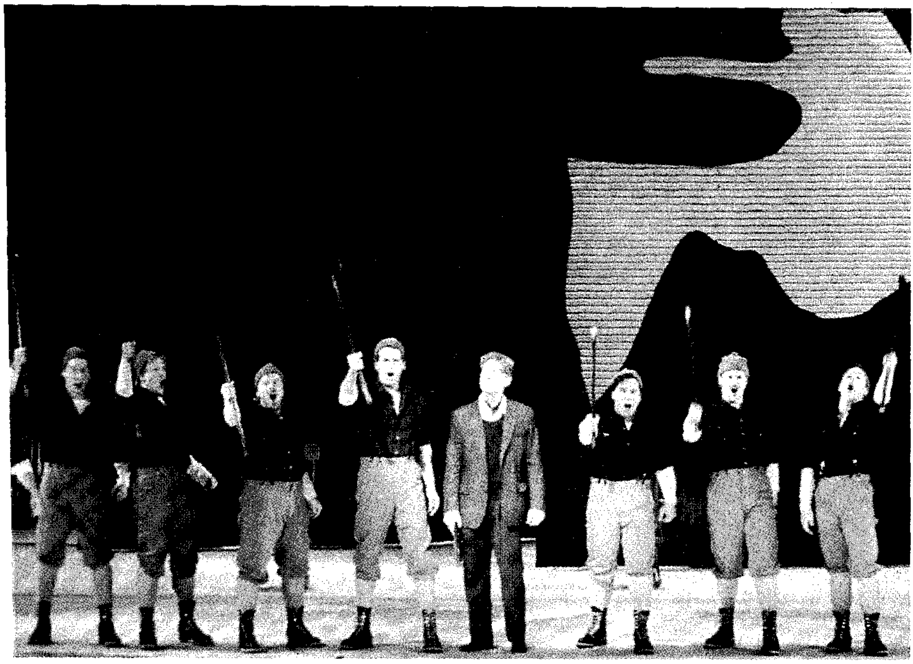
CLASSICAL MUSIC **PETER G. DAVIS**

The Perils of Paul

The City Opera applies appropriate proportions of poetry and whimsy to its production of Benjamin Britten's 'Paul Bunyan.'



Just act natural: The City Opera's *Paul Bunyan.*

Photograph by George Mott.

BENJAMIN BRITTEN NEVER COMPOSED ANYTHING more oddball than **Paul Bunyan,** an "operetta" first performed at Columbia University in 1941 and only now returning to the city of its birth in a new production at the City Opera. Even the gestation period was more than a bit weird, most of the piece having been written on Middagh Street in Brooklyn, where Britten and his lover, tenor Peter Pears, were part of a bizarre ménage that included, among others, poet W. H. Auden (Bunyan's librettist), novelist Carson McCullers, designer Oliver Smith, composer-writer Paul Bowles, and ecdysiast Gypsy Rose Lee. If one of America's most macho mythic figures seems like an unlikely subject for two gay young Brits, their hope of launching this singular show on Broadway is even more far-fetched. During its brief run uptown, *Paul Bunyan* seemed to please audiences, but the reviews were devastating. The worst came from Virgil Thomson, who had a few good words to say about the music but pronounced Auden's libretto "flaccid and spineless and without energy." Britten promptly withdrew the score, which was not heard again until 1976, the year of the composer's death.

Although Thomson could never quite figure out what the piece was all about, Auden expressed his intentions clearly enough in the *Times* shortly before the premiere. Paul Bunyan, said Auden, was a symbol of the natural disciplines that tamed a virgin land; eventually "civilization" made his presence unnecessary, but not his sense of responsibility, equally vital after the wilds had been conquered and men began to work for one another. The story's implications, then, are not just American but universal, a moral teaching that only surfaces at the end. Before that, the giant lumberjack—literally larger than life, heard but never seen—presides over his camp where day-to-day events unfold in a series of swiftly moving, revuelike episodes. Stretched over two acts, the material is admittedly rather thin, and Auden was to write more distinguished librettos for Stravinsky and Henze, with major assistance from his opera-savvy friend Chester Kallman. Still, even with its clumsy dramaturgy and occasional embarrassments, the piece does reflect Auden's own quirky take on the American experience, which is not always flattering—"America can break your heart," the Quartet of the Defeated glumly intones as it reaches the frontier.

The principal character is really Bunyan's bookkeeper, Johnny Inkslinger, the "intellectual" outsider (clearly meant to represent the expatriate poet and composer) who keeps order in the camp and helps Hot Biscuit Slim court Bunyan's daughter, Tiny. In the end, all the lumberjacks get tempting job offers: Slim becomes a cook in a large mid-Manhattan hotel, Hel Helson goes to Washington to join the administration, and Inkslinger heads off to Hollywood as technical adviser on an all-star lumber picture. America has changed, the wilds have been tamed, and Bunyan can now deliver his parting words, which he does in the final scene: "The campfire embers are black and cold, / The banjos are broken, the stories are told, / The woods are cut down, and the young grown old." Britten reencountered those moving words from his forgotten and rejected youthful work in 1976, when he was devastated by heart disease and near death. Shattered, he agreed to allow *Paul Bunyan* to be performed once again.

Apart from its customary fine-tuned craftsmanship, the music bears little resemblance to what one hears in mature Britten operas—who would ever guess the composer of those three twangy country-and-western tunes sung by the strolling Ballad Singer? The score is consistently engaging and tuneful, and ingeniously flavored with a variety of popular styles: Kurt Weill, Cole Porter, the blues, and even touches of Gilbert and Sullivan. There are also poignant moments that are pure Britten—no one else could have harmonized the opening E-major chorus of old trees with such haunting, bittersweet originality: "But once in a while the odd thing happens, / Once in a while the dream comes true, / And the whole pattern of life is altered, / Once in a while the moon turns blue."

The City Opera production, first seen at Glimmerglass, is enchanting, from Paul Steinberg's colorful corduroy-ribbed, backwoodsy sets to Mark Lamos's light-fingered direction and Stewart Robertson's skillful conducting. *Paul Bunyan* will always be a tricky piece to pull off, in part because both Britten and Auden were still learning how to define and shape an opera. No doubt fired by lots of affection for the material, Lamos blends whimsy with serious poetic insights in just the right proportions, and the stage is always wonderfully alive. Standouts from the huge cast include Jeffrey Lentz's thoughtful but charmingly lyrical Inkslinger, John McVeigh's cute-as-a-button Hot Biscuit Slim, Elisabeth Comeaux's winsomely vulnerable Tiny, and David M. Lutken's comfortably laid-back Ballad Singer. The entire production is a lively ensemble effort in the best City Opera tradition—see for yourself on Wednesday night (April 22), when PBS televises it live from Lincoln Center.

THE CITY OPERA AUDIENCE CLEARLY ENJOYED *Paul Bunyan,* and there were even heartier cheers for Tobias Picker's **Emmeline**—a first opera for this 43-year-old composer, who is already at work on commissions for two more. I wrote about *Emmeline* enthusiastically and at length after its premiere performances at the Santa Fe festival in 1996 and won't repeat myself here. On reacquaintance, the work strikes me as even stronger than I thought then, perhaps the first American opera since Carlisle Floyd's *Susannah* and Douglas Moore's *The Ballad of Baby Doe* to stand a chance of a real stage life and of chalking up a significant performance history. Like those operas, *Emmeline* has the benefit of a theatrically effective central role that both flatters the voice and gives a singer every opportunity to seize the moment and bring down the house. Sopranos should be lining up.

J. D. McClatchy's economical but poetically shaped libretto is based on Judith Rossner's novelization of the true-life tragedy of Emmeline Mosher, who worked as a teenager in a Massachusetts textile mill a century and a half ago. Raped by her foreman, she bears a son who reappears twenty years later, unwittingly falls in love with his mother, marries her, discovers the terrible truth, and leaves the delirious and now doubly disgraced Emmeline to face life in bitter isolation. This is strong stuff, and Picker never flinches from it, providing a lyrical score that is just as hard-edged as it needs to be. Robert Israel's cheerless New England sets are just right, Francesca Zambello's direction is razor-sharp, and—best of all—Patricia Racette is radiant and heartrending in the title role. ■

Love Needs No Pedigree

Photo by Mary Bloom

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DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

Undisciplined Children

The gifted young dancers in Eliot Feld's Ballet Tech have theatrical flair to burn. But the name of their troupe is misleading.

THE EVOLUTION OF **Eliot Feld's** SUCCESSIVE DANCE companies into the present Ballet Tech (at the Joyce through April 26) is sadly ironic. Feld began—brilliantly—as a choreographer firmly rooted in the classical vocabulary yet with a yen for the romantic, the expressive, and the colloquial. His own training was classical, with infusions of modern dance and jazz (Broadway-style) as his performing career unfolded. This story has its precedents in the career of Jerome Robbins, with whom Feld shares temperamental characteristics as well—notably an obsessiveness that stymies the creative impulse. Feld famously (or infamously) not only has to have his own way but also had to have his own group—as did Robbins for a time—and then his own school.

This school, now a huge enterprise, was a swell idea from its modest beginnings twelve years ago. It auditions an enormous number of 8- and 9-year-olds in the public schools, offers the successful candidates free dance classes, and, for those whose gifts and commitment are still evident when they reach sixth grade, provides an academic education tailored to their increasingly demanding dancing schedules. Feld's ingenious venture can be counted a success in drawing on a large, previously neglected talent pool, opening a window on the arts for underserved kids, and recruiting a large number of blacks and Hispanics into a part of the dance world that has remained stubbornly, absurdly white.

When the school's most successful graduates began to join the company in significant numbers, Feld went one bold—and perhaps foolhardy—step further. He released all of the mature company dancers who had not been formed under his aegis, leaving only his fledglings in their place. The young artists and adolescent apprentices who now constitute Feld's troupe are full of physical and theatrical verve. But they lack a classical-dance grounding rigorous enough to enable them to perform much of the early Feld repertory, let alone the traditional and modern classical works that form the canon danced by top-notch companies like American Ballet Theatre and New York City Ballet. Meanwhile, Feld—ever prolific, ever convinced of his mission of the moment—has been creating new dances to showcase his protégés. In interviews, he claims these pieces represent the direction in which his art is moving. Taken as a group, however, they offer very little to stimulate the seasoned dancegoer or to extend the accomplishments of their youthful performers.

Here's where the irony comes in: If Feld wanted to inject new life into classical ballet with the children of the people, he has failed to do so, because his repertory is no longer centered on classicism. If he wanted to offer these kids the skills that would enable them to join a first-rate classical company, he has, so far, failed to do that as well. What he has now is a group of vividly attractive mid-to-late adolescents doing a slick, high-powered version of their own thing. Watching Feld's recent work is like viewing an amalgam of vernacular dance forms souped up by elements of ballet, theatricalized by a deft hand, and performed with panache. So the new name Feld has given his group, Ballet Tech—with its arch reference to high schools that teach a practical trade along with academic basics—is misleading. Ballet (classical ballet) and the rigorous, specific technique it requires for professional performance are just what's missing from the picture.

Of the three works new to New York this season, *Simon Sez* was the most inept. Presumably, its title, taken from the children's game, refers to the fact that dance skills and choreography are most adroitly passed along by physical demonstration and imitation. Set to Steve Martland music, the piece appends a ballet barre to the back brick wall of the bared stage—a reminder of the classical dancer's obligatory and unglamorous daily exercise ritual. What looks like the round pipe of a barre turns

(continued on page 74)

Child's play: Eliot Feld's *Simon Sez.*

Photograph by Ellen Crane.

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Absolutely Mab

Whatever Queen Mab is doing in NBC's blithe, star-bedecked 'Merlin' remains a mystery; so does Miranda Richardson's blue-lipped performance.

SOMETHING OF THE SPIRIT OF *XENA: WARRIOR Princess* seems to inhabit the mini-series **Merlin** (Sunday and Monday, April 26 and 27; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC). Not that Isabella Rossellini's Nimue, the lifelong heartthrob of the last wizard of pagan Britain, doesn't spend so much time worrying about her complexion that Lucy Lawless would want to strike her like a gong. Nor is there anything the least kick-butt-Amazon about these other fair white lovelies looking for a hot knight in a cold castle—Helena Bonham Carter as Morgan Le Fey, Lena Heady as Guinevere, and Rachel Colover as Lady Igraine—since what they are mostly called upon to do is get pregnant and give birth to sons who will usurp the throne. Except, of course, for Miranda Richardson as Queen Mab, about whom we have to ask: How did she get to Camelot in the first place? And: What's with the blue lipstick? Is this a Druid look? On the other hand, when Richardson doubles as Mab's wet sister, the Lady of the Lake, she's so blonde she seems to be dying piecemeal of emotional anemia.

One brief shining moment: Richardson's Queen Mab enters Camelot in *Merlin.*

But there's an affability about *Merlin*, a *Xena*-like breeziness that's not so much campy (nostalgia laced with contempt) as insouciant (at their Round Table, they could be playing strip poker). The gee-whiz special effects—computer-graphicked dragons and chameleons, snorkel-camera oddball shots, waterworks on magic call, levitation and elasticity, pop-up folklore video—are intended more to season than to show-stop, more to delight than to awe. Sam Neill's Merlin, who tells us the story, is part cracker barrel, part Tinker Bell, part dirty old man out of Yeats. Rutger Hauer's burlesque Vortigern prides himself on acting first and thinking later. Martin Short, as the Spock-eared pixie Frik, springs on the unwary like a jackal-in-a-box. Has there ever been another occasion on which Sir John Gielgud appeared for a mere ten minutes, only so long as it takes to get himself decapitated? Billie Whitelaw doesn't last much longer, as Merlin's wet nurse in the young-magician years. And James Earl Jones, the Mountain King, doesn't show up at all; we just hear his Bell Atlantic chortle as Merlin sticks Excalibur into his stony side.

In the same blithe spirit, the teleplay borrows and embroiders whatever it wants to from Geoffrey of Monmouth, Wace, Layamon, Robert de Boron, Chrétien de Troyes, Sir Thomas Malory, and Alfred Lord Tennyson. Given that these sources have all been stealing from and improving on one another since the twelfth century, I don't see why not. Except that none of them mentions Mab. The Queen of the Faeries does show up in Shakespeare, Jonson, Drayton, and Shelley, but never in connection with Arthurian romance. This makes Miranda Richardson's very presence more mysterious than all of Merlin's magic. And even when she has the anachronistic effrontery to tell us that "the end justifies the means," she further confounds our expectations by speaking in hoarse baby-talk whispers, as if her throat had been cut like Brando's in *The Godfather*. Although none of this explains why, when she's playing the Lady of the Lake, she seems to be deep in the antidepressants.

For that matter, my understanding of the literature is that Merlin was the devil's child, not Mab's. I should also say that while Isabella Rossellini can do no wrong, Helena Bonham Carter gets on my nerves. Bad enough that Morgan Le Fey had to put up with six dreadful cantos by Sir Walter Scott—now this Merchant Ivory poster girl for period clothes and period prose. Besides which, as with guns in the first act of Chekhov, if you mention Avalon, shouldn't we see it before we go home? And don't get me started on how the Holy Grail was suddenly tacked on to the legend of Arthur just in historical time to secure England for Christendom before the surly Saxons got there: another faery tale. But I take a pagan point of view, handy for "sweeps."

THE MAGIC IN **Painted Lady** (SUNDAYS, APRIL 26 AND MAY 3; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) is acting, writing, and directing. If you recall the second *Prime Suspect*, in which it became clear that New Scot-

(continued on page 74)

Photograph by Oliver Upton/NBC.

POP MUSIC ETHAN SMITH

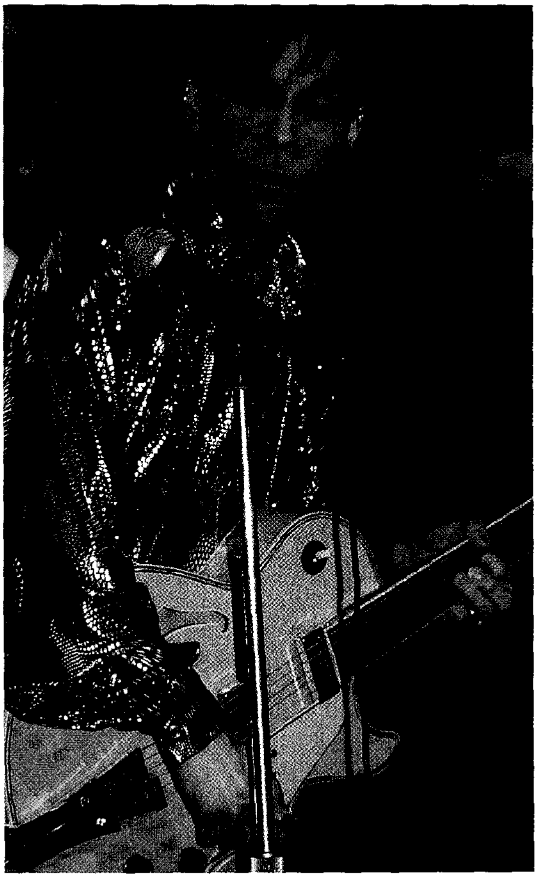
He's the One

With a smokin' wee-hours concert and a massive new album, the Artist Formerly Known As Prince once again demonstrates his immodest brilliance.

AT HIS MOST RECENT NEW YORK APPEARANCE, on April 10, **The Artist Formerly Known As Prince** seemed to have adopted yet another pretentious non-name. Posters hanging throughout Irving Plaza showed a photo of the Artist (or ⚥, as he also likes to call himself) above the slogan THE ONE.

But judging from recent evidence—the concert and his new four-CD collection *Crystal Ball* (NPG Records)—"The One" is perhaps the least apt of all the titles the 39-year-old musician has adopted since he announced, in 1993, that he was dropping his given name. The former Prince is anything but a unified presence. His music is a constantly shifting amalgam: Rock and roll, funk, rap, blues, folk, and soul all contribute to his songwriting. Syrupy crooning, demonic yowling, heavenly falsetto singing, and dance-floor-diva catcalls are all in his vocal arsenal. He's also happy playing more than one musical role, serving part of his Irving Plaza night as a sideman (albeit a particularly charismatic one) to two high-wattage guest stars—Chaka Khan and erstwhile Sly & the Family Stone bassist Larry Graham.

⚥, though, is undeniably unique: He has had one of the strangest career trajectories imaginable, forsaking his early MTV and radio stardom for a greater measure of artistic freedom and the lucrative, if lower-profile, cult status his rabid fans have accorded him. Having feuded with one record company and seen another go out of business, he now releases his own albums (more on that later). A lifelong control freak, he often plays all the instruments (expertly) on his albums, including his first, recorded when he was just 20 years old. And—endearing himself to critics everywhere—he recently stopped handing out free review copies of his CDs.



Sideman and star: The Artist at Irving Plaza.

BECAUSE ⚥ IS CAPABLE OF ALmost anything, you never know what to expect from his shows. Last summer, he played two New York City concerts in one night. The first, at Jones Beach, was a full-blown lights-and-choreography spectacle that gussied up more than two hours of hits with costume changes, backup singers, horns, even a somewhat inexplicable pistol-shaped microphone. A couple of hours later, the Artist was ensconced onstage at Tramps, leading a small coterie of musicians through a late-night R&B jam session that included only one of his own songs.

This month's club date was a hybrid of the two previous sets. Juiced to be onstage with two of his idols, ⚥ avoided his own hits. Instead, he covered songs by Khan's and Graham's old bands, showed off three tunes from a forthcoming album, and played just a single cut ("Days of Wild") from *Crystal Ball*. The band shoehorned an arena's worth of equipment onto Irving Plaza's small stage, forgoing only their lavender grand piano.

The show—a $75-per-head "after-party" slated to begin at 1:30 A.M., following the star's appearance at the *Essence* magazine awards—didn't get under way until nearly 3. The late-night setting added to the electric vibe: It felt special, secret, and unfamiliar. Of course, the effect may have been physical, the hallucinatory results of fatigue.

At what was supposed to have been the end of the concert, things got even trippier. After George Benson joined in on Sly & the Family Stone's "I Wanna Take You Higher," early-eighties rapper Doug E. Fresh clambered onto the stage from the audience. A bodyguard rushed to intercede, but Fresh made a quick explanation, grabbed a mike, and started beatboxing along with ⚥ and Co. At the end of the song, the band, then its leader, left the stage, one person at a time, until finally just Benson and the surprise rapper were left.

As perhaps the strangest showdown in music history unfolded—Fresh beatboxing, Benson laying down greasy funk lines on a guitar borrowed from his host—the rapper playfully challenged ⚥. "Who rocks the hardest?" he asked. "The Artist rocks the hardest!" came the audience's *(continued on page 66)*

Photograph by George De Sota/London Features.

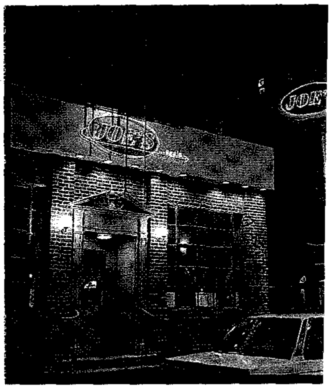
THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

The Joe of Cooking

Joe's . . . Again spices memory with ego as a new team tries comfort food and fancy tricks to jolly an old Village joint back to life.

I CAME HOME FROM VENICE HUNGRY. VENICE, THE TWO-faced, shimmers with promise, its treasures seemingly exposed but its most honeyed wonders hidden away. In two months of airing our Venetian obsessions, we found elusive pleasures in secret gardens—but great dining was rarely one of them. I had overdosed on cuttlefish in its ferociously enriched midnight ink and cod whipped to a sticky mucilage. I needed a great hamburger. I dreamed of vegetables ever-so-slightly undercooked. Authentic hot-and-sour soup. My kingdom for chili con carne. I was starved for the fuss and variety of eating in New York.

With characteristic exuberance and chutzpa, perhaps 35 restaurants had braved the scene in my absence, and the quadrille of chefs trading kitchens seemed more manic than usual. In my first week back, I discovered complex Indian exotica and a couple of pathetic Balthazar wannabes. Though the modish dark aura of downtown youth at the minimalist Bond Street made me feel vintage, I was excited to recognize the delicious tricks of a favorite sushi chef. But the place that most satisfied my down-home longings was **Joe's . . . Again,** the latest effort to resuscitate a Village hangout born in 1933 as Joe's and reprised in 1982 as Formerly Joe's. Even the prices—entrées $14 to $22.50—felt right.



The third coming: Joe's . . . Again. Below left, the retro's fitting.

The small, crusty oval of warmed sourdough that arrives on a breadboard heralds the promise. A robust Gigondas from a sophisticated wine list warms us as we are drying off from a monsoon outside. The front room seems plain, a bit cheerless with its frieze of small black-and-white photos, till we get the joke—all of them are Joes: McCarthy, Bishop, Namath, Heatherton, Louis. And isn't that a familiar lament from *Pal Joey* on the sound system? "Yes, but it's just a coincidence," the waiter replies, his shaved head and hoop earrings a bit of a jolt to barely repatriated eyes.

There is a brief interlude to notice that the handsome arcing lights overhead throw a ghostly green hue, so we look like we've been mugged and bruised in a back alley. But that lament is forgotten as the four of us are distracted by the too-small appetizer tower of mushroom-bread pudding with its peppy leek-and-bacon sauce—a Thanksgiving turkey should be so happily stuffed. The bacon smoke mingles with scents of the sea in a wonderful mussel-and-scallop chowder. And we're making short work of crisp calamari piled on a devilish swamp of mashed Greek olives and pepperoncini. It does not outright mimic Bobby Flay's somewhat Spanish food at Bolo. But it's enough to remind me that chef Neil Manacle spent four years in that kitchen as chef de cuisine before leaving to hook up here with Andrew Nathan, owner of the nearby bistro Frontière.

My confederates tonight are regulars on my feeding forays. They ride the same highs of discovery—or, more often, dyspeptic lows of despair—as I do. So from all the murmurs of pleasure, I sense how taken we are with the complex flavors of the cioppino, the moist braised rabbit on chestnut polenta, and a juicy pork chop with red-wine-stewed cabbage. Is the "Great American Meatloaf" special too salty? Maybe. But I love its rich crustiness, the mashed potatoes and spring peas—hooray, neither over- or undercooked. Even a side of skin-edged fries is irresistible. Great expectations are somewhat dashed when the menu's advertised "garlic-and-sage gratin" turns out to be not very garlicky but still luscious scalloped potatoes. Only a misguided pear sal-

Photographs by Robert Wright.

ad and sickly sweet sorbets are all-out losers. Butterscotch pudding under a float of whipped cream, grilled lemon pound cake, and ice cream sandwiched between soft chocolate-walnut-Sambuca cookies test any lingering resolve to be prudent.

I can't wait to return. When my mate, the Road Food Warrior, learns I've booked lunch—a meal he's sworn off so he can share my life without straining his antique jeans—he wants to come, too. Luckily he's busy that day, because lunch is a dud: Too sweet and too cinnamony squash soup. Beet salad that's really a mush. Listless chopped salad. My companions reject the rock-shrimp fritters and think I'm losing it because I love the thick gummy batter. But I do. I use bits of it to scoop up the sauce, a rich–as–Sandy Weill mayo with capers, big chunks of red pepper, and pickle—a hybrid of tartar sauce and salade russe. Four of us, macaroni addicts all, reject the oversauced desecration of Mom's old faithful as well as an insipid shepherd's pie and fries that taste like reruns from who knows when. Only the smartly splendid burger, thick and rare and perfectly cooked, lives up to the standards of that earlier dinner.

But all is well a few nights later in the quieter, good-looking back room. Well, almost all. I suspect the chef isn't willing to deliver simply the best traditional American cooking we want in our neighborhood tavern. He's so caught up in trying to gussy it up that he loses touch with what works or, worse, simply hasn't a clue. Still, I'm pleased again with the calamari and the mushroom-bread pudding (though I'd trade the stingy little tuffet for a generous hunk). The beet salad—better on a larger plate—seems tangier tonight. And our small gathering of friends is as happy as I am with the straightforward sirloin (a blue-cheese-frosted crouton on the side), the born-again fries, and the Friday-night-special fish and chips. If only the London broil weren't so tough. If only the pan-seared trout weren't quite so bland, so ridiculously paired with raisin-almond chutney. Again, the ice-cream sandwich, butterscotch pudding, and a banana split (seductive in spite of too much banana and not enough chocolate sauce) mellow us out with the calories of childhood. As we soldier on in the guerrilla warfare of urban life, we crave the food we grew up with. Heaven knows, New York gives us the world to eat. I can't really guess whether Joe's . . . Again will score with its strengths or stumble over its ego. Or whether the crowd whooping it up at the bar up front even cares.

Joe's . . . Again, 230 West 4th Street (727-3006). Lunch, Monday through Friday, 11:30 A.M. to 3 P.M. Brunch, Saturday and Sunday till 3:30 P.M. Dinner, 5:30 P.M. to midnight daily. A.E., D.C., M.C., V. ■

Smith *continued from page 64*

response. A few of these back-and-forths, and the Artist couldn't resist returning to the stage to live up to the claim. It wasn't until four songs later (including an impromptu sing-along rendition of Fresh's 1985 hit "La Di Da Di") that the band finally quit. It was 5:05 A.M.

UNLIKE THE IRVING PLAZA SHOW, *CRYSTAL Ball* is entirely about the Artist. Its first three discs present a might-have-been history of its author—outtakes, songs never intended for release, musical jokes. The fourth, an album-within-an-album separately titled *The Truth*, comprises twelve new acoustic songs ranging from the bluesy title track to the vegan anthem "Animal Kingdom." (The latter's refrain, "No member of the animal kingdom nurses past maturity," will surely go down as one of the great pages in the alternative-diet songbook, right next to Brian Wilson's immortal "Vegetables.") Taken together, the four CDs are the Artist's most fascinating release since 1987's incomparable *Sign 'O' the Times*. They're also his most maddening and overwhelming: 42 songs is a lot to digest; $50-plus is a lot to shell out.

Certain cuts provide insight into their author's ongoing struggle with self-identification. In the burning "What's My Name," he hisses, "Take my name; I don't need it / Nothing stays the same, anyway." In *The Truth*'s "Don't Play Me," he sings softly, "My only competition is, well, me in the past." The claim is as accurate as it is immodest. Romance, unsurprisingly, is still very much on the Artist's mind. In the third disc's hilarious "PoomPoom," he attempts a seduction by telling a woman, "I can't stop thinkin' about yer poom-poom." But in the newer material, he forsakes lewd comedy for smooth courtship, using a slinky blues to call his wife, Mayte, "cool as the other side of the pillow."

The album has been a trial for fans to get their hands on. While *Crystal Ball* is now finally available in stores, the Artist-owned NPG Records originally announced it would sell it only through a Website and an 800 number. Most fans who ordered their records months ago are still waiting for them to arrive.

AS THE FORMER PRINCE'S DETRACTORS FREquently claim, all this drama and confusion bespeak a difficult temperament. So what? Yes, the music business would grind to a halt if it were filled with overtalented polymaths tortured by the notion of using a name, wary of the media, and unable to play nice with corporate America. But it isn't. There's just ♀, and entering his distinctly weird world is a thrilling hassle. ■

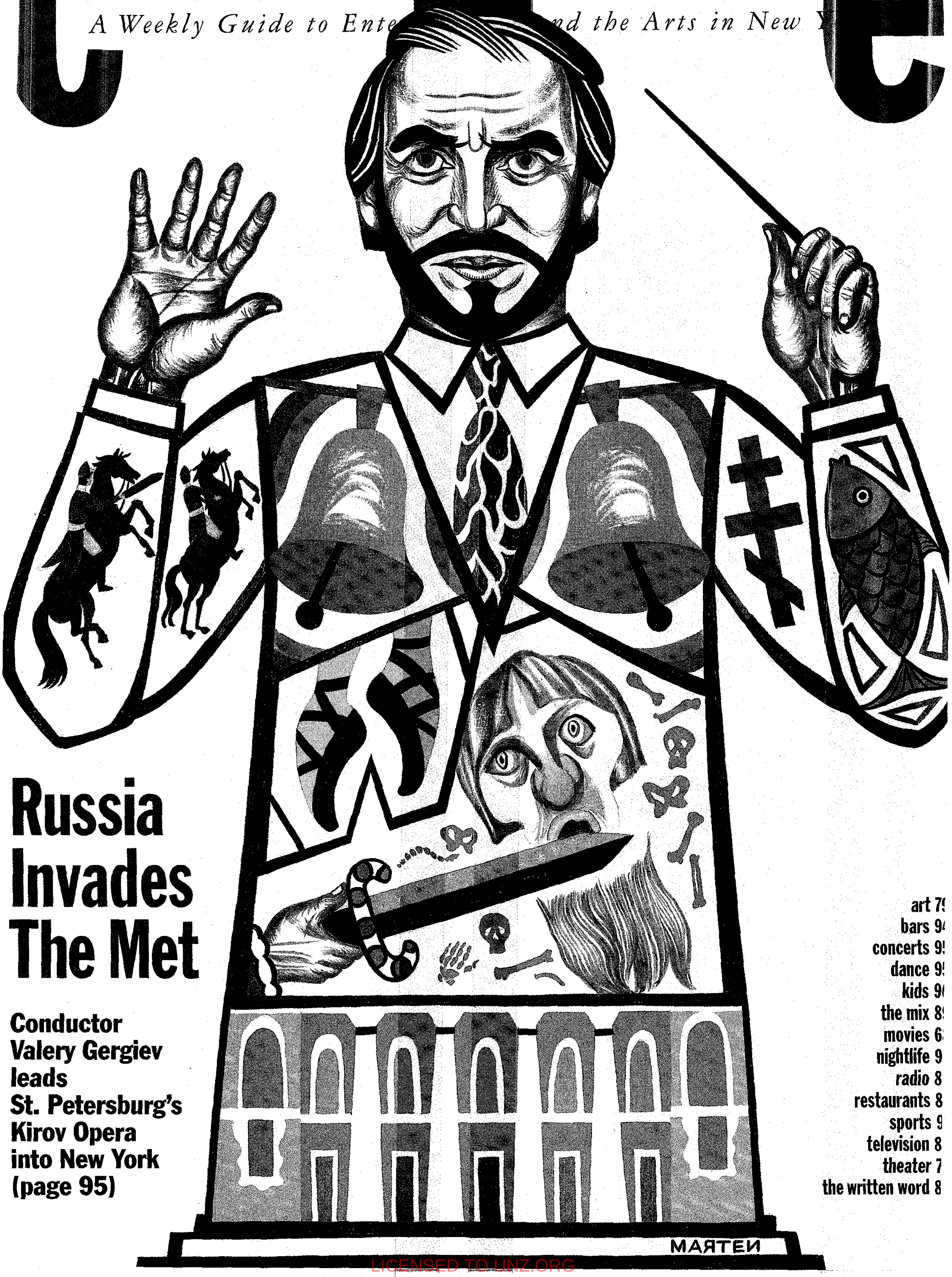
Denby *continued from page 57*

lieve. My guess is that Woody Allen is partly acting the embattled neurotic in order to give Kopple a comic character to build the film around. In any case, this movie is not presented as a fiction, so we are free to peer around the façades that people present to the camera. And the first thing we notice is that Woody Allen's fear of not being in control is actually a way of exercising control over everything. Heaven forbid that he should have to do anything he doesn't want to do! He has plenty of helpers to prevent this calamity from taking place—his sister, who has been working for him on recent films, is along for the ride, and Jean Doumanian, his producer (who also produced this film), shows up now and then. One wonders: Does any artist really benefit from this kind of coddling? Never mind the European tour; I'm speaking of Woody Allen's life in New York. A comforting routine should not be treated, even in comic terms, as a holy rite—not if it produces routine work. The unpleasant genius Richard Wagner wore nothing but silk against his body, but he made superhuman demands on himself when he sat down to work. Even mad Lear was sane enough to keep the needling, truth-telling Fool close by. Of those present on tour, Soon-Yi Previn is actually the toughest on Woody Allen. She's a strong-willed young woman, but she doesn't have a lot to say—as far as we can see, conversation between Woody and Soon-Yi centers on his moods, his reputation, his comforts. This amiable home movie has its depressing side.

In *Wild Man Blues*, Woody Allen doesn't make any great claims for himself or his band, but on tour he plays the clarinet with professional dedication and in some cases with great tenderness, and his fans listen with respect to the pleasant, low-voltage music. In all, Woody's relation to Europe is one of longing and regret. In France and Italy, he is taken very seriously as an artist, and he feels his roots as a moviemaker are there. As he explains at one point, he still makes films under the influence of the Bergman and Fellini movies that meant so much to him as a young man. Yet when he gets to London and Milan and Bologna, he doesn't attempt (as far as we can see) to talk to artists and intellectuals, or to see new European work; instead, he hides in his hotel from the fans in the street and the voracious rich people who lie in wait for him at receptions. In *Wild Man Blues*, he plays the neurotic to entertain us, but he's also genuinely cut off and self-protecting, and there isn't much sign here that he sees anything the slightest bit wrong with his situation. ■

David Denby's 1998 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**, *along with movie news, a schedule of upcoming openings, and more.*

A Weekly Guide to Ente nd the Arts in New Y



Russia Invades The Met

Conductor Valery Gergiev leads St. Petersburg's Kirov Opera into New York (page 95)

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Sliding Doors...New York Women's Film Festival

New Films

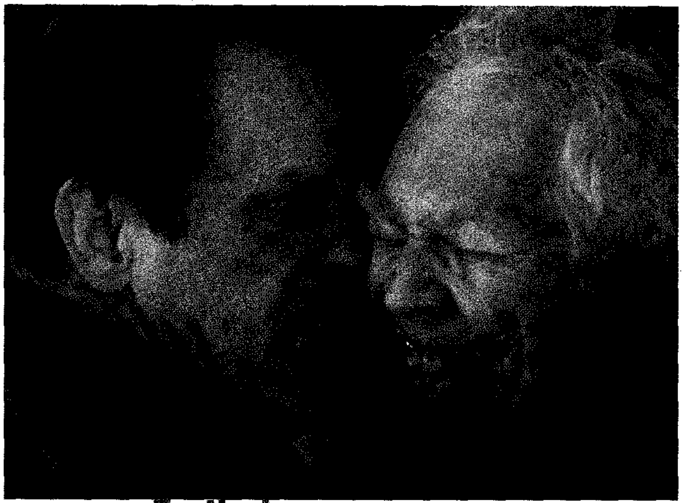
Afterglow—Two marriages hit the skids, and, seeking comfort, the unhappy spouses unknowingly swap partners. With Nick Nolte, Julie Christie, Lara Flynn Boyle, and Jonny Lee Miller. (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

★**The Apostle**—This is the best movie ever made about a man of God—which is to say, the most honest and morally the most ambiguous. Robert Duvall plays Sonny, a Texas Pentecostal preacher, and he's completely on top of what he's doing. One night Sonny has a vision: His wife (Farrah Fawcett, who is perfectly good) is sleeping with a handsome young minister. He returns home in a drunken rage and, with half the town watching, takes a baseball bat to the minister's head. Sonny has to disappear fast, so he hits the road and emerges as a newborn itinerant man of God. He settles into a bedraggled but pleasant Louisiana town, where, identifying himself as "E.F., The Apostle," he joins forces with a retired black minister and builds a congregation from the ground up. *The Apostle* gets at something authentic and challenging—the insistent goodness of a man never free of dishonesty or sin. Sonny is too much a sinner simply to possess God. He remains an eternal suppliant, a candidate for blessedness, and therefore, despite everything, a hero. (Denby; 1/12/98) (About 1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room; 59th Street East.*

★**As Good As It Gets**—In James L. Brooks's new picture, Helen Hunt plays Carol, a straight-talking single mother obsessed with the care of her severely asthmatic young son. Carol has neglected herself, and she falls into the one thing in the world that she needs least—a relationship with a matchlessly rude writer, Melvin (Jack Nicholson), who suffers from obsessive-compulsive disorder and torments his Manhattan neighbor—a gay artist (Greg Kinnear). But the movie, as we can tell early on, is a Scrooge story. The question is not when Melvin will melt but how. A superbly written and acted tearjerker. (Denby; 12/29/97) (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Embassy 2–3; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square.*

The Big Hit—Four hit men kidnap a Japanese heiress (played by China Chow) with mob connections. Starring Mark Wahlberg, Lou Diamond Phillips, Antonio Sabato Jr., Bokeem Woodbine, and Christina Applegate. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

The Big Lebowski—Jeff Lebowski, known as the Dude (Jeff Bridges), shuffles through life in a pothead haze. He gets involved in a bizarre intrigue involving another man named Lebowski, a millionaire with a promiscuous young wife who may or may not have been kidnapped. Hired to deliver the ransom money, the Dude suffers a series of disasters, the result of his own ineptitude and the interventions of his bowling buddy Walter (John Goodman), a Jewish paranoid who misinterprets everything he sees. It's only amusing the first time the Dude gets lost in his own story—a story so incoherent that he can't explain it to anyone. (The funniest thing is a cameo appearance by John Turturro as a gay Latino bowler.) Jeff Bridges has so much dedication as an actor that he sacrifices himself to the Coen brothers' self-defeating conception. Even Bridges can't open up a character who remains unconscious. (Denby; 3/16/98) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea West; 62nd and Broadway.*



Photograph by Attilla Dory.

Festival
Les Flicks

Almost two dozen independent-minded films from both sides of the Atlantic make their New York premieres at the Avignon/New York Film Festival, including Paul Schrader's 'Affliction' (starring Nick Nolte and James Coburn, above) and fresh French efforts like 'Under Women's Feet' (by newcomer Rachida Krim). Quentin Tarantino also appears, briefly, to discuss the life and times of Samuel Fuller with directors Curtis Hanson and Jim Jarmusch. Starts Friday, April 24, at the French Institute/Alliance Française. See "Museums, Societies, Etc.," for more info.

The Big One—Michael Moore takes a camera crew on his book tour and stops at various Fortune 500 companies to question their downsizing. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Crown Gotham.*

The Borrowers—John Goodman stars in the film version of the famous series of books about a miniature family. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *Worldwide Cinemas; Centre Sunnyside.*

★**The Butcher Boy**—Francie Brady (Eamonn Owens) grows up in a small Irish town with a drunkard and liar for a father and a beautiful madwoman for a mother. The boy receives no guidance at all—just the fervent guilty nonsense of his dad (Stephen Rea), a forlorn trumpet player who never finishes a tune. Francie and his friend Joe put together a mental life that is part fantasy, part role-playing, and Francie is an irrepressible entertainer. Jordan's direction is incisive and at times electrifying, with sudden outbreaks of violence that should warn us something bad is coming. Part of the ominousness is produced by sheer incomprehension. Much of the dialogue is delivered in the deep accents of County Monaghan, and I understood no more than half of what Eamonn Owens says. So I find myself in an embarrassing position: I think this is a great movie, but I'm not sure. (Denby; 4/13/98) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Beekman; Lincoln Square.*

Character—A man's lifelong struggle with his overbearing father ends in a murder. Nominated for an Academy Award for best foreign film. (1 hr. 54 mins.; NR) *Eastside Playhouse; Regency.*

Chinese Box—A dying British journalist (Jeremy Irons) living in Hong Kong is in love with a former prostitute he can't have when he meets an equally engaging street hustler while videotaping the city for memory's sake. With Gong Li, Maggie Cheung, and Ruben Blades. Directed by Wayne Wang. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

City of Angels—The drearily inevitable has come true—an original and rather haunting poetic conception has been turned into a literal-minded love story. Wim Wenders's 1987 movie—on which this film is based—was set in Berlin when the Wall was still up, and, for better or worse, the movie had a super-earthly delicacy. This movie is a love story right from the beginning. Nicolas Cage plays an angel named Seth who hangs around the operating rooms of an L.A. hospital, waiting to take away the patients who die. When a wired-up surgeon, Maggie Rice (Meg Ryan), loses a patient on the operating table, Seth falls in love with her, comforting her with an invisible hand as she weeps (it's a lovely moment, equal to anything in the original). But the movie quickly takes a tumble—it becomes an argument for life, for sensuous experience, for not living in the vacuum of immortality. But this is a movie set in Los Angeles, not in shattered, soulful, guilty Berlin. Could anyone possibly argue against pleasure in the sunlit paradise? The movie becomes a compellingly photographed advertisement for the good life, and nothing, in this setting, could be more redundant or banal. (Denby; 4/20/98) (2 hrs. 32 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; 72nd St. East; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld.*

Dark City—A man discovers his memories aren't his own and fights to discover reality. With Kiefer Sutherland, Rufus Sewell, Jennifer Connelly, and William Hurt. Directed by Alex Proyas. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Déjà Vu—Victoria Foyt is an American woman who questions her love for her fiancé when she meets a man she feels she's known forever. With Stephen Dillane, Vanessa Redgrave, and Rachel Kempson.

'CUE' COVER ILLUSTRATION BY RUTH MARTEN

NEW YORK MAGAZINE AND COLUMBIA PICTURES

INVITE YOU AND A GUEST TO AN ADVANCED SCREENING ON ONDAY, APRIL 27TH AT 8:30PM AT A MANHATTAN THEATER

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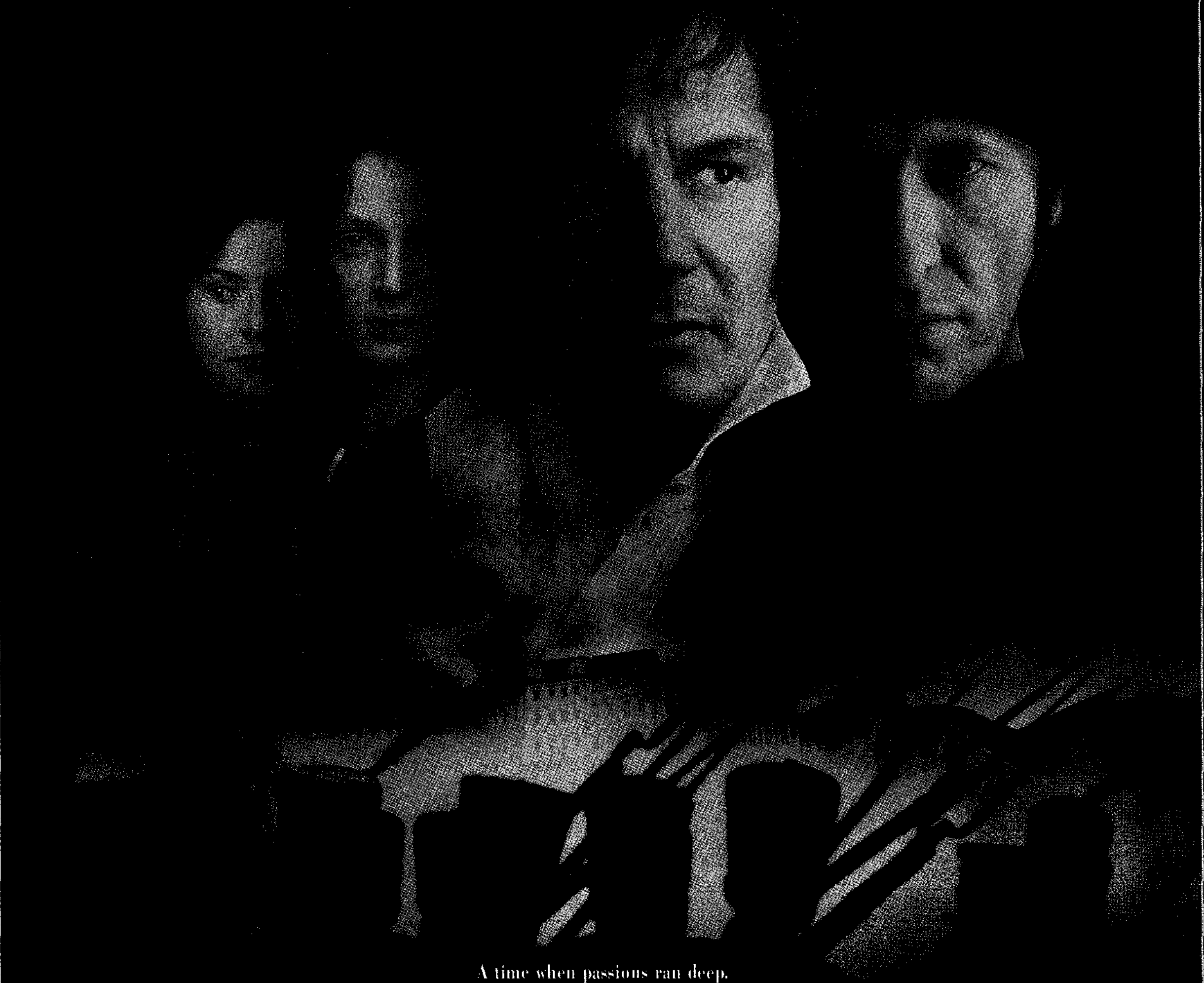


A time when passions ran deep.
Revolutions were born. Revenge was swift.
And redemption took a lifetime.

AN EPIC OF THE HEART

OPENS FRIDAY, MAY 1

The first 250 readers to call 1-888-696-2498 on April 22nd, beginning at noon, will receive a complimentary screening pass for two.

No passes will be distributed through the New York Magazine switchboard. No purchase necessary. *Seating for the screening is on a first come, first served basis.*

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(1 hr. 56 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday.*

Enter the Dragon—Bruce Lee is a martial artist hired by the CIA to bust an opium-dealing ring. Hollywood's first kung-fu film—released 25 years ago—made Bruce Lee an American star. Directed by Robert Clouse. (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*.

Everest: The Movie—The first-ever IMAX footage from Everest documents the 1996 summit climb of an international expedition. Directed by David Breashears and Ed Viesturs. (45 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

The Full Monty—Robert Carlyle stars as Gaz, an out-of-work steelworker in Sheffield, England, who rounds up his unemployed friends and persuades them to put together a male strip troupe. Directed by Peter Cattaneo. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Genealogies of a Crime—A lawyer's life gets messy when she becomes romantically involved with her client, a young murderer. Starring Catherine Deneuve. Directed by Raoul Ruiz. (1 hr. 53 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

★**Good Will Hunting**—Mopping up at M.I.T., Will Hunting (Matt Damon) casually solves problems left on the blackboards, problems intended to stump the best mathematical minds in America. The formidable Professor Lambeau (Stellan Skarsgård), recognizing Will's uncanny talent, takes the boy under his wing, keeping him out of jail by agreeing to get him into therapy. Will lands in the office of Lambeau's old friend and rival Sean McGuire (Robin Williams), a bit of a screw-up himself but perhaps the one shrink in Boston who can understand Will. This movie has wit and temperament to burn—there isn't a dead scene in it. In the end, however, the script takes a disastrous turn toward conventionality. What I will always remember is an edge of temper. The film persuades us that genius is of incalculable worth but utter hell to live with. (Denby; 12/8/97) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea West; New York Twin; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre.*

Grease—The reissue of the 1978 musical. Starring Olivia Newton-John and John Travolta. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; 59th Street East; Embassy 2–3; Pavilion Theatre; Movieworld.*

Great Expectations—A modern-day twist on the Dickens tale, with Ethan Hawke as a poor artist and fisherman whose mysterious benefactor sets him up as SoHo's newest hot talent. Gwyneth Paltrow is the pretty girl he's known and loved forever—though, given her pervasive unpleasantness, it's not clear why. Directed by Alfonso Cuaron. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Grey Gardens—The 1976 Maysles documentary of a branch of the Bouvier family (specifically, Jackie O's aunt "Big Edith" and cousin "Little Edie") that lived in squalor in East Hampton. (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Healing by Killing—Inspired by the book *Nazi Doctors,* Israeli filmmaker Nitzan Aviram analyzes the role of doctors and psychiatrists in early Nazi experiments and the role this history plays in today's medical ethics. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Hurricane Streets—A young East Village boy tries to get off the juvenile-delinquent track he's on. Winner of three Sundance awards. Directed by Morgan J. Freeman. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea.*

I Think I Do—Five years after graduation, six college friends reunite to attend a classmate's wedding. With Alexis Arquette, Maddie Corman, and Guillermo Diaz. Directed by Brian Sloan. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Junk Mail—A disaffected postman in Oslo breaks into the house of a woman who lives on his delivery route and gets involved in her mysterious life. Starring Robert Skjaerstad; directed by Pal Sletaune. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

★**L.A. Confidential**—The best American movie of 1997. Based on James Ellroy's 1990 novel about corruption and honor in the L.A.P.D., it's set in 1953 after the local Mafia boss has gone to prison. A crumb-bum named Sid Hudgens (Danny DeVito) is the publisher of a tabloid scandal sheet; he alerts the police to trivial forms of vice and then photographs for his magazine a celebrity cop, Jack Vincennes (Kevin Spacey), making the bust. A bullheaded cop, Bud White (Russell Crowe), is a tool of the seemingly benevolent but actually vicious chief of detectives, Dudley Smith (James Cromwell). Ed Exley, played by Guy Pearce, is a straight-arrow cop, all ambition and calculation. Kim Basinger, soft and saddened, is very touching as a guilty hooker, a good-bad girl worthy of the high forties. The movie is filled with wonderful actors—David Strathairn, in a pencil-line mustache; Simon Baker Denny as an eager-to-please young actor-stud. This violent story truly earns its quiet, ambiguous final note of exhausted calm. (Denby; 9/29/97) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; R) *New York Twin; Bay Terrace.*

Little Dieter Needs to Fly—A documentary about a remarkable German boy who moves to America, becomes a Navy pilot, and plans a successful escape after six months behind enemy lines during the Vietnam War. Directed by Werner Herzog. (1 hr. 20 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Lost in Space—The sixties television show comes to the screen with William Hurt, Matt LeBlanc, Gary Oldman, Heather Graham, and Mimi Rogers. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Astor Plaza; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld.*

Festival
Women's Work

The second annual New York Women's Film Festival showcases fifteen feature films by—and mostly about—women, including *The Baby Dance* (below), a morality tale of an infertile couple who buy a poor family's child, and *Artemisia,* the true story of a groundbreaking Renaissance painter. Also slated are tributes to directors Nancy Savoca (showing scenes from her latest, *The 24 Hour Woman*) and Dorothy Arzner, the golden-era powerhouse who, interestingly enough, also invented the boom microphone. At the Screening Room, starting Wednesday, April 22. See "Museums, Societies, Etc.," for more info.

Photograph by David Gray/Showtime.

★**Love and Death on Long Island**—A crusty English writer, Giles De'Ath (John Hurt), falls in love with an image—the face of an American actor, a teen idol named Ronnie Bostock (Jason Priestley). De'Ath is a London widower, a creature of routine who regards the world outside with hauteur and fear. One day he wanders into the wrong auditorium at the multiplex—the one playing "Hotpants College 2"—and is about to leave when Ronnie Bostock appears. De'Ath's astonished face, caught in the reflected light of the screen, suggests a man ravished from soul to bowels by an emotion he has never experienced before. The joke, of course, is that Jason Priestley—sideburns, full wavy hair, rotten-angel smile—looks like a second-rate teen fave from about 1954. But De'Ath becomes obsessed, rushing to eastern Long Island, where Ronnie lives with his girlfriend (Fiona Leowi), and turns himself into a seducer of considerable guile. Writer-director Richard Kwietniowski's debut effort is a triumph, a buoyant and elegant achievement—romantic and ruminative yet always precise, a comedy of longing propelled by a strong current of satirical observation. (Denby; 3/16/98) (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Village East; Sutton; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Ma Vie en Rose—The incredibly appealing story of a little boy who thinks he's a little girl and the emotional upheavals this stubborn belief creates among his family and neighbors. Winner of a 1996 César award. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Major League: Back to the Minors—A burned-out minor-league pitcher takes over as coach of a triple-A team and makes it a winner. Starring Corbin Bernsen and Scott Bakula. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside.*

Marius and Jeannette—A working-class love story about a cement-factory guard and a vivacious supermarket cashier. Starring Ariane Ascaride (winner of the 1998 César for best actress) and Gérard Meylan. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday at Lincoln Plaza and Quad Cinemas.*

Mercury Rising—When an autistic child accidentally breaks the national-security code in a puzzle-book contest, Bruce Willis is the FBI agent who protects him. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza.*

Midaq Alley—The award-winning story of various characters living in the same poor Mexico City neighborhood, as told in four *Short Cuts*–like episodes. Starring Salma Hayek, Ernesto Gómez Cruz, and María Rojo. Directed by Jorge Fons. Based on the novel by Egyptian Nobel Prize winner Naguib Mahfouz. (2 hrs. 20 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday at Cinema Village 12th Street.*

★**Mrs. Dalloway**—In this accomplished but slightly tedious adaptation of Virginia Woolf's great novel, Vanessa Redgrave is Clarissa Dalloway, a prosperous woman—married to a member of Parliament—who is preparing for her annual party. In the hours before the party, Mrs. Dalloway reviews her life, casting back 30 years to easy summer days at her family's country estate, where, as a young woman, she rejected a demanding, puppyish suitor, Peter Walsh, in favor of the more stable and successful Richard Dalloway. Did she marry the right man? *Mrs. Dalloway* is at its most inventive, and most Woolfian, when Redgrave is front and center, behaving with elaborate social grace and thinking very different things to herself. Just hearing Redgrave pronounce the word "dis-ahs-ter" (her appraisal of her own party) is reason enough to see the movie. In any case, I can't imagine any other actress large enough (in every sense) to hold together this plotless story. Redgrave makes the heroine all of a piece—timid, conventional, but alive to every breeze of consciousness. (Denby; 2/23/98) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

My Giant—Billy Crystal is a talent agent who discovers a giant in Romania and takes him on a road trip to find said giant's long-lost teenage girlfriend. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; Centre Sunnyside; Movieworld.*

Niagara Niagara—A woman with Tourette's syndrome takes a handsome loner with her on a harrowing, comical road trip to find a rare doll. Starring Robin Tunney and Henry Thomas. Directed by Bob Gosse. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Sutton.*

Nightwatch—Ewan MacGregor is a law student working part-time as a night watchman in a morgue, while a serial killer roams the city. With Nick Nolte and Patricia Arquette. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; 84th Street.*

The Odd Couple II—Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau are Felix and Oscar again in Neil Simon's new chapter on the cranky couple. (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Embassy 2–3; First & 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas; The Movies at Bayside.*

Paulie—When a talking parrot talks too much to his little-girl owner, he gets thrown out of the house and has to make his way cross-country to find her again. With Gena Rowlands, Tony Shalhoub, Cheech Marin, and Buddy Hackett. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Guild 50th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Centre Sunnyside; The Movies at Bayside.*

The Players Club—A young mother putting herself through college by stripping finds it's not so easy to separate herself from the sleaze. Starring Bernie Mac and Monica Calhoun. Written and directed by Ice Cube. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Sutton; 86th Street; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova.*

A Price Above Rubies—Renee Zellweger is an Orthodox woman who gets a job in the jewelry business and begins to question the religious community she's living in. Also starring Julianna Margulies and Christopher Eccleston. Directed by Boaz Yakin. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Paris Theatre.*

★Primary Colors—This entertaining but rather peculiar movie (adapted from Joe Klein's novel by Mike Nichols and his longtime collaborator, Elaine May) asks extraordinary questions, and I wish it were better equipped to give the answers. The narrator is a rather bland African-American political operative—Henry Burton, the grandson of a civil-rights leader. Burton, played by Adrian Lester, is forever worrying about the governor's honor. The president-to-be and his circle are portrayed as foul-mouthed and sexually active. The candidate and his wife, Susan (Emma Thompson), are not exactly cooing lovebirds—their relationship is scandalously funny, at times pathetic, at times noble. Physically, Thompson is hard and linear, while Travolta is all rolling ease, his body swiveling, rocking—he seems to carry ball bearings in every joint. Billy Bob Thornton is entertaining as Richard Jemmons, the James Carville stand-in; Kathy Bates, as the Betsey Wright figure Libby Holden, is like a pile driver with superb timing—she's mesmerizing. It's Libby's job to cover the governor's tracks (one gets the impression she's kicked a ton of dirt). But is the portrait accurate? Though I enjoyed all the smart talk and profane irreverence, I didn't take the picture all that seriously. That is, I took it not as reality but as an entertaining convention, a movieish fantasy of what political life is like—quarrelsome, colorful as hell, unburdened by drudgery and nagging detail. (Denby; 3/23/98) (2 hrs. 23 mins.; R) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Coronet; Ziegfeld; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Metro Cinema.*

Sliding Doors—Gwyneth Paltrow is a London girl who gets to answer the eternal question (What if?) when her life heads down two different paths at the same time. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Opens Friday.*

Opening
Rail-Splitter

Lucky Gwyneth Paltrow! In 'Sliding Doors,' a snag in time lets her character live two lives at once and prove that blondes do have more fun. Exploring the consequences of chance, the film has Gwyneth No. 1 making her train and getting home in time to catch her cheating boyfriend. Then she gets a new platinum do and a new guy (played by John Hannah, below). Gwyneth No. 2, though, misses the train, stays with the apparently faithful bastard, and ends up working long shifts in a deli (mousey-brown hair and all). Starts Friday, April 24.

Photograph by Alex Bailey/Miramax Films.

Sonatine—An experienced mobster travels to Okinawa to settle a gang dispute, only to realize his peacekeeping mission may cost him his territory back home. Written and directed by Takeshi Kitano. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Sour Grapes—Two cousins' lives are ruined when one wins the slots after borrowing quarters from the other. Written by Larry David, co-creator of *Seinfeld.* (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Gemini; Lincoln Square.*

★The Spanish Prisoner—Campbell Scott, of the serious brow and the serious cleft, plays a young inventor, Joe Ross, a self-made man uneasy among the rich and powerful, yet secretly eager to join their ranks. What it is that Joe Ross has invented we never find out—"the process," it is called, some sort of technological masterpiece that will earn untold millions for Joe's company. A shadowy international businessman (Steve Martin) shows up and flatters Joe and the trap has been set. Mamet has made Rebecca Pidgeon (his wife) quite extraordinarily dislikable as a secretary who claims to be Joe's ally. As Joe gets more and more isolated, Mamet takes us deeper into fear than he ever has in the past, and that's an achievement. Hitchcock is the model here, but to become Hitchcock's equivalent, Mamet has to learn to trust the camera more than he does; he has to stop trying to control everything with language; he has to just give in to the fluency, the ease, the free-flowing pleasure of making a movie. (Denby; 4/13/98) (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Species II—An American spaceship returns from Mars carrying an alien species intent on taking over the earth. Starring Natasha Henstridge. Directed by Peter Medac. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Movieworld; Plaza.*

Stolen Moments—A documentary of the lost history of lesbians in Europe and America. Narrated by Kate Nelligan; directed by Margaret Westcott. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Suicide Kings—A group of prep-school boys kidnap a Mafia kingpin and hold him for ransom. Starring Christopher Walken, Denis Leary, Jay Mohr, Johnny Galecki, Henry Thomas, Sean Patrick Flanery, and Jeremy Sisto. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Coronet; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street.*

Tarzan and the Lost City—Casper Van Diem is Tarzan, and Jane March is Jane, in the continuing story of the man raised by apes. (1 hr. 15 mins.; PG) *Opens Friday.*

The Object of My Affection—Jennifer Aniston falls for her charming gay roommate (Paul Rudd) and tries to convince him to be a father to her child. With Alan Alda. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Olympia Theatre; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.*

★Titanic—Writer-director James Cameron has pulled it off. This fabulously expensive watery epic is actually a very good movie. *Titanic* begins with a treasure hunter, Brock Lovett (Bill Paxton), who is obsessed with the sunken hulk. Lovett's submersible robot enters one of the deluxe staterooms to retrieve not the famous diamond he was looking for but only a drawing of a naked young woman wearing the stone. It turns out that the woman, Rose, is still alive; she's an articulate 100-year-old beauty (Gloria Stuart) who joins Lovett at his ship and then holds him and his crew of techno-ruffians in thrall with her story of what happened. Back in 1912, the 17-year-old Rose DeWitt Bukater (Kate Winslet) boards the ship in utter misery. Rose is accompanied by her awful fiancé, Cal Hockley (Billy Zane), a domineering steel-baron heir from Pittsburgh, and her snobbish mother (Frances Fisher). Onboard, Rose meets her soulmate, Jack Dawson (Leonardo DiCaprio). A gambler, Jack has the wit to see that Rose's unhappiness hides a bold, deeply romantic and sexual nature. Except for the crude, good-hearted Denver millionairess Molly Brown (Kathy Bates), the wealthy are unspeakably rude or just frightened and starchy. Jack, the interloper, takes Rose down to steerage, where the real people are having themselves a fine time drinking and dancing up a storm. This sort of cheesy stuff is redeemed only by the romantic charge between Winslet and DiCaprio. The sinking is lovely—detailed, agonizingly slow at first and then rushed and panicky and grandly gruesome at the end. As Jack and Rose hang at the railing, people lose their grip and go crashing down the deck or fall from the heights into the water. After the ship goes under, Cameron has his finest, cruelest moment—the survivors left in the vast expanse of freezing water wailing in confusion. As for Rose, she is delivered into an active and brilliant life. The ship may be

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

ponderous, but Cameron's conception stays light in the water. (Denby; 12/29/97) (3 hrs. 17 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.*

The Truce—John Turturro is an Italian prisoner released from Auschwitz at the end of WWII who gradually finds his way home. Directed by Francesco Rosi. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

TwentyFourSeven—Bob Hoskins sets up a boxing club in an attempt to restore dignity to the youth of his dying English town. Directed by newcomer Shane Meadows. Starts Wednesday at Lincoln Plaza. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Two Girls and a Guy—Two women discover that they are dating the same young actor and attempt to find out why. Starring Heather Graham, Natasha Gregson Wagner, and Robert Downey Jr. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

★**Wag the Dog**—Barry Levinson's political and media satire goes as fast as the wind, and that's a relief because the idea behind the movie is thin. Very thin—and at times offensively glib. So if Levinson had directed with a heavy hand, or paused for more than an instant's reflection, he would have killed the nasty fun. It's less than two weeks before an election, and the president, seeking another term, is accused of molesting a teenage girl just outside the Oval Office. That the allegation may be false is not the point; the Washington *Post* is about to run the story. What to do? The president's operative Winifred Ames (Anne Heche) calls in a Dick Morris–like Mr. Fixit, Conrad Brean (Robert De Niro), and Brean, together with a big-deal Hollywood producer, Stanley Motss (Dustin Hoffman), distracts the press and the public. They whip up a nonexistent war with mighty Albania, complete with sinister Albanian terrorists crossing the Canadian border carrying a nuke in a suitcase. Now, satire doesn't have to be responsible, but it does have to be internally coherent, and this idea, however funny, is so extremely opportunistic—and at times so crassly conceived—that it falls into a variety of contradictions of its own making. (The script was written by David Mamet, who claims never to have read the novel—*American Hero*, by Larry Beinhart—that an earlier version of the screenplay was based on.) I have to say that *Wag the Dog* is accomplished and at times viciously funny. Levinson, shooting very fast and cheaply, creates a likable, low-key world of rogues and scoundrels working together to gull the public; we enjoy their company, we enjoy the pretense that political and media life is like this—fast, wisecracking, devastatingly effective. The picture conveys an irresistible pleasure in fakery for its own sake, and that's its charm. (Denby; 1/19/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Who the Hell Is Juliette?—Filmmaker Carlos Marcovich studies two girls—one a Cuban teenager and the other a Mexican model—over the course of three years. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*.

Wild Man Blues—Woody Allen and his old-style Dixieland jazz band tour Europe, giving nineteen concerts in 23 days. With Soon-Yi Previn and Eddy Davis. (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Wild Things—It is my dreary duty to report that this film lacks fantasy and flamboyance, that it lacks, precisely, wild things, and that most of it is just flat. Matt Dillon plays a guidance counselor at what appears to be a very backward high school at the edge of the swamp. The boys are louts, and literally every girl in the school makes eyes at Mr. Dillon. One of them (Denise Richards, of the big pouty lips) accuses him of rape. Is he a louse who sleeps with students? An honorable guy framed by an imaginative teen? Or is there some larger game at stake? And the druggy girl with short dark hair (Neve Campbell), a dropout who sits in a bungalow reading Céline—obviously she's up to no good. The movie's most prominent feature is a series of sudden plot twists. The press has been sternly advised not to give any of these developments away, and I shall obey, though I can't help pointing out that the twists are so abrupt and mechanical, and so little related to character, that they may very well have been devised by a dirty-minded 10-year-old diddling an interactive video game before nodding off to sleep. (Denby; 4/6/98) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Village East; Criterion Center; Lincoln Square.*

Opening
Sweet Liberty

In 'The Truce,' an adaptation of Primo Levi's celebrated Holocaust memoir, John Turturro plays the Italian chemist after his liberation from Auschwitz at the end of World War II. As he works his way back to Turin, he slowly relearns how to live in the outside world. Opens Friday, April 24.

Photograph by Piero Marsili Libelli/Miramax Films.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *The Big One; The Butcher Boy; Chinese Box; Gummo; Hurricane Streets; Romeo and Juliet; Sonatine; The Spanish Prisoner; Wild Man Blues.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Mercury Rising; The Odd Couple II.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Enter the Dragon; Who the Hell Is Juliette?.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Fireworks (Hana-Bi); Grey Gardens; Healing By Killing.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Genealogies of a Crime; I Think I Do; Junk Mail; Ma Vie en Rose; Stolen Moments.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *The Apostle.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *As Good As It Gets; Good Will Hunting; Love and Death on Long Island; Nightwatch; The Players Club; Sour Grapes; Suicide Kings; The Object of My Affection; Wild Things.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *The Big Lebowski; City of Angels; Grease; Lost in Space; Major League: Back to the Minors; My Giant; Paulie; Titanic.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Primary Colors; Species II.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *As Good As It Gets; Lost in Space; My Giant; Nightwatch; The Players Club; Sour Grapes; Species II.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Primary Colors; Species II; Titanic.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *City of Angels; Grease; Hurricane Streets; Major League: Back to the Minors; Mercury Rising; The Odd Couple II; Paulie; Primary Colors; Suicide Kings; Titanic.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *The Big Lebowski; Good Will Hunting; The Object of My Affection.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Barney's Great Adventure; City of Angels; Lost in Space; Mercury Rising; The Object of My Affection.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *The Apostle; Grease.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Lost in Space.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Lost in Space; Nightwatch.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Primary Colors; Suicide Kings.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Major League: Back to the Minors; Mercury Rising; My Giant; The Players Club; Species II; The Object of My Affection; Wild Things.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *The Big One.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Character.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Nightwatch.*

Embassy 2-3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *As Good As It Gets; Grease; The Odd Couple II.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Paulie.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *A Price Above Rubies.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *City of Angels; Good Will Hunting; Titanic.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Love and Death on Long Island; Niagara Niagara; The Players Club.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Afterglow; The Borrowers; Dark City; The Full Monty; Great Expectations; Hard Rain; Mouse Hunt; Wag the Dog.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Primary Colors.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *City of Angels.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Mercury Rising; The Players Club; The Object of My Affection.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Closed for renovations.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *The Butcher Boy.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Mercury Rising; The Odd Couple II; Paulie; Species II; Suicide Kings; The Object of My Affection; Titanic.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *As Good As It Gets; My Giant; Sour Grapes.*

Guggenheim Museum—Fifth Ave at 88th St. (423-3857). (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *L.A. Confidential; Good Will Hunting; Major League: Back to the Minors.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *As Good As It Gets; City of Angels; Lost in Space; Major League: Back to the Minors; Mercury Rising; Primary Colors; Species II; Titanic.*

Opening

Wedding-Bell Blues

In *Déjà Vu*, a woman plans to marry a man she isn't quite in love with—until her encounters with a mysterious Frenchwoman and a wise old Brit (played by Vanessa Redgrave, below, with Stephen Dillane) get her thinking about *passion*. Henry Jaglom's latest opens Friday, April 24.

Photograph courtesy of Rainbow/Revere Pictures.

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *The Odd Couple II.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *The Big Lebowski.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Lost in Space; Nightwatch; The Players Club; Primary Colors; Species II; Suicide Kings.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Love and Death on Long Island; Mrs. Dalloway; The Spanish Prisoner; TwentyFourSeven; Wild Man Blues.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *As Good As It Gets; The Butcher Boy; City of Angels; Good Will Hunting; Major League: Back to the Minors; Mercury Rising; My Giant; The Odd Couple II; Paulie; Sour Grapes; The Object of My Affection; Titanic; Wild Things.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Primary Colors; Species II.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Lost in Space; Major League: Back to the Minors; The Players Club; Titanic.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Lost in Space; The Players Club; Titanic.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Lost in Space; The Object of My Affection.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Character.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Barney's Great Adventure; City of Angels; Grease; Lost in Space; Mercury Rising; My Giant; Nightwatch; The Players Club; Ride; Species II; Titanic.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Barney's Great Adventure; Lost in Space; Mercury Rising; Mr. Nice Guy; The Players Club; Ride; Species II; Titanic; U.S. Marshals; Wild Things.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Barney's Great Adventure; City of Angels; Lost in Space; The Man in the Iron Mask; Mercury Rising; Mr. Nice Guy; My Giant; The Players Club; Ride; Species II; Titanic; U.S. Marshals; Wild Things.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Barney's Great Adventure; Grease; Mercury Rising; The Odd Couple II; Paulie; The Object of My Affection; Titanic.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Lost in Space; Ride; Titanic.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *City of Angels; Lost in Space; Major League: Back to the Minors; The Players Club; Species II.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Major League: Back to the Minors; The Players Club; Ride; Species II.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Lost in Space; Mercury Rising; Species II.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Barney's Great Adventure; Lost in Space; Major League: Back to the Minors; Paulie; The Players Club; Ride; Species II.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *City of Angels; Mercury Rising; My Giant; The Odd Couple II; The Object of My Affection; Titanic.*

Marlboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *As Good As It Gets; Lost in Space; Major League: Back to the Minors; Mercury Rising; The Object of My Affection.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Barney's Great Adventure; City of Angels; Good Will Hunting; Grease; Lost in Space; Major League: Back to the Minors; Mercury Rising; The Odd Couple II; Species II; The Object of My Affection; Titanic.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Lost in Space; Major League: Back to the Minors; The Players Club; Species II; Titanic.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Barney's Great Adventure; City of Angels; Grease; Lost in Space; My Giant; Paulie; Species II; Suicide Kings; The Object of My Affection; Titanic; Wild Things.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Major League: Back to the Minors; Mercury Rising; The Players Club; Species II; The Object of My Affection; Titanic.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Barney's Great Adventure; City of Angels; Good Will Hunting; L.A. Confidential; Lost in Space; Major League: Back to the Minors; Species II.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Barney's Great Adventure; The Borrowers; City of Angels; Lost in Space; Major League: Back to the Minors; My Giant; Paulie; Species II.*

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *City of Angels; Lost in Space; The Odd Couple II; Paulie; The Players Club.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Grease; Lost in Space; Mercury Rising; Paulie; Species II; Titanic.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Good Will Hunting; Major League: Back to the Minors; My Giant; The Object of My Affection.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Nightwatch; The Players Club; Species II.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Barney's Great Adventure; Grease; Lost in Space; Major League: Back to the Minors; Mercury Rising; My Giant; The Object of My Affection; Titanic; Wild Things.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Lost in Space; The Players Club; Species II; Titanic.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Barney's Great Adventure; City of Angels; Primary Colors.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Barney's Great Adventure; Good Will Hunting; Grease; Mercury Rising; My Giant; Primary Colors; Species II; Suicide Kings; The Object of My Affection; Titanic.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Lost in Space; Major League: Back to the Minors; Titanic.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *City of Angels; Lost in Space; Mercury Rising; The Odd Couple II; The Object of My Affection.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for renovations.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *City of Angels; Grease; Lost in Space; Mercury Rising; My Giant; Species II; The Object of My Affection; Titanic.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Primary Colors; The Wedding Singer.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Mercury Rising; Species II.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *The Odd Couple II; Paulie; The Object of My Affection; Titanic.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *The Odd Couple II.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Barney's Great Adventure; City of Angels; Good Will Hunting; Grease; Lost in Space; Major League: Back to the Minors; Mercury Rising; My Giant; Paulie; Species II; The Object of My Affection.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *City of Angels; Grease; Lost in Space; Major League: Back to the Minors; Mercury Rising; Species II.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Barney's Great Adventure; City of Angels; Grease; Lost in Space; Major League: Back to the Minors; Mercury Rising; My Giant; The Odd Couple II; Paulie; The Players Club; Species II; The Object of My Affection; Titanic; Wild Things.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Women Film Pioneers." 4/26: *The Love Light* (1921) and *The Fall of the Romanov Dynasty* (1927). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); $16 nonmembers, $8 members.

Anthology Film Archives—Through 4/30: *Pereira Declares* (1995). 4/21–4/22: *Asya's Happiness* (1967). 4/23–4/26; 4/29–4/30: *Bullet on a Wire* (1997). 4/24–4/26: "Ciné Neth: Dutch Independents." 4/25–4/26: *Woman on the Beach* (1946) and *The Satin Slipper* (7 hrs.). 4/28: *Der Nachbar* (The Neighbor) (1992) and *A Nest of Gentlefolk* (1969).

32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Different Light—4/26: *I Am a Camera* (1955). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—"Blue Collar Blues: Labor Documentaries." 4/23: *Shop Talk* (1980). "We Are Not Alone!" 4/22: *Five Million Years to Earth* (1968). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"Fourth New York African Film Festival." 4/21: *Kini and Adams* (1997) and "Africa Dreaming" (shorts). 4/22: *Love Brewed in an African Pot* (1980), *When the Stars Meet the Sea* (1996), *Rouch in Reverse* (1995), *Les Maitres Fous* (1954), and *Rostov Luanda* (1997). "Independents Night." 4/23: *Too Tired to Die* (1997). "A Passage to Argentina." 4/24 and 4/26: *Ashes of Paradise* (1997). 4/24: *Hide and Go Seek* (1976). 4/25 and 4/27: *God Will Reward You* (1948) and *Madreselva* (1938). 4/25: *Eva Perón* (1996) and *Chronicle of a Lonely Child* (1965). 4/26: *Nobleza Gaucha* (1915) and *The Sleep of Heroes* (1998). 4/29–4/30: *End of Innocence* (1956) and *The Fall* (1959). "Open-Captioned Films." 4/28: Call 875-5610 after 2 P.M. for info. "Reel to Reel for Kids." 4/26: *Tales of Timbuktu.* Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $8.50.

French Institute—"Avignon/New York Film Festival." 4/24–5/3: Various French and American films, including *Affliction* (1998); *Too Tired to Die* (1997); *Wrestling With Alligators,* by Laurie Weltz; *The Big Empty,* by Jack Perez; *Once We Were Strangers,* by Emanuele Crialese; *La Voie Est Libre,* by Stéphane Clavier; *Violetta, Reine de la Moto,* with Florence Pernal; *Artemisia,* by Agnès Merlet, and *Petits Desordres Amoureux,* by Oliver Péray. "Ciné-club." 4/21: *The Mother and the Whore* (1973). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, festival tickets $8.

Guggenheim Museum—"Dawn: Early Chinese Cinema." 4/22 and 4/25: *A String of Pearls* (1926) and *The Peach Girl* (1931). 4/24 and 4/26: *Tale of the Western Chamber* (1927) and *Blood of Love* (1932). 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3587).

Japan Society—"Bakumatsu: A Time of Turmoil." 4/24: *An Assassination* (1964). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $5 members, $7.50 nonmembers, students, and senior citizens.

Museum of Modern Art—"Baby It's Cold Outside: Films From Finland." 4/24: *Juha* (1937) and *Drifting Clouds* (1997). 4/25: *Rally* (1970) and *The Collector* (1996). 4/26: *People in the Summer Night* (1948) and *Tigrero: A Film That Was Never Made* (1994). "Poet of Apprehension: From Yaddo to the Screen." 4/21: *Patricia Highsmith* (1995) and *The Glass Cell* (1977). 4/23: *Strangers on a Train* (1951). 4/23 and 4/25: *The Cry of the Owl* (1987). 4/24: *Deep Water* (1981). 4/24–4/25: *Purple Noon* (1959). "Mystery." 4/27 and 4/30: *True Confessions* (1981). 4/27–4/28: *Mr. Arkadin* (1955). 4/28 and 4/30: *Reversal of Fortune* (1990). "Bogdanovich Presents." 4/24: *Manhattan Madness* (1916). "New Documentaries." 4/23–4/24: *Power: One River Two Nations* (1996). "Big as Life: An American History of 8-mm. Films." 4/23: Films by Krugman, De Hirsch, Adlestein, Robertson, and Ball. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

Symphony Space—"The Envelope Please: 50 Years of Foreign Film and the Academy awards." 4/21: *Loves of a Blonde* (1965) and *Knife in the Water* (1962). 4/28: *Amarcord* (1974) and *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown* (1988). 2537 Broadway, at 96th St. (864-5400); $8, $5 members.

The Screening Room—"New York Women's Film Festival." 4/22–4/26: Feature films, documentaries, shorts, and experimental works by women, including *Bad Bosses Go to Hell,* with Amy Sedaris; *Baby, It's You,* by Anne Makepeace; *Mixing Nia,* by Alison Swan; *Goshogaoka,* by Sharon Lockhart; *Loved,* with Robin Wright Penn, William Hurt, and Sean Penn; *Badass Supermama,* by Etang Injang; *Packing Heat,* by Wendy Rowland; *Conjure Women,* by Demetria Royal; *Sacrifice,* by Ellen Bruno; and *No Use Walking When You Can Stroll,* by Penelope Spheeris. Tickets, $8.50. Weekends at midnight: *Valley of the Dolls* (1967). Sunday brunch: *Valley of the Dolls* and *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 4/25–4/26: *She and He* (1963). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $5 members, $6 nonmembers.

Tobias *continued from page 62*

out to be a narrow ledge that allows for the pointless acrobatic shenanigans that dominate the proceedings. Young, leggy sprouts from the Ballet Tech school are recruited to construct a ceiling-to-floor gizmo that might represent arms and legs taking various positions; at one point, some of the kids link up to become a multi-limbed human construction, à la Pilobolus. Eventually, stagehands are co-opted to erect a jungle gym that the youngsters climb and lean out from in look-ma-no-hands postures. Both constructions are set awhirl for the finale. The only significant point this dopey piece makes is inadvertent: The children, presumably the emblem of the Feldian future, do no actual dancing.

Yo Johann, a duet for Jason Jordan and Jassen Virolas, is a sequel to last year's more compelling *Yo Shakespeare,* which showcased this pair. (Feld can rarely devise a dance and then let its content go; he seems to have a compulsion to deal with the same matter again and again without gaining any ground.) Jordan and Virolas, 19 and 18 years old, respectively, have been forceful stage presences from their earliest appearances, and they make an effective pair. Trained together, they apprenticed together and turned pro at nearly the same time; it's likely they've been friendly rivals for at least half their lives. Feld gloms on to this bonding and slight tension, along with the young men's contrast in type: Jordan is the more stockily built, with the quirkier face—a *demi-caractère* sort of fellow. Virolas, physically slighter, his expression neutral, is suave and lyrical—a potential danseur noble.

More obviously balletic than the Shakespeare piece—though it disregards key elements of the academic vocabulary, such as small, quick beats of the feet—*Johann* unfortunately reveals that the dancers' turnout doesn't hold firm and that their execution of the traditional steps is nowhere near as sharp as one would hope. A viscerally intimate pas de deux allows the viewer to give the relationship depicted a homoerotic gloss, though Feld wisely keeps that issue ambiguous. Otherwise, the piece contains far too much sophomoric fooling around; Papa Feld may not have noticed that these guys have grown up.

The last of the season's ostensible novelties was *The Last Sonata,* a long, meandering solo to Debussy, for Patricia Tuthill. The most recent of Feld's homages to woman-as-goddess, it's also the vaguest—in terms of structure, vocabulary, and sheer meaning. Its decoration with commedia dell'arte–style theatrics makes it all the more baffling. We come away merely instructed that Tuthill is a force of nature, but we knew that already. ■

Leonard *continued from page 63*

land Yard detective chief inspector Jane Tennison was on her way to iconic status in the Culture Wars, you may also remember it was as much about the politics of race as of gender. In the dug-up garden in a benighted Afro-Caribbean neighborhood in a wet London, they found the decomposed body of a 17-year-old girl. Jane interrupted an interracial love affair with a fellow detective to investigate. Because some suspects were black and others white, the locals hated the bobbies, and with an election coming up, every aspect of the case was sensitive. From skull fragments, the forensics lab made a clay model of the dead girl's head. But so were models fashioned of a troubled city and a double helix of ulterior motives. Everybody lied because everybody was guilty, and by the time we arrived at the truth, after many interrogations of the suspects, endless replays of a videotape of a reggae concert, and much meditation on Yoruba amulets, all the beauty in the world seemed to have been smashed.

Allan Cubitt wrote that *Prime Suspect.* And he has written this four-hour *Masterpiece Theatre* mini-series especially for its star, Helen Mirren, the woman who made intelligence sexy, whose passionate sonar set the brain on fire. Mirren is Maggie Sheridan, a recovering rock star and blues singer of the Janis Joplin sort—we see her face on album covers and hear a smoky voice purporting to be hers—drying out on the Irish estate of her old friend Sir Charles Stafford (Iain Cuthbertson). When Sir Charles is murdered, and a painting stolen from his Italian Renaissance collection, Maggie enters the various underworlds of loan-sharking and drug dealing in Dublin and of black-market art in London and New York.

That's the setup. The details include the drug addiction and enormous debts of Stafford's son Sebastian (Iain Glen), a love affair with a shady art dealer (Franco Nero), old film of a young Sir Charles behaving badly in Italy during the war, and Maggie's pretending to be a Polish countess undercover for U.S. Customs. And the gloss, brilliantly staged by director Julian Jarrold, is art. The stolen painting is Artemisia Gentileschi's *Judith Slaying Holefernes.* Nero's name is the same as that of the man who raped Artemisia in the seventeenth century. Like the saint in so many Renaissance paintings, Sebastian will hang naked from the rafters with arrows in him. In the bathtub, Maggie is a dead Marat, and when she explains Gainsborough, she's quoting Sister Wendy. PBS is pandering shamelessly to an upscale audience, and Mirren is magnificent. I can't wait to see her in the forthcoming Showtime movie as (gasp) Ayn Rand. ■

theater

Degenerate Art...Tom Donaghy

Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—Martin McDonagh, the 28-year-old Anglo-Irish playwright with the precociously long résumé, made his American debut with this drama about an old woman's attempts to sabotage her daughter's love life. It was a huge hit at the Atlantic this spring; it reopens this week for a limited Broadway engagement. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

High Society—What a swell party this is! Music and lyrics by Cole Porter (with an assist from Susan Birkenhead); book by Arthur Kopit. Based on Philip Barry's *The Philadelphia Story,* drolly immortalized onscreen by Katharine Hepburn, Jimmy Stewart, and Cary Grant. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/23 opening. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Honour—A writer's life is thrown into disarray when a young journalist arrives to profile her husband. Jane Alexander, the recently departed head of the National Endowment for the Arts, leads the cast; after four years in Washington, she ought to know something about the theme. Written by Joanna Murray-Smith; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $25–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/26 opening. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44 St. (239-6200).*

The Judas Kiss—David Hare's new play about the relationship between Oscar Wilde and his lover, Lord Alfred Douglas. Liam Neeson plays the condemned baron of bon mots; Richard Eyre directs. $15–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. Previews begin 4/23 for a 4/29 opening. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Ah, Wilderness!—This charming Eugene O'Neill comedy concerns the Miller family in a small Connecticut town. Father Nat is a newspaper editor happily married to Essie, doting mother of Arthur, a complacent Yalie; Richard, the high-school grad and authorial alter ego; Mildred, the tomboy; and Tommy, the brat. The time is July 4 and 5, 1906, and, save for fireworks bursting in air, the world is at peace. Daniel Sullivan has staged O'Neill's foray into Twain-and-Tarkington territory with style. Craig T. Nelson as the bumbling patriarch Nat and Debra Monk as the maternally conniving Essie contribute handsomely. Sam Trammell's Richard—boyishly defiant, winsomely naïve, and bottomlessly decent—offers a memorable tribute to being 17. (Simon: 4/6/98.) $45–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza, which was the hit of Paris in 1995 and of London in 1996, and won awards in both cities. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue requires high-powered actors to animate it, and happily, it gets them. As Marc, Alan Alda puts to insidious use his ability to pester with polish. Victor Garber's dapper Serge harbors under the façade of a convivial man-about-town a defensive arrogance expressed with mounting bile. As Yvan, Alfred Molina is pure perfection. (Simon: 3/16/98.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Deborah Gibson plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. Lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100).*

Opening
Full-Court Press

As the chairwoman emeritus of the National Endowment for the Arts, Jane Alexander must have had her share of unpleasant media moments. But at no time, one suspects, did any journalist treat her as disrespectfully as the fictional one in *Honour,* a new Broadway drama starring Robert Foxworth, Laura Linney, and the former Clinton appointee. Here, the bottom-feeding scribe shows up at Alexander's house to do a profile of her husband—and winds up having an affair with him instead. Opens April 26 at the Belasco Theatre.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

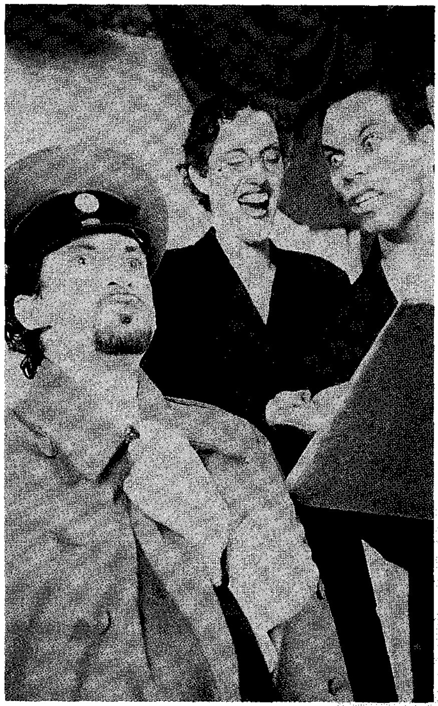
Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African-Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cabaret—I question converting the Henry Miller Theatre into the Kit Kat Klub for this show, complete with poorer sight lines and tables for overpriced and distracting drinks. Otherwise, the Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The major performances are all at least a mite off, but the supporting cast delivers staunchly. Natasha Richardson is—at last!—an authentically British Sally Bowles, but she is stolid, blatant, lacking in girlish vulnerability. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) $50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/19/98. *Kit Kat Klub, 124 W. 43rd St. (719-1300).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$70. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Chairs—This tragic Ionesco farce concerns a nonagenarian couple, caretakers of an abandoned tower on an isolated island surrounded by stagnant water. They are ready to die, and have invited everyone conceivable to hear the Old Man's testament, which he, unskilled with words, has hired the Orator to deliver for him. The guests—all invisible presences—start coming. The Old Man chats them up while the Old Woman knocks herself out dragging in seating for them. The stage fills up with more and more empty chairs. Geraldine McEwan's old woman may be a bit too singsongy, but Richard Briers's would-be debonair, self-satisfied yet insecure dotard could not be more appropriately laughable or pitiful. I disapprove of the gratuitous final transformation by the Orator; otherwise this production incises itself indelibly on those privileged to view it. (Simon: 4/20/98.) $35–$60. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8. Through 6/13. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; minimalism prevails. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Karen Ziemba, Hinton Battle, and Ernie Sabella. (Simon: 12/2/96.) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*



The Deep Blue Sea—He, sadly, is best known these days as the smirking pitchman for Dodge minivans, and she as Gwyneth Paltrow's mother. But with any luck, Edward Herrmann and Blythe Danner will reestablish themselves as sovereigns of the New York stage in this 1952 Terence Rattigan drama about a woman who leaves a dependable husband for an undependable lover. *Roundabout Theatre Company Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

The Diary of Anne Frank—Natalie Portman, the electrifying teen cutie from *Beautiful Girls,* stars in this newly adapted version of the 1955 play. Also starring Linda Lavin, Harris Yulin, George Hearn, and Austin Pendleton. $40–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/4/97. *Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Freak—John Leguizamo has proved, in various mediums and genres, that he is versatile, witty, inventive, and charming. He writes and delivers funny dialogue within his monologues, interrupts his acting to execute nimble dance steps both elegant and satirical, and creates characters with facial expressions, vocal mannerisms, and body language that blend into a riotous lingua franca. He brings these skills to his Broadway show, which purports to be semi-autobiographical and is surely, in Anatole France's great phrase, a story truer than truth. (Simon: 3/2/98.) $17.50–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/4. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Golden Child—After returning to his Chinese hamlet from a business trip, Eng Tieng-Bin, the protagonist of this new memory play, proudly presents his three wives with a new waffle iron, a cuckoo clock, and a phonograph. But his less tangible acquisitions—a new faith, a changed outlook on education, and an overpowering desire to unbind his daughter's feet—do not blend so seamlessly into his traditional home. Directed by James Lapine; written by David Henry Hwang, author of *M. Butterfly.* $30–$50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Longacre Theatre, 220 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

The Herbal Bed—Peter Whelan's drama about lurid accusations of adultery—leveled against Shakespeare's eldest daughter. Directed by Michael Attenborough; presented by the Royal Shakespeare Company. $20–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/16/98. *Eugene O'Neill Theater, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind,* is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy.* The wait clearly paid off; he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Previews Not-Sees

In 1937, the German government sponsored an art exhibition featuring 650 works of so-called degenerate art, presumably to educate the public about what it shouldn't want to see. It was, of course, enormously popular—just as college lectures on pornography are well attended and columns deploring the excessive coverage of *L'affaire* Lewinsky are well read. In *Degenerate Art,* a new cabaret show at Theatre for the New City, Irondale Ensemble caricatures some of the Third Reich's most fervid censors. It also re-creates, in *tableaux vivants,* some of the republic's most celebrated outlawed works, including Max Beckmann's *Descent From the Cross* and Ludwig Kirchner's *Self-Portrait As a Soldier.* Previews begin April 22. Call 633-1292 for tickets ($15) and more information.

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. $40–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).*

The Old Neighborhood—Three interconnected one-act plays by David Mamet, starring Peter Riegert, Patti LuPone, Vincent Guastaferro, Mary McCann, and Jack Willis. Directed by Scott Zigler. $45–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, $357 million, and almost 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton adapted Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

1776—The book of this 1969 musical, the gifted Peter Stone's masterpiece, is surely one of the best ever. Thrillingly incorporating the potentially divisive issue of slavery, it succeeds in keeping us, despite our knowledge of the outcome, in a state of wonderfully paradoxical suspense. Splendid as was Peter Hunt's original production, this Scott Ellis revival very nearly matches it. It will provide you not only with three hours of choice theatergoing but also with three very rich hours of life. Music and lyrics by Sherman Edwards. (Simon: 8/25/97.) $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat,* plays the nun turned governess, and Michael Siberry plays the widower captain. $50–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Sunshine Boys—This Neil Simon play is a triumph of strategy. (1) It is full of one-liners: easily detachable and portable laughs. (2) The main characters, a retired vaudeville team, now hate each other, hence ever-popular insult comedy. (3) Willie Clark and Al Lewis are also Jewish, so we get audience-tickling Jewish jokes. (4) The background is show business, providing cherished showbiz humor. Add the stage-screen-and-TV-enshrined duo of Jack Klugman (Willie) and Tony Randall (Al), and it's platinum-edged-securities time. This production at the National Actors Theatre revival is rattling good fun. (Simon: 1/5/98.) $30–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/8/97. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

A View From the Bridge—One of the most distressing tales Arthur Miller ever told. Anthony LaPaglia stars as Eddie Carbone, the longshoreman who lusts af-

Photograph by Gerry Goodstein.

ter his niece; Michael Mayer directs. $30–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Wait Until Dark—Even if a girl weren't blind, she'd find it pretty unnerving to be trapped in a house with Quentin Tarantino. Unfortunately, the new production of Frederick Knott's 1966 thriller requires that Marisa Tomei be both (blind and trapped, that is) and that Tarantino, as a psychotic drug dealer, torture her. Leonard Foglia *(Master Class)* directs the revival. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Aloha Las Vegas—Edward Sakamoto's new comedy about the allure of Sin City. Presented by Pan Asian Rep. as the final installment of the multicultural *Three by 3* series. $30. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 4/22 opening. *St. Clement's Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. (245-2660).*

Aunt Chooch's Birthday—It was only a matter of time before the *Tony 'n' Tina* people came out with a sequel, and a birthday party seems as reasonable a premise as any. $65; dinner and dancing included. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and Sun. at 3. Previews begin 4/23 for a 5/11 opening. *Vegas Room, 221 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Bad Sex With Bud Kemp—Sandra Tsing Loh's new comedy about dating and other hazardous ventures. $32.50. Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Wed. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for a 4/21 opening. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (787-3392).*

Bloody Poetry—Howard Brenton's drama about the tangled relationships—literary and otherwise—between Percy and Mary Shelley and Lord Byron. Presented by the New York Theatre Exchange. $20. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (591-2467).*

Bob—A love letter from one avant-garde director, Anne Bogart, to another, Bob Wilson. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 4/22 for a 5/5 opening. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

The Dying Gaul—Craig Lucas's new drama about the vulnerability of a struggling young writer. Directed by Mark Brokaw, who has already proven his genius for this subject matter with *As Bees in Honey Drown*. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Previews begin 4/24 for a 5/12 opening. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

From Above—A young widow is lured out of her grief when a young man appears at her door, claiming to be her dead husband. Written by Tom Donaghy; directed by David Warren. Starring Patricia Kalember (*Sisters, Thirtysomething*). $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 4/21 opening. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Jim Beckwourth—Harrison Lee stars in this one-man show about a black pioneer who helped open the American West. Written by Mark Weston. $15–$30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. 2 and 5, Sun. at 1, 3:30, and 7. Opens 4/22. *Producer's Club Theatre II, 616 Ninth Ave. (718-983-1990).*

Miss Julie—Strindberg's classic about the romance between a highborn woman and low-stationed man. $18–$24. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opens 4/20. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl. (598-9802).*

Period of Adjustment—Terese Hayden directs Tennessee Williams's play about a pair of maladjusted couples. $10. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Theatre 22, 54 W. 22nd St. (472-1789).*

Pieces of the Sky—A World War II postman, disliked in his Nebraska community for both his religion (Jewish) and the bad news he brings, romances the owner of a diner. Written by David L. Paterson; presented by Urban Stages. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/22 opening. *28th Street Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. (421-1380).*

Power Plays—A series of three one-act comedies, starring and written by Alan Arkin and Elaine May. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for a 5/7 opening. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Remembering Weselves: Black Renaissance in Harlem—A new play, with music, about the Harlem Renaissance. Written by Amiri Baraka; tunes by Duke Ellington, Fletcher Henderson, and Fats Waller. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, and Sun. at 3. *Langston Hughes Theatre, 515 Lenox Ave. (491-2040).*

Too Jewish Two—Avi Hoffman's sequel to *Too Jewish?* is a tribute to the tummlers, the precursors of the Borscht Belt comics and shtickers. Presented by Jewish Repertory Theatre. $35. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. at 2. In previews for a 4/28 opening. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Now Playing

As Bees in Honey Drown—Socialite Alexa Vere de Vere—one part Hepburn, two parts eyeliner, three parts luxury addict—enlists a young author to write a screenplay about her life. Written by Douglas Carter Beane; alertly directed by Mark Brokaw (*How I Learned to Drive*). Starring Bo Foxworth and Kristine Nielsen. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 7/24/97. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

The Cripple of Inishmaan—An Irish orphan, Cripple Billy, dreams of landing a part in a Hollywood filmmaker's documentary in order to impress his beloved. The play is Martin McDonagh's first in his Aran Island trilogy and his second to open in New York this season. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *The Public's Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Dinah Was—A play about Dinah Washington, Queen of the Blues. Yvette Freeman (*ER, Working*) plays the diva—come rain or come shine; Oliver Goldstick wrote the script. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 4/26. *WPA Theatre,*

Opening
Loathe Thy Brother

Playwrights have long gotten bonus mileage out of sibling rivalry, a dynamic that can encompass everything from blooming class differences and professional jealousy to unresolved childhood tensions and sexual psychoses of mythic proportions. Stephen Belber examines all these themes in 'The Death of Frank,' a highly praised entrant in last year's Humana Festival. Opens April 22 at Synchronicity Space. Call 330-6824 for tickets ($12) and more information.

Photograph by F. Red.

Horowitz

continued from page 29

Orthodox-vs.-secular battle—were internal.

"The first 50 years was the era in which we dealt with survival," says the Jewish Agency's Gad Ben-Ari. "We were concerned with how to build the state and secure it. Now we are beginning to deal with issues we never had time for, like: What is the meaning of Israel as a Jewish state? This country belongs not only to Israeli citizens but to Jews everywhere.

"The positive thing about all this is that Jews in the Diaspora are now beginning to get involved in these battles. They are standing up and saying they are not happy with Orthodox dominance. They are standing up and saying, 'Even if we don't speak Hebrew, and even if we do not visit Israel twice a year, we still want a Jewish state that appeals to our Jewish identity.' If they didn't care," says Ben-Ari, "they wouldn't be in the fight."

DESPITE THE DRIFT, THE DISAGREEMENTS, and the struggle taking place in both the American and the Israeli communities to forge an identity for the next century, no one actually believes we're witnessing a divorce. Rather, there is a sense that this is more like a good family fight, in which roles may get redefined and there may be a period of estrangement but in the end the relationship will remain intact.

What's happening between Americans and Israelis is in many ways analogous to what's happening within the American Jewish community. Both centrifugal and centripetal forces are at work. "The community is actually dizzy right now," says Leonard Fein. "Though a lot of people are dropping out, the people who are hanging in are incredibly energetic. And as far as Israel is concerned, there continues to be an empathetic and a sympathetic relationship even as there is, these days, lots of frustration and irritation."

There is also an intense effort to ensure that links between the two communities will continue. Though Josephson and Adelson's plan to have 50,000 teens visit Israel this summer didn't work out, there is a movement under way, led by Michael Steinhardt and with interest expressed by people like Ronald Lauder, to create and fund a program that will provide access to a trip for every American Jewish teenager.

"Look," says Yoffie. "Israel returned us to history. It restored our national sovereignty after 2,000 years. The Jewish people have power again, and I don't dismiss that in any way. It's an extraordinary blessing. What we're now involved in is a debate on how that power is to be used. And the fact is that despite everything, this ought to be a time for celebration." ■

519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).

Eddie Izzard: Dress to Kill—Britain's hottest, cross-dressingest comic offers his views on dinosaurs, the space program, and being raised by wolves. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (307-7171).*

The Emperor Jones—The Wooster Group revives its 1995 production of Eugene O'Neill's expressionist play, with Willem Dafoe and Kate Valk reprising their old roles. $20. Wed.–Sun. at 8. Through 4/26. *The Peforming Garage, 33 Wooster Street (966-3651).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

A Flea in Her Ear—Feydeau's 1907 comedy about the misadventures of a suspicious wife. Mark Linn-Baker, last seen on his way to the forum, stars; Bill Irwin directs. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $40–$45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding.* When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5/97. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell—actor, director, and founding member of the Drama Dept.—wrote and stars in this rock concert–cum–musical, in which a German war bride finds herself in a Kansas trailer park and achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Featuring Stephen Trask and his downtown band, Cheater. $40. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

Opening

Heaven Can Wait

Tom Donaghy combines the conceit of 'Martin Guerre' with the meandering small-town sensibility of 'Northern Exposure' to create 'From Above,' his new drama opening April 23 at Playwrights Horizons. Patricia Kalember ('Sisters') stars as a widowed waitress in the Catskills; Neal Huff plays the fellow who shows up one day at her door, claiming to be her dead husband.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, died in June of 1996, just days after completing the revue. $45. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Fri at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

I Will Come Back—A new musical celebrating Judy Garland's life. Written and directed by Timothy Gray, an associate of the diva; starring Tommy Femia, a cabaret performer who's made a healthy living out of impersonating her. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Players Theatre, 115 MacDougal St. (239-6200).*

Jails, Hospitals, & Hip-Hop—Danny Hoch, the *bandittel* from Queens, plays twelve urban misfits, then spews buckets of vitriol at Jerry Seinfeld. $10–$25. Wed. and Thurs. at 8:30, Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 11. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

Joseph Gabriel Magic—Magician Joseph Gabriel mixes sleights of hand with large-scale illusions. $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Long Day's Journey Into Night—This is an immense play, the towering achievement of American drama, which grows, incredibly, with each successive viewing. It brings out the best awareness we can muster even in this production, scaled down to a tiny stage that cannot convey a rambling cottage crisscrossed by living ghosts. None of the actors is quite right for the job. Yet they all gradually grow into their parts and, overleaping their lacks, etch themselves into our consciousness. Even cut and somewhat defanged, O'Neill's masterwork epitomizes both the human comedy and the tragic sense of life. (Simon: 4/6/98.) $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Mindgames—Marc Salem, a mentalist and former director of research for *Sesame Street,* does a slew of fancy math tricks, stops his own pulse, and predicts the contents of people's wallets. $40. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2, 7, and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Mizlansky/Zilinsky or "schmucks"—A new comedy from John Robin Baitz about a pair of Hollywood hustlers' last-ditch effort to seal a deal. Nathan Lane, fresh from Hollywood, where he evaded mice and other vermin, plays one of the two title schmucks; Joe Mantello, the talented young actor who directed Neil Simon's *Proposals,* directs here, too. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. Through 4/26. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Never the Sinner—The sensational story of Leopold and Loeb—two wealthy, well-educated teenagers who in 1924 murdered a young boy on a whim—moves from the American Jewish Theatre, where it played to great acclaim earlier this season, to a home farther uptown. $25–$45. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Peep Show—The latest installment in the Ronnie Larsen chronicles of New York sleaze. $30–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 3/31/98. *Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South, at Sheridan Sq. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Quidam—Cirque Du Soleil's ninth spectacular—which should, like its previous eight, chill, tickle, and trompe many an oeil. $15.75–$59.50. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 6 and 9:30, Sat. at 4:30 and 8:30, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Big Top at Battery Park City. (1-800-678-5440).*

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet* that will likely stand out among the tragedy's many newfangled interpretations. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Saturn Returns: A Concert—A nonnarrative cycle of songs about faith and longing, based on myths and hymn texts. Music and lyrics by Adam Guettel. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *The Public Theater's LuEsther Hall, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. Nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Cathtilian *lithp geth* a tuneful *thong* tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $42.50–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

St. Nicholas—The *other* young Irish dramatist, Conor McPherson, debuts here with this cryptically entitled play. The first ten minutes, and a few subsequent ones, mock a drama critic and are capital fun. The rest concerns said Dublin critic's trip to London in pursuit of an actress, and his entanglement there with a bunch of vampires. Thus is a Richard Brinsley Sheridan start reduced to Sheridan Le Fanu. Still, this 90-minute one-man show may be worth it for Brian Cox. He gives a bravura performance that transmutes pointlessness into poignancy. (Simon: 3/30/98.) $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 4/25. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

The Summer in Gossensass—Maria Irene Fornes's tribute to Elizabeth Robbins and Marion Leah, two actresses whose passion for Ibsen led to the first London production of *Hedda Gabler.* $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.,* then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Two Pianos, Four Hands—Ted Dykstra and Richard Greenblatt, a pair of talented pianists who never made it to the recital halls, wax philosophical about pushy parents, arrogant students, and smug concert judges. $25–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 6. Opened 10/30/97. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., at 14th St. (239-6200).*

Visiting Mr. Green—Eli Wallach, who made his Broadway debut more than a half-century ago, stars in this new comedy about a relationship between a young man and an older Jewish widower. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

art

Robert Colescott...Robert Irwin

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Bill Barrett—Maquettes for sculptures; through 5/9. Nardin, 605 Madison Ave. (486-1888).

Caio Fonseca—New abstract paintings; through 5/9. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

Stephen Hannock—Recent landscape paintings; through 5/9. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

Richard Hickam—Figurative paintings; through 5/22. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (988-6870).

Vincent La Scala—Collages and constructions incorporating photographs, illustrations, paper, wood, glass, metal, and other materials; through 5/9. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

Albert Marquet—Paintings by the French artist (1875–1947), who was involved in the Fauve movement and exhibited at the Salon d'Automne in 1905, including figures, interiors, and scenes from his journeys through Europe and North Africa; through 5/23. Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (879-0500).

57th Street Area

Gabrielle Bakker—Figurative paintings on themes from Greek mythology; through 5/5. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

James Barsness—New large-scale paintings that incorporate pages taken from comics and coloring books and make references to art history and popular culture; through 5/9. Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (644-5665).

William Beckman/Kent Bellows—Figurative drawings by both; through 5/9. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Katherine Bowling—Paintings whose images suggest memories of nature; through 5/2. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Sam Cady—Paintings of architecture on shaped canvases; 4/23–5/22. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Jane Freilicher—Recent paintings of views seen from the artist's Greenwich Village studio windows and of the countryside surrounding her studio in Water Mill, Long Island; 4/23–5/29. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

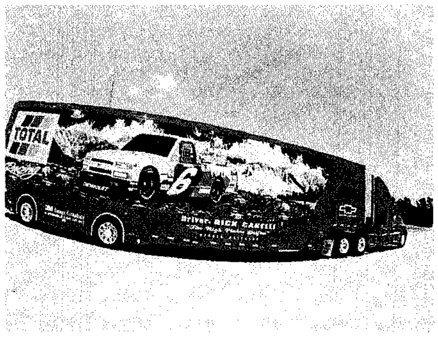
Jorge Galindo—Photomontages and paintings; through 5/2. Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. (644-9090).

Philip Grausman—Figurative sculptures and drawings from the seventies, eighties, and nineties; 4/23–5/30. Ice, 5 E. 57th St. (838-5752).

Marsden Hartley—An exhibition of 25 paintings executed between 1907 and 1942 that focuses on the artist's search for spiritual subject matter; 4/23–6/20. Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave. (767-1852).

Eva Hesse—Drawings in ink and gouache made during the sixties, when the artist was a painter and a recent graduate of the Yale School of Art & Architecture; through 5/2. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Ken Kelly/Jan Green—Paintings that depict undulating biomorphic forms/Small-scale paintings of landscapes in the Catskills. Through 5/2. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).



Photography Ever wonder what the America experienced by Sal Paradise, Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* hero, looks like now? In the summer of 1995, Warren Neidich followed and photographed Paradise's coast-to-coast route, and his exhibit of large-scale pictures shows how profoundly America's two-lane landscape has changed in this superhighway era. At Jan Abrams Fine Arts, 177 East 71st Street; through May 13.

Jack Levine/Isabel Bishop—Paintings on such themes as the American civil-rights movement and prison conditions in Franco's Spain, executed between 1960 and 1975/Drawings spanning the artist's career from the late twenties through the eighties. Through 5/2. DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Richard Marquis—Recent glass sculptures; through 5/9. Franklin Parrasch, 20 W. 57th St. (246-5360).

G. Daniel Massad—Recent still-life drawings; through 4/29. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

George Negroponte—Recent abstract paintings; through 5/23. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Robert Colescott—Recent paintings by this artist known for his satirical allegories on race and gender; through 5/31. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Jason Dodge—Eight autonomous sculptures, each of which evokes a different mode of twentieth-century design, but which together form an esoteric narrative; through 5/23. Kaplan, 48 Greene St. (226-6131).

Valentina DuBasky—Large-scale fresco paintings with incised botanical and fossil forms; through 5/16. Pelavin, 13 Jay St. (925-9424).

Helmut Federle—Recent large-scale abstract paintings; through 5/31. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Walton Ford—Recent watercolors; through 5/23. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Susanna Heller—Recent paintings and drawings that evoke aerial views of urban landscapes; through 5/23. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

George Hildrew—Abstract paintings with stenciled forms; through 5/6. BG, 23 Thompson St. (334-1339).

Lani Irwin—Recent figurative paintings; through 5/5. Perlow, 560 Broadway (941-1220).

Sean Mellyn—Meticulously rendered paintings of children that suggest that what we see on the surface is not what it seems; through 5/2. Kustera, 41 Wooster St. (965-1527).

Yong Soon Min—Sculpture and photographs by a California-based artist that continue her exploration of the ongoing conflict and division in her native Korea; through 6/27. Art in General, 79 Walker St. (219-0473).

Catherine Murphy—Recent paintings and drawings of objects in settings that are often physically constructed, then painted from observation; through 5/22. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Manfred Pernice—Drawings and architectural models that comment on the inherent opposition between interiors and exteriors; through 5/9. Kern, 558 Broadway (965-1706).

Paul Henry Ramirez—New paintings that combine geometric shapes with the artist's signature drips, swirls, and pools of color; through 5/16. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Rodney Ripps/Susan Wides—Recent paintings that employ words as suggestive images/Photographs of landscapes. Through 5/23. Foster, 62 Crosby St. (966-9024).

David Scher—An installation of photographs, paintings, sculpture, video, and computer imagery; through 5/16. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Assunta Sera—Paintings of scenes in New York; through 5/28. Ingbar, 568 Broadway (334-1100).

David Smith—The artist's late painted steel sculptures dating from 1960 to 1964; through 5/23. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Shawn Spencer—Recent paintings; through 5/2. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).

Fred Stonehouse—Paintings of creatures in surreal, dreamlike scenes; through 5/2. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Photographs by Warren Neidich.

Beth Ames Swartz—Abstract paintings; through 5/9. Donahue/Sosinski, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Jeff Way—The artist's early lyrical abstract paintings from the sixties and seventies; through 5/2. Algus, 25 Thompson St. (966-1758).

Chelsea

Siah Armajani—Park furniture and "City Center" drawings; through 5/13. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Jimbo Blachly/Bill Smart—An installation of hanging sheets of paper that have been painted with horizontal stripes/Geometric abstract paintings. Through 5/9. Harris, 529 W. 20th St. (463-9666).

Betty Goodwin—A selection of sculpture from the past four decades; through 5/16. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (645-1701).

Anish Kapoor—Two monumental sculptures, including *Turning the world inside out,* a globe-shaped work with a mirrored surface and receding, concave center; through 5/22. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (206-9300).

Brendan Kass—New paintings and works on paper; through 5/9. Anderson, 453 W. 17th St. (463-0970).

Win Knowlton—Recent sculptures, including a bank of clouds made with galvanized steel and papier-maché birds arranged on oriental rugs; through 5/9. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

Elke Krystufek—Photographic and painted self-portraits of the artist, and paintings of Edie Sedgwick based on photographs; through 5/6. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-1121).

Robert Motherwell—A selection of prints and drawings; through 5/5. Kempner, 501 W. 23rd St. (206-6872).

Robert Overby—Five latex casts of architectural elements in an abandoned house that were made by the artist in 1971; through 5/2. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555).

Mary Weatherford—Large-scale paintings that incorporate actual starfish and shells and whose fields of color suggest panoramic views of the sea or charts of constellations; through 4/29. Debs, 529 W. 20th St. (647-7080).

Chris Wilder—Paintings, sculptures, and photographs on the theme of travel documentation and the inner life of the traveler; through 5/9. Kreps, 529 W. 20th St. (741-8849).

Other

Sandy Straus—Paintings, drawings, and journals on the subject of the rose; through 5/8. National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South (475-3424), Tues.–Sat. 1–6.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

China Institute—125 E. 65th St. (627-4424). "Scent of Ink," 50 masterworks of Chinese painting, with hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, and album leaves; through 6/20.

Gray—1018 Madison Ave. (472-8787). "Painting and Sculpture in the Post War Period"; through 5/30.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "Eccentric Orbits," with works by Hayter, Howard, Merrild, Sage; through 5/29.

MMC Gallery—221 E. 71st St. (517-0475). "Get Close," with works by Benzing, Hutchison, Liddell, Siegel, Umbrico, guest-curated by Ann Schoenfeld; through 5/16.

Shapolsky—152 E. 65th St. (452-1094). "Earthly Delights," with works by Johnson, Miles, Slonem, Waitzkin; through 5/31.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). "Polish Avant-Garde, 1920–1945," with work in various media from the Formist, Constructivist, Blok, and Unist movements; through 5/16.

57th Street Area

Boone—745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929). An exhibition guest-curated by Klaus Kertess, with works by Andresen, Mayerson, Nelson, others; through 5/9.

Clark—24 W. 57th St. (246-2205). Ceramic works by Cleff, Ferguson, Ohr; through 5/2.

McKee—745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951). Sculptures by Kohn, Lipchitz, Humphrey, Madsen, others; through 4/30.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). "Defining the Edge: Early American Abstraction," with works by Bengelsdorf, Browne, Drewes, Glarner, others; through 5/30.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). "TABOO: Sex and Sin in Modern Art," with works by Attie, Coe, Dix, Heckel, others; through 5/30.

Spanierman—45 E. 58th St. (832-0208). American watercolor paintings from the past 125 years, with works by Burchfield, Cropsey, Demuth, Hassam, others; through 5/30.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Gering—476 Broome St. (226-8195). "Formulations" explores the trajectory of "systems" art, with works by Darboven, LeWitt, Simon; through 5/23.

Gibson—568 Broadway (925-1192). "Raw Ideas," drawings for large-scale projects by Adams, Beckley, Bladen, Oppenheim, others; through 5/16.

Goldstein—39 Wooster St. (431-0314). "To Believe and Not Quite to Believe," with works by Danilova, Blau, Tenberken; through 5/12.

The Swiss Institute—495 Broadway (925-2035). An exhibition exploring common assumptions about art and systems of representation, with works by artists based in Zurich, Berlin, and New York; through 5/19.

TZ' Art & Co.—28 Wooster St. (966-9059). "Memory," with paintings, sculpture, drawings, and photographs by Armando, Hafif, McConaughy, McGill, Sterck, and Rozo; through 5/16.

Chelsea

Billis—526 W. 26th St. (645-2621). "Color in Motion," a show examining color, line, and design in abstract painting, with works by Arredondo, Atria, Battis, Campbell, and Terry; through 5/5.

Elder—529 W. 20th St. (462-2600). "Decorative, Functional, and Sculptural Objects for the Garden," with works by Calyer, Swanson, Godowsky, Tannen, others; through 5/2.

Marlborough Chelsea—211 W. 19th St. (463-8634). Prints and artists' books of the nineties from Universal Art Editions (ULAE), by Baechler, Dunham, Hammond, Jensen, others; through 5/2.

Wessel and O'Connor—242 W. 26th St. (242-8811). "The Body in Question," photographs by artists from Sydney and New York, including screen prints and large-format color work; through 5/10.

Other

McCready—425 W. 13th St. (243-0439). Botanical works by Kelly, Freud, Mapplethorpe, and Warhol; through 5/23.

White Columns—320 W. 13th St. (924-4212). "Inventory," an investigation of how artwork serves as a recording device, with works by Baum, Bennet, Corbin, Edwards, others; through 5/24.

Photography

Tina Barney—New large-format color photographs of the artist's friends and family, and a video, *Rhode Island Summer;* through 5/16. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Ilse Bing—Photographs made in Frankfurt in the late twenties and in New York in the thirties, drawn from the photographer's personal collection; through 5/9. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (750-7070).

Lois Conner/Ed Burtynsky—A survey of the photographer's platinum panoramics of China/Color photographs made at mineral-tailing sites and industrial recycling plants in Ontario. Through 5/30. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Danziger—851 Madison Ave. (734-5300). Seminal works by Peter Hujar, Joel Meyerowitz, and Milton Greene, many of which have not been previously exhibited; through 5/9.

Barbara Ess—New large-scale color photographs that muse on the relationship between nature and domestic order; 4/24–5/22. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Jerald Frampton—Photographs of children and adults engaged in mundane activities; through 5/9. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (243-5937).

Sally Gall—New photographs that record the artist's state of mind during a six-week sojourn at an artists' colony in the Grenadines; through 5/22. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Gat—1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441). Film stills and action photographs by the Viennese Actionists Kurt Kren, Otto Muhl, Guenther Brus, Rudolph Schwarzkogler, and others; through 5/31.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777), Tues. 11–8 (voluntary contribution 6–8), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $5.50, $4 students and seniors. "Micha Bar-Am: An Israeli Photobiography." Images of life in Israel by its premier photojournalist; through 5/31.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (860-1777), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 admission by voluntary donation), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $5.50, $4. "Robert Capa/Photographs." A retrospective of the legendary photojournalist (1913–1954) known for his images of the Spanish Civil War, the North African and European battles of WWII, the Israeli War for Independence, and the end of the French Indochina War, and for his portraits of artists and writers; through 6/7.

O. Winston Link—Photographs taken in New York between 1937 and 1952, almost two decades before he began his project on the Norfolk and Western Railroad; through 5/2. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Bob Mitchell—Polaroid transfers of the artist's miniature architectural models; 4/23–5/23. Bridgewater/Lustberg, 560 Broadway (941-6355).

Inge Morath—An exhibition celebrating the Magnum photographer's 75th birthday, including recent work and a selection of well-known images; through 5/2. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

Warren Neidich—Large-scale color photographs taken in the summer of 1995 when the photographer followed the trans-American route of Sal Paradise, the main character of Jack Kerouac's *On the Road;* through 5/16. Abrams, 177 E. 71st St. (535-9430).

Bastienne Schmidt—Photographic installations of images from the artist's photographic essay-book *American Dreams;* through 6/6. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Cindy Sherman—New photographs from which the artist is absent, instead depicting traces of body parts strewn across dirt, or, in a nearly abstract series, rotting food, shards of broken plates, and scattered silverware; through 5/16. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (206-7100).

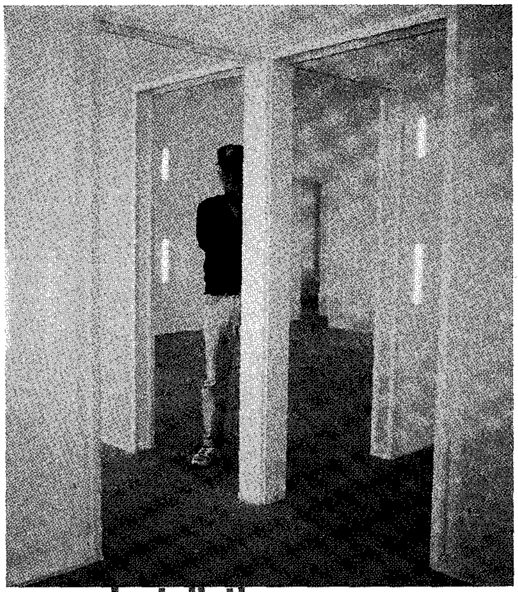
Gerald Slota—Mixed-media photographs of surreal environments; 4/23–5/23. Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (627-4819).

Antonio Turok—Photographs recording the artist's experiences in the Mexican state of Chiapas, from the new book *Chiapas: The End of Silence* (Aperture; $40); through 6/21. Aperture's Burden Gallery, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Stanislaw Ignacy Witkiewicz—Moody seascapes and landscapes and close-up portraits and self-portraits by the prophetic Polish photographer (1885–1939); through 5/2. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Paper + Finland = Art." Works on paper by contemporary Finnish artists; through 5/10. . . . "Expressions in Wood: Masterworks From the Wornick Collection." Turned and shaped wood artworks by 56 artists from the United States, Europe, and Australia, drawn from the collection of Anita and Ron Wornick; through 5/10. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.



Installation

Light Touch

Robert Irwin is nothing if not a compelling talker. One need only read Lawrence Weschler's garrulous *Seeing Is Forgetting the Name of the Thing One Sees: A Life of Contemporary Artist Robert Irwin* (University of California Press, 1982) to appreciate the California artist's extraordinary knack for making difficult ideas about art and perception seem like plain common sense. Why did he forsake painting for the ephemeral, light-enhanced installations and architectural projects he's been making since 1970? "I started eliminating the things that weren't necessary," Irwin says, "then I got to the point where I realized I was dealing with energy rather than matter." It sounds so simple, but Irwin's intensity of vision has pushed him to create some of the more mesmerizing works in the history of postmodern art, most recently *Prologue: x18*^{3}, a site-specific installation at Dia Center for the Arts (542 West 22nd Street; through June 14) that uses fine mesh scrims to divide an 8,000-square-foot gallery into eighteen chambers that appear to recede into space. As with the artist's previous installations, *Prologue* is completed by the viewer, whose perception of it will change according to the amount of natural light coming through the gallery's north and south windows. But even Irwin, who lives in San Diego, can't quite account for the effects of New York's light on his work. "The pieces are not as phenomenal here as they are on the West Coast," he says. "They take on a more definite structure, more of an intellectual edge. At first I was mystified by it; now I just accept it." (A survey of Irwin's work from 1958 to 1970 can be seen at PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene Street, from May 1 through June 19.) Edith Newhall

American Museum of Natural History—"The Nature of Diamonds." An exhibition exploring all aspects of the mineral, from its geological origins to its place in history, art, adornment, and literature, featuring significant gems from around the world; through 8/30. . . . "Drawing Shadows to Stone: Photographing North Pacific Peoples, 1897–1902." A commemoration of the American Museum of Natural History's Jesup North Pacific Expedition of 1897–1902, including approximately 100 archival photographs of scenes from daily life; through 5/31. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Great Cities, Small Treasures: The Ancient World of the Indus Valley." Over 100 examples of sculpture, ceramics, metalwork, seals, and other artifacts made by inhabitants of the Indus River Valley between 2600 B.C.E. and 1900 B.C.E., drawn primarily from collections in Pakistan; through 5/3. . . . "More Than Meets the Eye: Japanese Art in the Asia Society Collection"; through 8/16. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 seniors and students.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Finnish Modernism in Design: Utopian Ideals and Everyday Ideals, 1930–1997." A survey of works produced by Finnish designers for the ceramics firm Arabia, the glass factories of iittala, Karhula, and Nuutajarvi, and the textile and clothing manufacturer Marimekko; through 6/14. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Tomie Arai: Double Trouble"; through 8/23. . . . "Rimer Cardillo: Araucaria"; through 8/23. . . . "1898: Artists Respond"; through 6/21. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3 suggested donation, $2 students, $1 seniors, free to children under 12.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Jewels of the Romanovs: Treasures of the Russian Imperial Court." 250 objects and works of art spanning three centuries of the Romanov Dynasty, among them royal portraits, court gowns, military uniforms, and a selection of Crown Jewels; through 7/5. . . . "Mexican Prints From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams." 126 prints by 47 Mexican artists, among them José Orozco, Diego Rivera, and Rufino Tamayo; through 8/9. . . . "Sally Victor: Mad Hatter, 1935–65." A selection of hats by the American milliner, beginning with her earliest creations of the thirties through the decline of the popularity of the hat in the mid-sixties; through 6/21. . . . "Joan Snyder: Working in Brooklyn." Works on paper from the past decade; through 6/14. . . . "Scattered Petals, Fallen Leaves, Shards of Glass: The Work of Bing Hu, Working in Brooklyn." An exhibition of sixteen sculptures that incorporate material found on the streets of Brooklyn by the Chinese artist; through 5/10. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum Smithsonian Institution—"Arquitectonica: The Times Square Project." The first New York exhibition of photographs, models, and drawings by the Miami-based architectural firm, highlighting its plans for a hotel, entertainment, and retail complex at 42nd Street and Eighth Avenue; through 5/10. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5. Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"Training an Artist: Alexandre Cabanel and the Academic Process in Nineteenth-Century France." Paintings and drawings by the nineteenth-century French artist; through 6/13. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Robert Irwin." Part one of a two-part site-specific installation; through 6/14. . . . "Tracey Moffatt: *Free-falling*." A group of 25 photographs and a video installation by the Australian artist and filmmaker; through 6/14. . . . "Richard Serra: *Torqued Ellipses*." Three monumental sculptures of Cor-Ten steel that explore the shaping of space rather than material as their primary subject; through 6/14. . . . "Dan Flavin: 1962/63, 1970, 1996." Three installations using fluorescent light and six separate fluorescent works by the late sculptor; through 6/14. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

The Drawing Center—"Shadows of a Hand: The Drawings of Victor Hugo." The first exhibition in the United States devoted to the drawings of the nineteenth-century French writer (1802–1885), addressing his prescient relationship to art movements of the twentieth century; through 6/13. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

El Museo del Barrio—"Taíno: Pre-Columbian Art and Culture From the Caribbean." The first comprehensive survey of the art of the Taíno, the dominant culture in Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Cuba, Jamaica, and the Bahamas from about A.D. 1200 to the arrival of Columbus in 1492; through 5/3. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Shiro Kuramata 1934–1991." Furniture and objects by one of postwar Japan's most influential designers; through 5/2. 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Wed. 11–8, Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

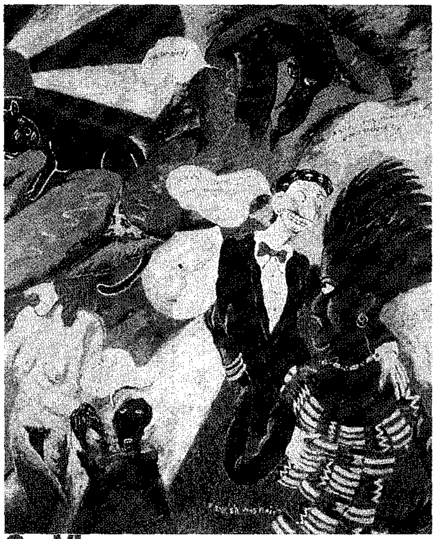
Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"China: 5,000 Years." More than 500 artworks and artifacts from seventeen provinces of China; through 6/3. . . . "After *Mountains and Sea*: Frankenthaler 1956–1959." A survey of the artist's early paintings, including her groundbreaking *Mountains and Sea* of 1952, which laid the stylistic groundwork for her subsequent works; through 5/3. . . . "Visions of Paris: Robert Delauney's Series." An exhibition focusing on the artist's series paintings of Saint-Séverin, the Eiffel Tower, and Paris as seen through his window; through 5/24. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"China: 5,000 Years"; through 5/25. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $8, $5 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"An Expressionist in Paris: The Paintings of Chaim Soutine." The first museum exhibition devoted to the painter's work in nearly five decades, focusing on the period between Soutine's arrival in Paris in 1913 and his death there during World War II; 4/26–8/16. . . . "Still More Distant Journeys: The Artistic Emigrations of Lasar Segall." The first major United States retrospective of the preeminent Brazilian artist, a major contributor to the development of German Expressionism and Brazilian modernist painting; through 5/10. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5, free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Paul Strand circa 1916." An exhibition of 50 rare prints tracing the artist's transition from soft-focus pictorial style to modernism; through 5/31. . . . "Augustin Pajou, Royal Sculptor." The first comprehensive exhibition of the work of the eighteenth-century French sculptor; through 5/24. . . . "Pierre-Paul Prud'hon." The first American retrospective of the works of the eighteenth-century French court painter and draftsman; through 6/7. . . . "The Nature of Islamic Ornament, Part I: Calligraphy." An exhibition surveying the development of Islamic calligraphy; through 6/28. . . . "When Silk Was Gold: Central Asian and Chinese Textiles in the

Photograph by R. Jerome Ferraro.



On View

Mix Master

Previously known for his paintings featuring cartoony racial stereotypes, Robert Colescott has expanded his repertoire over the past ten years with allusions to mythology, religion, and literature. "Robert Colescott: Recent Paintings," which had its premiere at last summer's Venice Biennale—and made Colescott, 72, the first African-American artist to represent the United States at the Biennale in a single-artist show—brings those works to New York. At the Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, April 22 through August 30. (A selection of Colescott's even newer paintings are on exhibit at Phyllis Kind Gallery, 136 Greene Street, through May 31.)

Photograph courtesy of Walker Art Center, Minneapolis.

Metropolitan and Cleveland Museums of Art"; through 5/17. . . . "Evocative Fragments." A selection of twentieth-century paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs depicting fragments of the human body; through 6/14. . . . "Honoré Lannuier, Parisian Cabinet Maker in Federal New York"; through 6/14. . . . "Elegant China Ware: Paris Porcelain in America"; through 6/14. . . . "American Ingenuity." A survey of twentieth-century American sportswear; through 8/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum at F.I.T.—"Toledo/Toledo: A Marriage of Art and Fashion." Approximately 100 pieces of clothing designed by Isabel Toledo, and paintings, fashion illustrations, sketches, sculptures, and mannequins by her husband, Ruben Toledo; through 4/25. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-5966), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Self-Taught Artists of the 20th Century: Perspectives on Patterning." A survey of works by five self-taught artists whose oeuvres are characterized by a consistent use of overall patterning, including Morris Hirshfeld, Leroy Person, Martin Ramirez, Eugene Von Bruenchenhein, and Joseph Yoakum; through 6/7. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage–A Living Memorial to the Holocaust—Permanent exhibitions of more than 2,000 photographs and 800 historical and cultural artifacts documenting the Jewish experience from the1880s to the present, and 24 films chronicling the memories of Holocaust survivors. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800), Sun.–Wed. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, Fri. and eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"Chuck Close." A retrospective of paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs by the American artist known for his monumental, psychologically charged portraits of artists and anonymous sitters; through 5/26. . . . "Alvar Aalto: Between Humanism and Materialism." The first United States retrospective of the works of the renowned Finnish architect, designer, and town planner, including sketches and competition drawings, models, new and archival photographs, and examples of furniture and glass; through 5/19. . . . "Fernand Léger." A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the French artist (1881–1955) from his early series "Contrastes de Formes (1913–14)," the first fully abstract works to emerge from Cubism, through his last realist paintings of construction workers of the late forties and early fifties; through 5/12. . . . "Fabrications." An exhibition developed jointly by MOMA, the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, and the Wexner Center for the Arts, comprising a total of twelve installations simultaneously constructed at all three venues by architects and architectural teams; through 4/28. . . . "The Clutter of Happenstance: Photographs by Robert Cumming." Photographs of ordinary objects in tableaux of the artist's devising, made between 1969 and 1981; through 6/15. . . . "Maria Magdalena Campos-Pons: Spoken Softly With Mama." A site-specific installation exploring the artist's African-Cuban roots; through 5/26. . . . "Rethinking the Modern: Three Proposals for the Museum of Modern Art." Design proposals for the expansion and renovation of the Museum of Modern Art, featuring the work of the Japanese architect Yoshio Taniguchi, who was chosen in December 1997 to design MOMA's expansion and renovation, and by the Swiss architectural firm Herzog & deMeuron, and the New York–based architect Bernard Tschumi; through 4/28. . . . "Garry Winogrand: Selections From a Major Acquisition." Twenty-six photographs from a collection of 200 prints ranging in date from the fifties through the seventies that were acquired by the museum from the New York collector Barbara Schwartz; through 5/31. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Berenice Abbott's Changing New York, 1935–1939." A selection of 175 prints from the museum's own collection of the photographer's "Changing New York" project of the thirties that was funded by the Federal Art Project of the W.P.A. and sponsored by the museum; through 6/21. . . . "Bridging New York." An exhibition of paintings, prints, drawings, postcards, and vintage photographs exploring the role played by bridges in the creation of Greater New York; through 6/28. . . . "New York From Above: An Aerial View." Paintings depicting aerial views of the city by Spelman Evans Downer; through 6/14. . . . "A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades." A survey of New York City's ethnic parades; through 10/17. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Doris Salcedo." New sculpture by the Colombian artist; through 5/31. . . . "Cardoso Flea Circus." A miniature flea circus accompanied by a video documenting a performance piece; through 5/10. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"A War in Perspective, 1898–1998: Public Appeals, Memory, and the Spanish-American Conflict"; through 8/29. . . . "A Secret Location on the Lower East Side: Adventures in Writing, 1960–1980." An exhibition focusing on the writers, artists, publishers, and communities who produced publications associated with the use of the mimeograph machine from the sixties through the early eighties; through 7/25. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Unconventional Currier & Ives." Lesser-known works produced by the printing firm, among them prints, photographs, certificates, and advertisements; through 7/5. . . . "Militant Metropolis: New York City and the Spanish-American War 1898." A selection of newspapers, caricatures, letters, photographs, and other materials from the Society's Lathrop Colgate Harper Collection of Spanish-American War materials; through 7/12. . . . "New York Landmarks, Present and Future Direction." Photographs of New York City landmarks from the new book *Landmarks of New York III* (Abrams) by Barbaralee Diamonstein-Spielvogel; through 8/23. . . . "Paul Robeson: Bearer of a Culture." A exhibition of photographs and memorabilia commemorating the centenary of the actor's birth; through 7/12. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Vertical Painting Show"; through 6/28. . . . "Meg Webster 'Pool' "; through 6/28. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $4 suggested donation, $2 students and seniors.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"A Seal Upon Thine Heart: Glyptic Art of the Ancient Near East, ca. 3500–2100 B.C." A selection of seals from the Library's collection and from the Yale Babylonian Collection, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and several private collections; through 4/26. . . . "To Observe and Imagine: British Drawings and Watercolors, 1600–1900"; through 5/3. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $6; $4 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Robert Colescott: Recent Paintings." A survey of paintings from the past ten years that explore issues of racial identity, power, and gender by this 72-year-old African-American artist; through 8/30. . . . "Dawoud Bey." New large-scale Polaroid portraits of students from three Queens high schools; through 8/30. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Bill Viola." The first full-scale overview of the work of the California-based video artist, including fifteen installations, 25 videotapes, and drawings and notebooks from the past 25 years; through 5/10. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 4/22 at 10 and 2: "Helen and Felix Juda Collection of 20th-Century Japanese Prints." On view from 4/17. 4/27 at 10 and 2: "19th- and 20th-Century Prints." On view from 4/22.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 4/22 at 10: "American Furniture & Decorations." On view from 4/18. 4/23 at 10: "Important Estate Jewelry." On view from 4/18. 4/28 at 10: "Wedding Gifts." On view from 4/25.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 4/22 at 10:15: "Silver." On view from 4/18. 4/23 at 10:15 and 2: "American Paintings." On view from 4/18. 4/25 at 10:15 and 2: "French Furniture." On view from 4/18.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 4/23 at 2: "American Historical Prints." On view from 4/18.

restaurants

Cuban of Import...American Pie...Privé

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Canal House—The restaurant at the SoHo Grand Hotel, a beige-on-beige dining room with *Alice in Wonderland* fixtures and furniture, turns out surprisingly tasty regional American fare. Try the macaroni and cheese, the crab cakes, and the cornmeal-crusted chicken breast, or—if you're the type who likes to loiter in hotels—nurse a cocktail in the lounge. *310 West Broadway (965-3588). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Photograph by Robert Wright.

Takeout
Cone Heads

Perhaps owing to its sizable Italian population, Argentina has become a source of world-class gelato. The two Argentine brothers who opened Cones, Ice Cream Artisans last month follow the time-tested recipes of ice-cream master Oscar Luque, their legendary countryman, to produce three dozen rotating flavors of all-natural gelato and sorbetto. (272 Bleecker Street; 414-1795.)

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $45.00. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Wall Street Kitchen & Bar—As downtown grows more and more residential, its halls of finance, like this former bank building, are being converted into service establishments. This sister of SoHo Kitchen & Bar offers a similarly extensive selection of beers and wines by the glass, plus such eclectic American fare as beer-braised short ribs with egg noodles, and pizza topped with shrimp, smoked bacon, and roasted tomatoes. *70 Broad St. (797-7070). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. (A newer uptown branch offers a similar menu of American classics like chicken potpie and grilled steaks and burgers, and is decorated with a similar canine motif.) *190 W. 4th St. (633-2275). Also, 1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared authentic Spanish cooking. Do yourself a favor and sample the hearty paella and the house sangria. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Salam Cafe and Restaurant—This casual Arabic restaurant ensconced in a Village brownstone offers a broad variety of Middle Eastern food, including kebabs, couscous, and lamb with yogurt-and-sesame sauce, plus lots of vegetarian options. Try the Lebanese wine. *104 W. 13th St. (741-0277). (I–M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villary. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangria. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, stout-glazed chicken with apricots and juniper berries, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample from the city's largest selection of tequilas and single-malt scotches. *35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mendy's —This kosher midtown deli proudly claims to be New York's only Jewish sports bar and serves hearty American fare like soups, salads, steaks, and chops. *61 E. 34th St. (576-1010). Also, 208 W. 70th St. (877-6787). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by

ASK GAEL

Name me a dish that made you whoop with joy.

Bite into the buttery ooze and crunch of a divine Cuban sandwich at the China Club. That pressed layering of roast pork, serrano ham, and cheese with a side of lush black beans provoked my unabashed "Wow" and other ditherings of amazement. But who could hear me in the thunderous Saturday-night din of C²'s feeding pit? Chef Eban Ross also does very well with an elegant tower of tuna toro and salmon tartare, tempura-battered calamari, and a chopped-bok-choy-and-chicken salad that recalls the best of China Grill in this squat-ceilinged room full of partying Gen-X animals. (268 West 47th Street; 398-3800.)

Photograph by Amy Freeth.

night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

iccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformaggio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Inion Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Bice—It's always buzzing at this midtown Italian hot spot, where the fashionable crowd takes a hiatus from air-kissing to partake of dishes like lobster salad with baby vegetables, porcini risotto, and veal chop Milanese. *7 E. 54th St. (688-1999). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Domingo—The opera star's very own Spanish kitchen right in midtown Manhattan. Downstairs there's a Castilian-style tapas bar; upstairs, a more formal dining room with dramatic skylights. Drop in for churros y chocolate, or make a full meal of the regional Spanish specialties such as paella Valenciana. *209 E. 49th St. (826-8269). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

Opening

Running Waters

This week, tireless Dolce chef Greg Waters starts pulling double duty as he opens Privé in the Gramercy space vacated by Cafe Beulah. His menu, incorporating French, Asian, Southwestern, and other far-flung influences, will spotlight such diverse dishes as pork tenderloin with sauerkraut and kielbasa, and grilled hamachi with pesto mashed potato. (39 East 19th Street; 253-5522.)

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Istana—Situated in the lobby of the New York Palace hotel, this Mediterranean newcomer is rightfully proud of its olive bar, the only one, chances are, of its kind. Tapas are ideal cocktail accompaniments; heartier appetites are readily satisfied by paella-style roasted fish, pumpkin ravioli with walnuts, or baby chicken with Tunisian spices. *455 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (303-6032). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—The staff at this cozy neighborhood restaurant offers a gracious welcome, while the kitchen provides upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Park Restaurant—The plush surroundings in this new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier, but no more elegant, than the French-American

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Martini's Restaurant offers patio dining under a canopy of lights nestled in the very heart of the Theater District. Savor rustic Italian cuisine with a California twist created by celebrated chef Richard Krause.

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Solutions to last week's puzzles

C	R	E	S	S	E	T	■	B	U	N	I	O	N	S
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fare concocted by ex–Lespinasse chef Fabrizzio Salerni. Sample dishes include porcini risotto, yellowfin-tuna tartare in wheat crust, steak-frites, and pan-roasted halibut in crispy rice paper. Piano music performed nightly, and cigar smokers have their own private lounge in which to indulge. *109 E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented new chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—After nearly a quarter of a century, this elegant Japanese restaurant is still an oasis in the frenzy of midtown. Owner Fumiko Hosoda offers a traditional menu of tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, plus an array of chef's specialties. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neal Myers, formerly of Ben Benson's, transports his expertise with meats and creatively prepared seafood, like pepper-crusted tuna with winter squash and black vinegar sauce, and crab cakes accompanied by cole slaw rolls. Try something from the extensive raw-bar menu. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district landmark is still owned, incredibly, by its founding family. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piedmontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. A $55 spring tasting menu features new fish dishes. The garden is a summertime oasis. *321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

C2 at the China Club—The restaurant at the newl relocated China Club is conspicuously upscale fo its Eighth Avenue address and surprisingly calm for its affiliation with the dance club upstairs Chef Eban Ross has created an eclectic menu o Asian-influenced dishes like tuna-and-salmon tartare with daikon-hijiki slaw and braised lamb shank with maple-roasted acorn squash. *268 W 47th St. (398-3800). (M–E) AE, DC, DS MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting *145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the $19.98 prix fixe. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Opening
A Piece of the Pie

This week, when Angelo's pizzeria opens on West 57th Street, lending some thin-crust credibility to theme-restaurant row, New Yorkers will have even greater cause for coal-oven confusion. Ever since Ray's began overrunning the city in its various, generally unaffiliated guises—Famous, Original, what have you—it's been almost impossible to keep track of the city's pizza people. Patsy's has become this decade's more litigious (and much tastier) version of Ray's, with rival factions asserting their rightful claim to the name of the seminal Depression-era pizzeria in East Harlem. After the flour dust cleared, Patsy's of Brooklyn became Patsy Grimaldi's. And the victorious Manhattan Patsy's had grown to four branches, run by cousins Nick Tsoulos and Nick Pashalis. But the spell of the much-contested name must have worn off, since the pair—plus brother-in-law Nick Angelis, of Forest Hills's acclaimed Nick's (which ties Totonno's and Grimaldi's for *Zagat's* highest pizza rating)—are behind the new Angelo's. Confused yet? Just wait. "Angelo's pizza will use an identical recipe to Nick's," says Tsoulos, who also happens to be married to Angelis's sister Mirene. To keep everyone happy—and to create a clean slate for the chef, cousin John Pashalis—the partners selflessly decided to name the new store after Nick and Mirene's father, a Greek immigrant who moved to Brooklyn and became, according to his son, "a lunatic about pizza." But the man whose idea of quality time meant dragging his impressionable progeny to Totonno's, John's, and Patsy's in Harlem could never have predicted the magnitude of the pizza dynasty he begat. Or the level of connoisseurship. Despite the clan's apparent spirit of cooperation, in the hallowed world of the pie, tomato sauce is thicker than blood. Nick's, Patsy's, and Angelo's are friendly competitors, but competitors all the same. Or as Nick of Forest Hills succinctly puts it, "There's me, and there's everybody else." (117 West 57th Street; 713-0199.) ROBIN RAISFELD

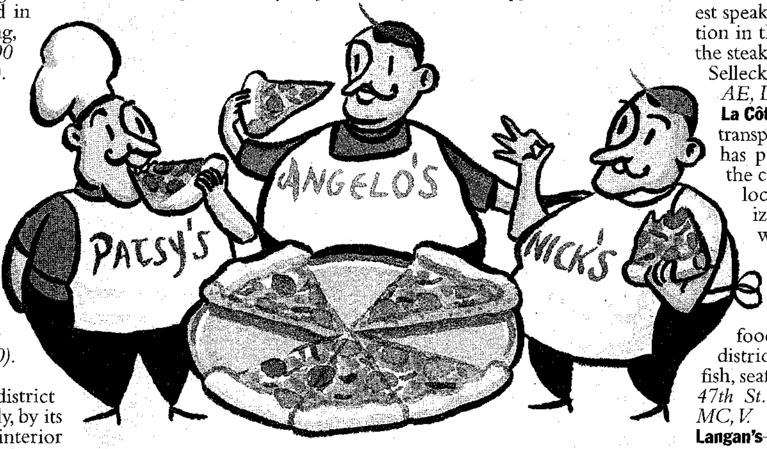

Illustration by Michael Sloan.

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Molyvos—This interpretive Greek restaurant a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall is a large, stylishly rustic showcase for chef Jim Botsacos's serious Mediterranean menu. Sit at one of the tables up front for drinks and meze, or indulge larger appetites with dishes like grilled octopus, rabbit stifado, and vegetable dolmades. *871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (582-7500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

SeaGrill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, lobster salad with couscous in spicy lobster oil, and pepper-seared tuna steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu. Tchotchkes can be had at the "general store" souvenir stand, and cigar smokers have their own room in which to exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kid's menu. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartar and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bean and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls is by some very high-profile, and surprising, nonprofessionals. Dinner only; jacket required. *155 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pondicherry—Although the entrance is situated directly next to the Paris Theatre, this new restaurant is somewhat sequestered down a flight of stairs. But the serene, comfortable environs are anything but cramped. Filmmaker Ismail Merchant is credited with contributing several recipes to chef Jean-Luc Kieffer's French-Indian menu. Some representative dishes include bouillabaisse, chicken biryani, Mauritius-style lamb, and grouper in banana leaf "papillote." *8 W. 58th St. (750-7474). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

Boxers—This uptown outpost of the Greenwich Village Boxers has a similar menu of American staples like chicken potpie, burgers, and steaks. This spot, in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge, enjoys the distinction of being one of the birthplaces of the Upper East Side swinging singles scene. In fact, the Tom Cruise vehicle *Cocktail* was filmed on the premises. *1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Decade—This place bills itself as the Classic Rock Supper Club, and thus appeals to the sort of over-30 crowd that would know exactly what classic means. Besides dinner—which could be pan-seared wild salmon with a horseradish-potato crust, duck-confit-and-vegetable spring roll, or Arctic char in a fennel consommé—there's a 4,000-bottle wine vault, nearly 200 humidors, and original artwork by Warhol and Rosenquist. And

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dancing, of course. Jackets required. *1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (835-5979). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa City—Bobby Flay's uptown bastion of innovative southwestern fare offers dishes like mango-glazed tuna steak and tortilla-crusted grouper. The bar attracts regulars with the house margarita, spiked with cactus-pear juice, and its selection of twenty brands of tequila. *1059 Third Ave., nr. 62nd St. (207-1919). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from new chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like jumbo lump-crab gyoza and coriander-spiced tuna loin. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Vermicelli—The décor of this restaurant is meant to evoke a much milder version of the Vietnamese jungle, with birdcage fixtures and a bamboo bar. Try the crispy shrimp rolls, cracked lobster with a ginger-scallion-and-honey sauce, or the grilled pork chop. *1492 Second Ave., nr. 77th St. (288-8868). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Mendy's West—This kosher deli proudly claims to be New York's only Jewish sports bar and serves hearty American fare like soups, salads, steaks, and chops. *208 W. 70th St. (877-6787). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The $42.50 dinner prix fixe, available Sunday through Thursday, is a great deal. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much farther than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Opening

Getting Into Character

Palačinka, a crêpe-like Baltic dessert, is the inspiration for SoHo's newest café, rendered old-world with decorative objets *like antique luggage and vintage espresso machines. Partners Tariq Haq and John McCormick are the sort of pragmatic actors who decided that if they were fated to wait tables, they would be their own. Sweet and savory crêpes, sandwiches, and salads are available daily from ten to ten; beer-and-wine license forthcoming. (28 Grand Street; 625-0362.)*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

the mix

Kathryn Trueblood . . . *The Crasher*

John Leonard's TV Notes

Silent Witness: An Academic Exercise (4/21; 9 to 11 P.M.; A&E) asks forensic pathologist Samantha Ryan (the wonderful Amanda Burton) to investigate the murder of a personal friend (Katharine Schlesinger), a Cambridge professor whose extramarital love life turns out to have been surprisingly messy and whose dead body appears to have been frozen, dressed, transported, and smeared with animal fat. As in the best installments of Inspector Morse, the real villain is the old university and those to its manor and manner born. And as usual in this absorbing series, the police—even the new Detective Inspector (Nick Reding)—resent Sam.

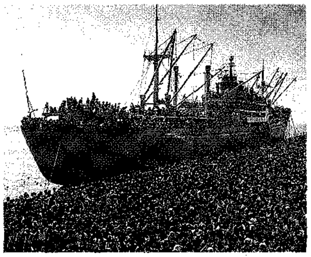
Frank Capra's American Dream (4/21; 10 to 11:30 P.M.; AMC) allows the likes of Angela Lansbury, Richard Dreyfuss, Robert Altman, Oliver Stone, Martin Scorsese, and Michael Keaton to rattle on appreciatively about the director, between terrific film snippets, in spite of the fact that *The New Yorker* just explained how much Mike Nichols improved on him in *Primary Colors.* Imagine that.

Ballykissangel (4/22; 9 to 10 P.M.; WLIW 21) sends an English priest (Stephen Tompkinson of *Brassed Off!*) into the rural Irish countryside to deal with everything from a leaky church roof to an atheist barmaid, in the first of 26 episodes of a popular BBC series that seems to me a *Nothing Sacred* for the simple-minded. But it's impossible not to like these people.

An Unsuitable Job for a Woman: Sacrifice (4/23, 4/30, and 5/7; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) introduces watchers of "Mystery!" to the P. D. James sleuth who preceded her morose poet-policeman Adam Dalgliesh. Very young Cordelia Gray (Helen Baxendale) grew up self-taught in Italy caring for a father with M.S., goes to work for a London private-detective agency, inherits the agency when her surrogate father (Jeff Nuttall) dies, and is hired by an unpleasant scientist (Ian McDiarmid) to find out why his handsome son committed suicide. Well, of course, he didn't commit suicide. And finding out who killed him will require Cordelia to fall down a non-wishing well, like Alice in Wonderland. As a murder mystery, it's simultaneously overfamiliar and overwrought. But Baxendale is a moody wonder, another one of those British finds from a seemingly inexhaustible supply of acting talent heretofore unknown to anybody important enough.

Dallas: War of the Ewings (4/24; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) is much of the same, most of which I gave up on not long after I had to listen to Larry Hagman, at the breakfast table, tell Linda Gray and Patrick Duffy that they were "three single multimillionaires under the same roof," before the bad brother took off for Amarillo to look for enough loot to steal back Ewing Oil from the good brother. Add nauseam and beat vigorously. I will admit, however, to enjoying the great slab of Easter chocolate CBS sent out to buy the good opinion of reviewers.

Nicholas' Gift (4/26; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) retells as docudrama the remarkable story of an American family that went on vacation to Italy several years ago, were shot at in their rental car by passing gunmen on their way to Calabria to catch the ferry to Sicily, lost their young son to a bullet in his brain stem but won the hearts of an entire country by donating his heart to save the life of another little boy in Rome. I knew every detail of this story in advance, didn't really want to go through it again, and then wanted most of the way to cry. The mix of family love and Roman history and Italian vistas and senseless death would break anybody's heart. Alan Bates and Jamie Lee Curtis are the parents. ("I always thought he had a Roman heart," says Bates of his son, after the transplant.) Robert Markowitz directed. If this seems an overkill of talent for a TV weepie, it will nevertheless squeeze you like an accordion.



Photographs: top, Boris Yurchenko; bottom left, James Keen; right, Neal Ulevich.

In Print **"What kind of organization can ask that of a person, to permit the risking of life for something as transitory as a news story?" Peter Arnett asks in his introduction to *Flash! The Associated Press Covers the World.* His answer: "Only a news organization that is very, very sure of its mission." The risks taken for the A.P., though, clearly had their payoff: While some of the stories were indeed transitory, the photojournalism showcased in this handsome book—many of them Pulitzer winners—occupy a permanent place in our collective memory. (Abrams; $39.95.)**

Radio Highlights

New York and Company—Weekdays at noon. 4/20: Robert Thurman on *Inner Revolution;* Gil Amelio on *On the Firing Line;* Mandy Sayer on *Dreamtime Alice.* 4/21: Arianna Huffington on *Greetings From the Lincoln Bedroom;* Patricia Hersh on *A Tribe Apart.* 4/22: Etymologist Richard Lederer; social worker Maria Mackin and former New York City Ballet dancer Arthur Bell on the path to homelessness; Sylvia Ann Hewlett and Cornel West on *The War Against Parents;* Nitzan Aviram on *Healing by Killing,* a documentary on medical ethics and Nazi history. Leonard Lopate hosts. 4/23: Alfonso Quiroz, CUNY professor of history, on the New York Public Library's exhibition *One Hundred Years Later.* 4/24: NPR and ABC-TV's Cokie Roberts on *We Are Our Mother's Daughters;* Peter Hedges on *An Ocean in Iowa.* 4/27: Paul Cody on *So Far Gone;* Marie Winn on *Red Tails in Love;* Charles Siebert on *Wickerby.* 4/28: Peter Coyote on *Sleeping Where I Fall;* Howard Zinn on *The Zinn Reader;* Esther Yau on the cinema series "Dawn." WNYC, 820 AM.

Casper Citron—Saturdays at 10 P.M. 4/25: Paul Robeson Jr. talks about his father and what it was like growing up with the famous artist; Richard Goldstein, executive editor of the *Village Voice,* discusses the debate over the books *The Age of Innocence* and *Radiant Identities;* Paul Hogan and Glen Pannell talk about their roles in the new Off Broadway play *Never the Sinner,* based on the famous trial of Leopold and Loeb. WOR, 710 AM.

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sunday evenings at 8. 4/26: Ruth Reichl (New York *Times* food critic), author of *Tender at the Bone.* WNWK, 105.9 FM.

The Written Word

Nancy Kelton—4/25 at 2: The New School and NYU professor reads from her book on writing from personal experience. Waldenbooks, 129 Montague St., Brooklyn Heights (718-858-2958); free. 4/27 at 6:30: Kelton leads a three-hour writing workshop at the Learning Annex, 20 W. 44th St., bet. Fifth and Sixth Aves. (371-0280); $49 for non-members. Pre-registration is required.

Yehuda Amichai—4/20 at 8 P.M.: The Israeli poet reads from his work. Unterberg Poetry Center, 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $12.

"With Candor"—4/21 at 6: Readings by Peggy Garrison and David Quintavalle. Teachers and Writers, 5 Union Sq. West, seventh Floor (691-6590); $5.

"The Ledge Magazine"—4/21 at 7:30: A benefit reading with Steven Hartman, George Held, Timothy Monaghan, Kevin Pilkington, Melanie Uy, and Brooke Wiese. Amos Eno Gallery, 594 Broadway, 4th Flr. (226-5342); $5.

Pamela Sneed—4/21 at 7:30: Reading from *Imagine Being More Afraid of Freedom Than Slavery.* Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Place (420-1322); free.

J. D. McClatchy—4/21 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from his new book about poetry, *Twenty Questions.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

John Larkin, Wang Ping, Louis Reyes Rivera—4/22 at 6:30 P.M.: The authors read from recent work. Brooklyn Public Library at Grand Army Plaza Coffeehouse (718-230-2100); free.

Nightlight Readings—4/22 at 7 P.M.: Featuring Harry Mathews, Charlotte Carter, and Lawrence Chau. Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (219-2166); $5.

Andre Aciman and Francine Du Plessix Gray—4/23 at 7 P.M.: Introduced by E. L. Doctorow at the NYU's Greenberg Lounge, Vanderbilt Hall, 40 Washington Sq. South (998-8816); free.

Scott Spencer—4/23 at 7 P.M.: The author reads from *The Rich Man's Table.* Three Lives & Co., 154 W. 10th St. (741-2069); free.

"John Fante and H. L. Mencken"—4/23 at 8 P.M.: An event sponsored by the Italian American Writers Association at Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (420-1322); free.

The TIPA Project—4/24 at 12:30: An International Project to Promote Peace and Unity Through the Arts. Three-time Emmy Award winner Jack Klugman will read from the work of Philip Roth, and Tony award winner Marian Seldes will read from S.Y. Agnon's work. The Fifth Ave. Presbyterian Church, at 55th St. (247-0490); free.

Sharon Salzberg and Mark Epstein—4/24 at 10:30 P.M.: The authors of *A Heart as Wide as the World* and *Going to Pieces Without Falling Apart,* respectively. Poetry Project/St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910); $7.

Karl Kirchwey—4/25 at 2 P.M.: Reading at the NYPL at 112 E. 96th St. (431-7920); free.

1998 Frost Medal Lecture: Stanley Kunitz—4/24 at 6 P.M.: Introduced by Galway Kinnell. Celeste Bartos Forum, NYPL, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (254-9628); $10.

Denise Duhamel, Margo Stever, Stephanie Strickland—4/24 at 7:30 P.M.: Part of the "Poets for Choice" series to benefit Planned Parenthood. Ceres Gallery, 584 Broadway, Suite 306 (226-4725); $7.

***The Hudson Review's* Fiftieth**—4/21 at 7:30 P.M.: With Jocelyn Bartkevicius, Gary Krist, Thomas M. Disch, and Louis Simpson, reading from the fiftieth-anniversary issue, "American Themes." Barnes & Noble, 675 Sixth Ave., at 21st St. (727-1227); free.

Lectures and Panels

"Learn How to Love Your Work"—4/21 at 7 P.M.: With Dr. Rick Jarow, author of *Creating the Work You Love.* Marble Collegiate Church, 3 W. 29th St., at Fifth Ave. (686-2770); $5.

"The Search for a National Identity: Expressions of Ireland's Nationhood in Bronze and Stone"—4/22 at 7 P.M.: A lecture with art historian Dr. Sighle Breathnach-Lynch. NYU's Main Building, 100 Washington Sq. E., Room 300 (998-3950); $5.

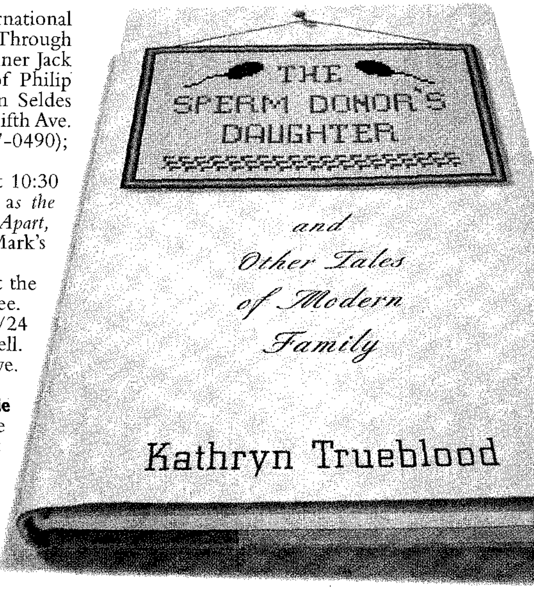
"Uncontrollable Beauty: Toward a New Aesthetics"—4/21 at 7:30 P.M.: A panel discussing the book, which examines the role of beauty in twentieth-century art and culture. SVA Amphitheatre, 209 E. 23rd St. (592-2000); free.

Poetry Writing Workshop With Gertrude Morris—4/23, 4/30 at 5 P.M.: An opportunity to foster growth in style and form. The New York Public Library's Hudson Park Branch, 66 Leroy St. (243-6876); free.

In Print

Family Plot

Sag Harbor's still-young Permanent Press has virtually no advertising budget—only an obstinate belief in literary fiction's burgeoning talents. Its latest discovery is Kathryn Trueblood, whose novella 'The Sperm Donor's Daughter & Other Tales of Modern Family' is a psychologically nuanced meditation on identity and makeshift bonds. ($22.)



"Seductive Bodies, Tears of Blood: Modernity, Early Chinese Cinema and Transcultural Imaginations"—4/28 at 7 P.M.: Professor Esther Yau will lecture on the distinctive artistic and critical achievements of early Chinese cinema. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3587); free with museum admission.

Memoir Writing Workshop—4/23, 4/30 at 6 P.M.: Poet Patricia Spears Jones explores the genre, emphasizing tone, narrative control, and issues of confidentiality. The New York Public Library, Harlem Branch, 9 W. 124th St. (348-5620); free, preregistration required.

Tours

Art From Ancient Chinese Tombs—Tuesdays at noon, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 4: A museum tour concentrating on the range of objects discovered in Chinese tombs on recent archaeological digs. Meet at the information desk in the main rotunda of the Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Call 423-3500 to confirm the day and time of the tour the schedule is subject to change.

Gramercy Park and Union Square—4/25 at 1 P.M. Explore the still-elegant enclave that was home to (among others) Stanford White, Elsie de Wolfe, and O. Henry, and explore the tumultuous history of Union Square. Meet at the George Washington Statue on the 14th St. side of Union Square. Call 439-1090 for more information; $9.

"The Streets Where We Lived"—Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 2:30: A regular walking tour inviting visitors to stroll the Lower Est Side and discover how different immigrant groups shaped the city. Lower East Side Tenement Museum, 90 Orchard St. (431-0233); $8.

Brooklyn Bridge to Brooklyn Heights at Twilight—4/25 at 4: A walk across the bridge and through the city's first suburb, focusing on the history, architecture, and people of this unique area. Stops include Plymouth Church and Walt Whitman's childhood home. Meet at the front steps of City Hall. Call 439-1090 for more information; $9.

"From Naples to Bialystock to Beijing: The Multi-Ethnic Eating Tour"—4/25 at 1: Featuring the historic and gastronomic delights of the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, and Little Italy. Meet at the southeast corner of Essex and Delancey Sts. (439-1090); $12.

Metropolitan Opera Backstage—Weekdays from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.: A unique, behind-the-scenes view of the creation of the opera. Includes costume and set design, the performers' rehearsal facilities and dressing rooms, and the opulent auditorium. At Lincoln Center; call for reservations and times (769-7020); $8.

Exhibitions

"America's Concentration Camps: Remembering the Japanese-American Experience"—Through 1/5/99: An exhibition that tells the story of this shameful chapter in American history through the eyes of the incarcerated. Photographs, mementos, and home videos contributed by some of the 120,313 people held in the camps—two thirds of whom were American citizens—will be on display, along with maps and statistics from each camp. Ellis Island Immigration Museum, New York Harbor (363-3200); $5.

Jan Yoors—4/21 at 6 P.M.: An evening of tapestries, sculpture, and painting by the late Belgian Gypsy artist. Bloom, 48 W. 21st St. (620-5666); free.

"Landmarks of New York"—Through 8/23: An exhibition of photographs by Barbaralee Diamonstein, coinciding with the release of *Landmarks of New York III,* which documents more than 1,000 historic sites. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); $5.

Sixth Annual Poetry Publication Showcase—Through 5/9: An exhibit celebrating National Poetry Month. Poets House, 72 Spring St. (431-7920); free.

"Return Address: Revisiting Exposures"—Through 4/23: An exhibition of photographs by Israeli artist Margalit Mannor. 92nd St. Y, Weill Art Gallery, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); free.

Bridging New York—Through 6/28: Selections from the museum's painting, print, and photographic collections dealing with the city's bridges. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5 suggested contribution.

"Proudly We Served"—Through 9/5: Photographs, artifacts, and models commemorating 200 years of service by African-American veterans. Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum, Pier 86, W. 46th St. (957-7055); $10.

New York From Above: An Aerial View—Through 6/14: An exhibit of 26 paintings by contemporary artist and geographer Spelman Evans Downer that chart the evolution of Greater Gotham over the past 100 years. His work depicts historical landscapes before extensive urbanization and also includes space-age satellite views of Manhattan. The Museum of the City of

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
METS		CAL SC 7:30PM	HOU FSNY 7:40PM	HOU FSNY 7:40PM	CIN WOR 7:40PM	CIN FSNY 1:40PM	CIN FSNY 1:40PM
YANKEES	TOR MSG 7PM	TOR MSG 7PM	TOR MSG 7PM		DET MSG 7PM	DET MSG 1PM	DET MSG 1PM
METROSTARS						SJ ABC 2PM	
	4/20	4/21	4/2	4/23	4/24	4/25	4/26

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5 suggested contribution.

"A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades"—Through 1/10/99: Mini-floats, paraphernalia, and photographs celebrating cultural identity in New York. City Partners Gallery at the Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5 suggested contribution.

"Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898"—Through 6/28: The show features stars, costumes, and a set of models reflecting Broadway 100 years ago. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5.

"The New Metropolis: New York, 1898–1998"—Through 12/1: A yearlong exhibition commemorating the consolidation of the five boroughs. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—Looking for somewhere new to surf? Follow the links in "Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) to a new Website every day. This week: Get all your medical questions answered from Mayo Health O@sis; shop the city's finest at the Made in New York Store; place your order for computer art at SVA's Club Sandwich; find the perfect wedding photographer at The Knot; and make the most of your window box with the help of Garden Escape. And don't forget to stick around www.nymag.com to take advantage of all our other great stuff, like selected articles from the current issue and a searchable "Cue" section. Plus, see our Web exclusives: daily picks of New York events in "Vanessa Takes Manhattan," "First Words" for browsing the latest books, and our new Subscriber Service Center.

Sports

Earth Day Ride—4/22 at 6 P.M.: A "traffic calming ride" sponsored by Time's Up. Meet at Sixth Avenue and Central Park South entrance. Picnic in Strawberry Fields to follow. Call 802-8222 for information.

Trevira Twosome—4/25 at 10:30 A.M.: The country's premier couples race. Combined times determine the winners of a two-mile race and a 10K run. Call 860-4455 for information.

Marathon Lineup—4/26 at noon: Almost as competitive as the marathon itself is the annual lineup for applications. As many as 8,000 will wait patiently from West Drive at 67th Street to West 81st St. Get there early—it's first come, first served. Call 860-4455 for information.

In Print

The Crash of 1998

Shirley Lord's new potboiler, *The Crasher* (Warner Books), features a fashion designer and a father-son set of newspapermen. Only natural, since Lord is a longtime beauty editor and her husband is A. M. Rosenthal of the New York *Times*. But since Lord's a social regular herself, one has to wonder, *why a novel about party crashers?*

New York: **You didn't plan to write a book on a crasher, did you?**

Lord: No, I went to see my publisher, the late Brandon Tartikoff, with an idea about a gossip columnist who was a kleptomaniac. He suggested a would-be actress/crasher who saw someone like Mike Ovitz pushed off a roof.

New York: **Was that wishful thinking?**

Lord: I don't know. [*Laughs.*] He wanted me to merge my idea with his. So the kleptomaniac got lost. Then I met Tom Constantine, the new head of the Drug Enforcement Administration, and got totally fascinated with the work they were doing. So the crasher, the gossip columnist, and the drug business all became parts of the plot.

New York: **Crashing isn't exactly polite. Was it hard to make Ginny, your heroine, sympathetic?**

Lord: In New York now, the Learning Annex teaches Gatecrashing 101. It seems as if this is okay, but she's doing something I don't really approve of. So in the book, Ginny has a real reason to crash: She's a wonderful fashion designer and she wants to get her designs in the press. But I had to show that crashing doesn't pan out. So there's a murder and only she and the murderer know who did it.

New York: **Have you ever crashed yourself?**

Lord: I'm of the school that says, 'Love to be asked, hate to go.' But I did crash an office when I was young, trying to get a job on the *Daily Express*. I went with full bravado and said I had an appointment with the editor. Behind me, I saw him come in and I followed him into his office. I didn't get the job; I got a bit of a lecture.

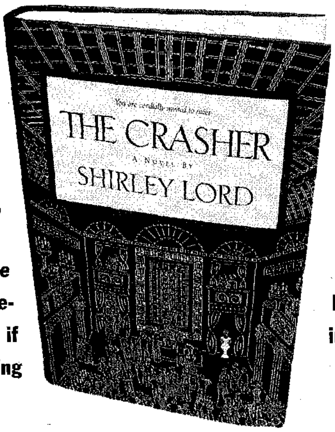
New York: **Any advice for wannabe crashers?**

Lord: It's very easy at charity events, particularly if you've got the right look, some good-looking clothes, and don't ever make the mistake of grandstanding. It's astonishing, even at $1,000 a ticket, how often there are empty places.

New York: **And have you ever hosted a crasher?**

Lord: In fact, at my book party last week at the Madison Avenue Bookshop, there were two! To my surprise and embarrassment, I have to tell you, I felt quite indignant.

MICHAEL GROSS



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Gaunt...Elliott Smith...Rock Symphony

Concerts

Erykah Badu—On her recent live CD, Badu gets even slinkier and funkier than on her debut. Stripped down to just keyboard, bass, and drums, her music is even more sparsely beautiful, her voice even more in the spotlight, and her new songs even more slyly sexy than the old ones. Whether a live show at Radio City will resemble the intimate club date at which the album was recorded is anyone's guess, but it should entrance, regardless. 4/20–4/21 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, Avenue of the Americas at 50th St. (307-7171). $32–$52.*

British Rock Symphony & Choir—Under the auspices of the improbably paired Paul Schaffer (conductor) and Bill Parcells (emcee), the latest installment in a grand and ludicrous tradition offers orchestral renditions of classic-rock chestnuts from the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, the Who, Led Zeppelin, and Pink Floyd. Living dinosaur Peter Frampton, Mountain frontman Leslie West, and Ringo Starr offspring Zak Starkey join the Jurassic-rock piggy-pile. 4/22 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (496-7070). $25–$50.*

Jonatha Brooke—The Lilith Fair–inspired rush to find folky females has happily brought this unusually named singer-songwriter out of the East Village clubs and into the limelight. Her recent *10¢ Wings,* just released by MCA, offers literate observation and pop hooks in just the right proportions. On electronically tinged tracks (like "Crumbs"), Brooke sounds as though she's been listening to British electro-folkie (and sometime Chemical Brothers collaborator) Beth Orton. Brooke isn't quite in Orton's league yet—but at least she's obviously got good taste. 4/24 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $27.50.*

Paula Cole—Like Jonatha Brooke, Cole owes her success largely to Sarah McLachlan's roving femme-fest. But she's also got a bit of Alanis Morissette's edgy restlessness—and a tone-deaf streak that makes her hits mostly intolerable caterwauling. 4/23 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (496-7070). $27.50–$35.*

Kathakali Dance of India—4/24 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400). $20.*

"Making Music 1998: Gunther Schuller"—The scholar and composer, joined by Joe Lovano, Ted Nash, and others. 4/22 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 157 W. 57th St. (248-7800). $30.*

Music & Dance of Central Asia—4/25 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400). $25.*

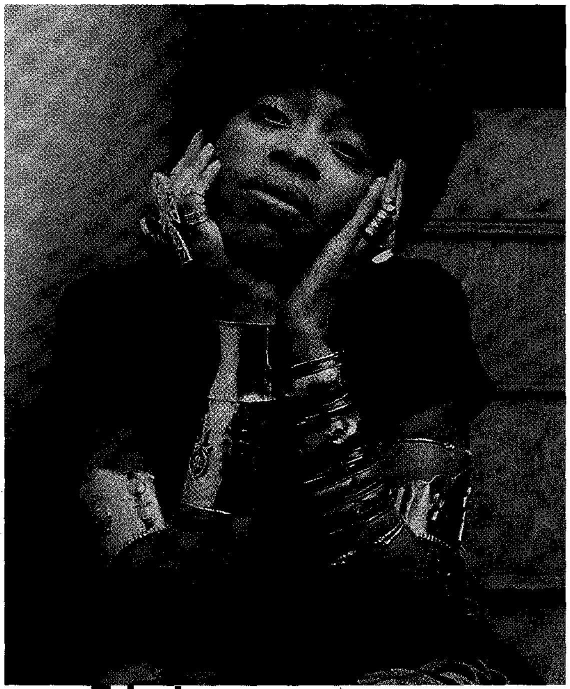
"Rainforest Foundation Gala Benefit"—Billy Joel, Elton John, Sting, James Taylor, and others give up the ecologically minded fogy-rock for a good cause. 4/27 at 7 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 157 W. 57th St. (248-7800). $25–$40.*

"Speak No Evil: The Music of Wayne Shorter"—With this retrospective, Shorter, who didn't receive writing credit for a lot of the Miles Davis tunes he wrote, will be on hand to get his due from Wynton and the Jazz at Lincoln Center gang. 4/23 and 4/25 at 8 P.M. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500). $37.50.*

"Ska Against Racism"—Less Than Jake, the Toasters, Mustard Plug, Five Iron Frenzy, MU330, Kemuri, and other latter-day "ska" bands rank and skank to raise money for the ongoing two-tone crusade. 4/23 at 5:15 P.M. *Roseland, 235 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $17–$18.*

Clubland

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 4/21: Larry Loftin; Mila Drumke. 4/22: Hamell on Trial; Professor & Mary Ann; Joy Askew. 4/23: Fontaine. 4/24: Life in a Blender; Kitty in a Tree; Cardinal Woolsey; Baby Steps. 4/25: Hot Water. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*



Talent

Soul Mama

The last time Erykah Badu played New York, she was hugely pregnant and recording a live album in front of a few hundred intimates. Having recently delivered both son and disc, the diva returns to performance in high style, April 20 and 21 at Radio City Music Hall.

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 4/23: The House Jacks; Sean Altman & the Groove Barbers. 4/24: Rinde Eckert; Scrappy Jud Newcomb, Matthew Ryan, Pierce Turner. 4/25: Annie Haslam. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's Stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. Dig the swanky new basement lounge. 4/24: After a bad, scuzzy, blues-rock foray into the world of major label rock, New York's Royal Trux have returned to their musical and business roots. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 4/21: Queen Bee & the Blue Hornet Band. 4/22: Larry Burton. 4/23: Jon Paris. 4/26: Shari Pine. 4/27: David Eddy. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 4/24: Los Gusanos. 4/25–4/26: Nashville Pussy; Gaunt. 4/30: Shift; Man Will Surrender. 5/1: The Business. 5/2: ? & the Mysterians. 5/9: Mr. T Experience; Teen Idols. 5/13: Chrome Cranks. 5/14: 2 Skinnee J's. 5/15: Trans Am; the Low Numbers. 5/16: Storied rock-and-roll dance party "Green Door NYC" returns from the dead for a rump-shaking reunion. 5/23: King Diamond; Pit Bull Daycare. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Continental—A dark, grimy, shotgun shack of a rock club, hosting some of New York's hardest-working rock bands and attended by scroungy hipsters and willful lowlifes—basically St. Marks under a roof. Look for cameos by D Generation and Joey Ramone, who lives in the nabe. *25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924).*

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 4/22: Dujious. 4/24: Groove Collective. 4/25: Loup Garou; Bobby Floyd. 4/29: Spaceheads. 5/1: X-Ecutioners. 5/2: Shinehead. 5/4: Godspeed, You Black Emperor. 5/11: Rita Ackerman. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts sophisto rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Fridays, the gay bacchanalia SqueezeBox takes over. Alternate Saturdays see the retro-music hodgepodge party "Lo-Fi," at which jump-blues, ska, and surf-rock bands rub shoulders. *511 Greenwich St. (219-2850). $.*

Fast Folk Cafe—One of the city's best folk venues, and the home of a public-access TV show dedicated to bringing the music right to your living room. *41 N. Moore St. (274-1636). $.*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. Wednesday's "Stella" offers some of the finest young stand-up talent in

Photograph courtesy of Universal Records.

the city. 4/21: Dave's True Story. 4/22: Loser's Lounge tribute to Nancy & Lee. 4/24: Lloyd Cole & the Negatives; Fisherman's Stew; David Poe. 4/25: Toshi Reagon. 4/26: Shequida. 4/28: Paul Rudderman; Heather Keller; Ké. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

rving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 4/23: Tori Amos (sold out). 4/24: The Bogmen. 4/25: Boris Grebenshikov & Aquarium. 4/27: Indigo Girls; Leslie Nuchow; Michelle Malone; Marilyn 5. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 4/21: Diamanda Galás first made her name with tortured, high-pitched "Malediction & Prayer: Concert for the Damned" offers a selection of tunes from the goth diva's pop-heavy Asphodel Records debut. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Life—Okay, we give. It *is* the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers aren't? Wednesday night's "Lust For Life" gets you in touch with your inner rock-and-roll rump-shaker. *158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues. 4/22: Smokin Joe Kubek. 4/23–4/24: Hiram Bullock with Lee and Clint Deganon. 4/25: Carl Weathersby. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 4/21: Lisa Hogan; Eric Stuart; Julia Greenberg, Settie. 4/22: Jenni Muldaur; Blake Morgan; Stacy Wilde. 4/23: Mark Anthony Thompson; Circus Guy; Keeta Speed; Jules Verdone. 4/24: Faith; Sam Bisbee; Chris Brown & Kate Fenner; Bell; Jennifer Smith. 4/25: Peter Salett; Chris Harford. 4/26: Pat McGee. 4/27: Francis Dunnery; Dorothy Scott; Delta Shoals; Mysteries of Life. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all past visitors. *375 Third Ave. at 27th St. (683-6500).*

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. Chris Combette performs every Friday at 11 P.M. 4/20: Orquestra Reve. 4/21: Sound System: Stone Love. 4/22: Nestor Torres. 4/23: Bosso Novo Band and Batucada. 4/24: Angela Bofill, Zin. 4/25: Juliana Aquino. 4/27: Charanga Habanera. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Every Friday and Saturday, the Tony Corbiscello Big Band gets the room swinging, lindy-hopping, and otherwise engaging in social behaviors of yesteryear (look for guest appearances by John Pizzarelli and other bona fide big names), after which the next generation takes over, to ever-more-vigorous dancing. Too much pooped to hop? Take a load off in the upstairs Blue Room Lounge. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 4/22: Though Elliott Smith currently lives in Brooklyn, his first show in New York since he played the Oscars is only a sort-of homecoming. He's a northwesterner by upbringing and disposition, a New Yorker by chance. This club show should at least be a welcome relief after the anxiety induced by seeing Smith wedged uncomfortably between Trisha Yearwood and Celine Dion on the Shrine Auditorium stage last month. (see box, next page). 4/23: Mike Ireland and Holler. 4/24: John Hammond; Little Charlie & the Nightcats; Duke Robillard. 4/28: Das EFX. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Webster Hall—The big advertisements outside the far end of the Midtown Tunnel for this place really say it all: If you're entering Manhattan by tunnel (or, by implication, by bridge), you're our demo. *125 E. 11th St. (353-1600).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Sunday is the long-running drum-and-bass extravaganza "Konkrete Jungle." 4/22: Chris Whitley; Michelle Malone. 4/23: Nancy Boy; Episonic. 4/24–4/25: Merl Saunders & the Rainforest Band. 4/26: Dick Dale. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Talent

The Kids Are Alright

Columbus, Ohio's Gaunt got its start with scrappy, catchy punk-pop ditties like "Fuck the Rich Kids." Older, wiser, and slightly less contentious, the foursome treats Coney Island High audiences to its latest batch of three-minute anthems April 25 and 26.

Windows on the World—At Tuesday night's "Sway," D.J.'s Angola and Conrad get the party people jumping to hip-hop sounds from yesterday, today, and tomorrow. Every Wednesday, "Strato-Lounge" turns the "Greatest Bar on Earth" into a full-on cocktail-nation freakfest. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).*

Jazz

Birdland—More comfortable than the Blue Note, swankier than the Vanguard, and proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra blows the roof off the joint. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays, the Duke Ellington Orchestra (conducted by 19-year-old Paul Ellington) delves into the late, great bandleader's songbook. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. 4/22: Avishai Cohen. 4/23–4/25: John Hicks/Elise Wood Sextet. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 4/22–4/26: Betty Carter & Her Trio. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the final six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Iridium—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 4/21–4/26: Kevin Mahogany. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Jazz at Noon—East midtown's long-running, Friday-afternoon jam session—where Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, and Elvin Jones have all been visiting scholars—returns for its thirty-third season, with the usual high-caliber house band. Noon–2:30 P.M. 4/24: Gail Wynters. 5/15: Joe Temperley. $5 cover. *San Martin Restaurant, 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888).*

The Jazz Standard—Midtown south's newest, biggest, and happeningest hangout for hard-boppers and the men and women who love them. You can't hear the bands from the swanky first-floor restaurant, but the basement club's modified menu should more than suffice. 4/21–4/26: Antonio Hart Quartet. Sets Sun. and Tues.–Thurs. at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; $10–$15 cover on weekdays, $15–$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. While no amount of imagination can render the institutional, linoleum-tile décor any more inviting than your average mass feed-trough, the concept *is* fairly happening. 4/24: Phillip Johnston's Transparent Quartet. *11 W. 53rd St. (708-0480).*

Red Blazer—Reopened in a new spot, the famed Theater District jazzerie continues to offer up fine sounds. Mondays: Sam Ulano and the Bourbon St. Swingers. Tuesdays: Kelly Freizin Jazz Band. Wednesdays: New Yorkers Big Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin and His Swing Sextet. Fridays: Lenore Raphael and the Dukes. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell Jazz Quintet. *32 W. 37th St. (262-3112).*

Showman's Cafe—Harlem's subtly wonderful jazz club, where you can always get a table and the jukebox is one of the best in the city. Every Thursday, sixties organ great Reuben Wilson leads his heady trio. Sets at 10 P.M., midnight, and 2 A.M. No cover; two-drink minimum. *2321 Eighth Ave., bet. 124th and 125th Sts. (864-8941). $.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, Jason Lindner's youthful, Ellington-meets-Mingus big band. Tuesdays, cerebral and atmospheric guitarist Kurt Rosenwinkel leads his quartet. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sun-

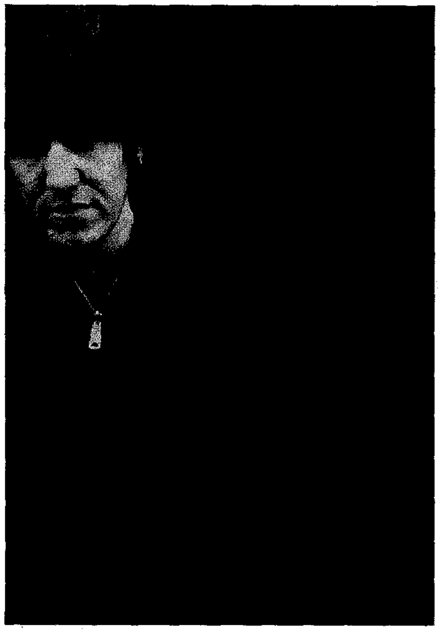
Photograph by Sonya Koscoff.

days, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 4/21–4/26: Sonny Fortune Quartet. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 4/21–4/26: Roy Merriwether Duo. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. 4/21–4/26: Leon Parker Quartet. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Zinc Bar—A tiny subterranean hideout, sheltered from bustling Houston Street by heavy red drapes. Weeknights, sets at 10 P.M., midnight, and 2 A.M.; weekends at 11 P.M., 12:30 and 2 A.M. Mondays, the Ron Affif Trio. Fridays: Raf Astor's flamenco band. Saturdays: Marianne Ebert's Brazilian-jazz quartet. *90 W. Houston St. (477-8337). $.*



Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. 4/24–4/28: Kenny Davern, John Bunch, and Tony DeNicola. Shows Mon.–Sat. at 8 P.M. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Mondays: Open-mike night hosted by David J. Tuesday–Thursday, shows at 9:30 P.M. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians," with shows at 8, 10, and midnight. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays and Tuesdays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 4/23–4/26: Marc Cohen. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—Chelsea's high-class variety showplace offers sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and music—all in a theater vaguely reminiscent of the old *Late Night With David Letterman* set. Friday's "The Big Bad Music Show" explores that riskiest of all entertainment territory, humor rock. 4/23: "The Chelsea/Clinton Music Jam," with Mood Ring, Jeff Lyons, and Jabber & Jam. 4/24: Susie Essman; Marc Maron. 4/25: Mike Royce; Marc Maron; Greg Fitzsimmons; Susie Essman. Shows Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. *253 W. 28th St., (244-3005).*

Chicago City Limits—The long-running and much-ballyhooed troupe, performing its latest, "@ChicagoCityLimits.comedy." Wed.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M., Fri.–Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. $20 cover. *Chicago City Limits Theatre, 1105 First Ave., at 61st St. (888-LAFF).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 4/20–4/26: Dane Cooke; Wanda Wykes-Hall; Macio; Mike Estime; Pete Coreale. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and 12 A.M.; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Talent

Mr. Misery

With his major-label debut in the can—and a nail-bitingly tense Oscar performance behind him—Elliott Smith brings his quietly tuneful folk punk to Tramps, April 22.

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. Through 4/5: Joe Mulligan; Jim Gaffigan; Max Dolcelli. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 4/24–4/25: Paul Michael Mercurio; Ian Bagg; Elon Gold. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 4/24–4/25: Joe Mulligan; Vanessa Hollingshead; Rich Voss. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Through 5/2: Peter Mintun. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Through 5/2, the incomparable Barbara Cook sings. Tues.–Sat. Every Monday, *Wild Man Blues* star Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $50 (25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Singer-pianist Kathleen Landis. $12 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (940-8195).*

Delia's—A plush café whose brass railings and velvet upholstery seem strangely out of place—dare we say Upper East Side?—in its east-of-A location. 4/23: Elvis Sinatra, a.k.a. George Leonard, serves up a mean, slinky Las Vegas grind. $5 cover. *197 E. 3rd St. (254-9184).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? Saturdays through 5/30: Steven Brinberg's "Simply Barbra" fetishizes Brooklyn's most reclusive daughter. 4/26: George Osborne presents "Attack of the Killer Showtunes." $10–$15 cover, two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788). $.*

Duplex Cabaret—Fridays at 10 P.M. 4/25–4/26: Young British Hooligans. 4/27: Deviant Salad in "Tossed." *61 Christopher St. (255-5438).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery. Through 5/2: Nancy Dussault. Tues.–Thurs., sets at 9 P.M. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $40 cover; two-drink minimum. *363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).*

Michael's Pub—Julie Wilson's standing-room-only show at the recently relocated boîte has been extended into an open-ended run. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $20 cover, Tues.–Thurs.; $25 cover Fri.–Sat. $15 minimum. *Bill's Gay '90s, 57 E. 54th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Michael Feinstein knows his Gershwin: He devoted his early professional years to the songwriting team (as Ira's assistant in the late seventies), dedicated his most recent album to the brothers (*Nice Work If You Can Get It*), even offered his car's license plate as an homage (SWNDR-FL). And now he's spending a month fêting the pair. The learned, understated tenor's set runs the gamut from George's first published song to his last. And accompanying the headliner for three songs will be the composer himself, courtesy of high-tech incarnations of piano rolls he recorded in the twenties. Now, *that's* fascinating rhythm. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. $50 cover. Through 4/25. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—Thursdays through May, comic, singer, dancer, and pianist Mark Nadler performs numbers from his 3,000-song repertoire of standards, show tunes, and other theater-district fare ($15 cover). Fridays, John Malino's combo plays jazz standards (no cover). $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

"Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know"—In the tradition of *Forbidden Broadway* comes Stan Freeman and Jay Leonhart's new broad slapstick-'n'-show-tunes revue. Zeroing in on tourism's wacky cross-cultural misunderstandings may not be quite the precision exercise the old West 72nd Street warhorse's fearless parodizing was. But does anybody go to dinner theater expecting subtlety? Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8 P.M.; Sat. at 7:30 and 10:30 P.M.; Sun. at 3 and 7:30 P.M. $40 cover. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Spy Bar—Every Sunday night, this scarily trendy SoHo joint hosts "Flick6ix," whose drag-king and -queen hosts show campy films and stage appropriately themed live entertainment. 4/26: "Blow-Up," with Mick Jagger's brilliant *Performance*, *Zabriskie Point*, and *Blow-Up*. $5 cover. *101 Greene St. (343-9000).*

Bars

B. Bar—Formerly known as the Bowery Bar, this boxy ex-gas station cloisters the giddy hipsters within a very cool lounge inspired by a fifties-era Miami Holiday Inn. Monday nights, trombonist Craig Harris leads a rotating cast of top-notch jazz heads through some distinctly non-loungey changes. *358 Bowery, at 4th St. (475-2220).*

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. This swank mausoleum has thirteen different martinis on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

The View Lounge—What can you say about a rotating bar hundreds of feet above Times Square? In spite of—or because of—its utterly impersonal ambience, it's a classic, and well worth the exorbitantly high prices. One of the rare venues where motion sickness may set in before you catch a cab home. *Marriott Marquis, 1535 Broadway, at 45th St., forty-eighth floor (398-1900).*

Photograph by Danny Clinch.

in concert

Alfred Brendel at Carnegie Hall

Classical Music

Wednesday, April 22

Parnassus and the New York Virtuoso Singers—Perform works by Bartók, Ligeti, others. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $12.*

Thursday, April 23

New York Philharmonic—Performs Williams, Britten, and Elgar; Sir Colin Davis, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 8; $20–$75.*

Genevieve Lee, Piano—Performs works by Debussy, Dutilleux, Hui, and Bodin. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $12.*

Bargemusic—Quintet performances of Bach, Schubert, and Mozart. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $20–$30.*

Friday, April 24

New York Pops—Performs music by Gershwin; Skitch Henderson, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

Theodora Hanslowe, Mezzo-Soprano—Performs songs by Chausson, Schoenberg, Gershwin, others. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $30.*

New York Philharmonic—See 4/23.

Saturday, April 25

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—Performs Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*; David Randolph, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $14–$42.*

Previews

Sighs Matter

Some folks might say that the only cultural icons coming out of Russia these days are figure skaters. Don't believe them. St. Petersburg's Kirov Opera has risen over the past ten years to become one of the most recorded, traveled, and talked-about opera companies in the world. Credit goes to Valery Gergiev, both the Kirov's indefatigable director and—in the rarefied circles where conductors are gossiped about—something of a sex symbol. Gergiev typically conducts the company 110 nights each year, a schedule far more hectic than any major-league musical conductor's. The prodigious touring schedule is necessary to maintain not only the Kirov's international reputation but also its income, since the government usually fails to come up with most of its *promised subsidies. This peripatetic existence may be exhausting for Gergiev,* but it's a boon for Western audiences rarely treated to most of the works in the company's repertory, four of which will open at the Metropolitan Opera this week—*Prokofiev's Betrothal in a Monastery* (pictured), Glinka's *Ruslan and Lyudmila,* Tchaikovsky's *Mazeppa,* and Borodin's *Prince Igor.* And opening night, April 23, brings a history-making event: The choruses of the Met and the Kirov will be combined for the first time ever, to perform selections from *The Queen of Spades* and *Eugene Onegin.* See listings for details. **VANESSA GRIGORIADIS**

Lautus Chamber Orchestra—Performs Barber, Copland, and Mozart. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8:30; $20.*

New York Philharmonic—See 4/23.

Sunday, April 26

Felicity Lott, Soprano—Performs Poulenc, R. Strauss, Barber, and Britten. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 2; $35.*

Alfred Brendel, Piano—Performs Haydn, Mozart, and Schubert. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $18–$70.*

Bargemusic—See 4/23, at 4.

Monday, April 27

Orchestra Philharmonique de Monte-Carlo—Performs Berlioz, Rachmaninoff, and Mendelssohn; James De Priest, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 7:30; $25–$45.*

El Exilio Musical y Su Legado—Performances by the American Composers Orchestra and others of Halffter, La Vista, and De Falla. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $15.*

Opera

Kirov Opera—Performs Borodin's *Prince Igor,* 4/24 at 7:30, 4/25 at 12:30, and 4/27 at 7:30; Prokofiev's *Betrothal in a Monastery,* 4/25 at 7:30; and Glinka's *Ruslan and Lyudmila,* 4/29 at 7:30. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $25–$200.*

New York City Opera—Performs Britten's *Paul Bunyan,* 4/22 at 7:30 and 4/25 at 1:30; and Bizet's *Carmen,* 4/21 and 4/23 at 7:30, 4/26 at 1:30. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $20–$85.*

Village Light Opera Group—Performs Irving Berlin's *Call Me Madam,* 4/23–4/25 at 8. *Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. (279-4200); $15–$25.*

Amato Opera—Performs Puccini's *Tosca,* 4/25 at 7:30 and 4/26 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $20.*

DiCapo Opera—Performs Puccini's *La Rondine,* 4/23–4/26 at 8 and 4/26 at 3. *184 E. 76th St. (288-9438); $75.*

Photograph by Victor Baranovsky.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

kids

Mud Pies...Roots...Pooh

Children's Events

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Pile of Beans—A chance for devotees of all ages to buy, sell, and talk obsessively about all things Beanie, the **BEANIE BABIES FESTIVAL** will include a talk by "Beanieologist" Jackie Wolf, with tips for kid-collectors on a tight budget. 4/26 from 10 to 4. Adria Hotel and Conference Center, 220-33 Northern Blvd., Bayside, N.Y. (212-979-2532). Admission is $6 for adults, $3 for kids under 12, and $10 "early bird" admission for those who want first crack.

Tree Story—Children are invited to attend a poetic Earth Day event at **TIME LANDSCAPE** that can also be seen as a celebration of possibilities of all sorts—political, artistic, and personal. Twenty years ago, sculptor Alan Sonfist—who grew up playing in virgin forest in the South Bronx—planted a 200-by-45-foot precolonial and primordial forest with a group of volunteers on a SoHo street corner. Today, sponsored by the Center for Art and Earth, Inc., and the City of New York Parks and Recreation Department, the wildflowers and sassafras trees, indigenous grasses and juniper, hickory, and cedar trees have literally taken root. A celebration of the little woods in the big city takes place 4/22 from 10 to 2. A rededication ceremony, with Parks Commissioner Henry Stern and Alan Sonfist in attendance, will be held at 11:30. Corner of Houston St. and LaGuardia Pl. ●●

The Great Gilly Hopkins—Katherine Paterson's novel about a feisty 11-year-old orphan premieres as a musical, staged by her son David. Composer Steve Liebman's songs include "No Big Deal," "Big Mouth," and "Pow." (The novel, one of the twenty best-selling children's books of all time, has been banned from many libraries because of its protagonist's liberal use of curse words.) Through 4/26. **NEW VICTORY THEATER,** 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200); $10–$25.●

Bear of Little Brain—*A Winnie-the-Pooh Birthday Tail* at the **TRIBECA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER** welcomes youngsters to the "100 Aker Wood." Cleveland Signstage Theatre's production weaves spoken English and American Sign Language in a production that purports to impress on audiences "the value of friendship, loyalty, and the art of good snacking." 4/25 at 1:30. 199 Chambers St. (346-8510). Tickets are $13, $8 for children.●

Earth, Wind, and Flowers—Make glorious "mud masterpieces" at **WAVE HILL'S** Earth Day tribute to the mother of us all. This first in a series of three monthly "Spring Sensations" offers visitors to the 28-acre estate a two-day "Seeds and Seedlings" gardening workshop, stories, and a "Polar Connections" program via the American Museum of Natural History's Movable Museum. For visitors ages 3 and up. 4/25, 1–4, and 4/26, noon–4. Call for a specific schedule. 675 W. 252nd St. (718-549-3200). Admission is $4, $2 for students and seniors.●

Kids' Opera Jam—A real magic show: Taking kids' suggestions from the audience, Play It By Ear, a group of seven fearless performers whose reputation precedes them, concoct music, lyrics, and plot. Presto, an opera made to order. For children ages 8 to 12. 4/26 at 3. **AMERICAN OPERA PROJECT,** 463 Broome St., bet. Greene and Mercer Sts. (330-7790).●

Lost and Found—Al E.Gator hosts **THE PUPPET COMPANY'S** story about a lost doll, which includes a demonstration on how to build a puppet. Weekends at 11, 1, and 3, through April 26. 31 Union Sq. West, Loft 2B (741-1646). Reservations required; $7.50.●

Close Shave—Net-surfing city kids can see sheep shearing at **PROSPECT PARK WILDLIFE CENTER** and stroll afterward with **LEFFERTS HOMESTEAD** educators to the 200-year-old Colonial Homestead next door for an afternoon of washing, carding, and spinning demonstrations. Shearing is at Wildlife Center/Zoo at Prospect Park along Flatbush Ave., nr. Empire Blvd., 4/25 at 2:30 and 4/26 at 1:30 and 3:30; zoo admission is $2.50, $1.25 seniors, 50 cents children 3 to 12. The "Linsey-woolsey" workshops at the Homestead, located between the Wildlife Center and the Carousel, are on 4/25 and 4/26 from 1 to 4; admission is free.●

"Kids to Kids"—The second of two weekends of free cultural events that annually showcase the dance, music, and theater talents of Bronx youngsters includes the Mind Buildings' Positive Youth Troupe and Columbus High School Jazz Band and Concert Choir's mixture of classical and popular songs, at Lehman College's **LOVINGER THEATRE.** Free tickets are distributed starting two hours before performances (4/24–4/26). 250 Bedford Park Blvd. West. For further information, call 718-960-8833.●

Turn the Beat Around—A percussive program of exploding balloons, clanging metal garbage cans, and Bach's *Fugue in G Minor* is **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY'S** final concert of its spring series. 4/25 at 11 and 1. Lincoln Center's Avery Fisher Hall (704-2100). Tickets are $15–$32. (Afterward, the 1998 Annual Family Benefit Party will be held on the Grand Promenade; tickets are $150, $475 for a family package.)●

Beyond Circus—At **CIRQUE DU SOLEIL'S** idiosyncratic *Quidam,* an artsy circus mostly for grown-up audiences, both champagne and cotton candy are sold during intermission. Battery Park City through 6/14. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 6 and 9:30, Sat. at 4:30 and 8:30, and Sun. at 1 and 5; call 800-678-5440. Tickets are $31.50–$59.50 for adults, $15.71–$41.75 for children (tax is included in ticket price).

Hands On—Kids can just watch—or learn how to make assemblage jewelry, pop-up puppets, and other items with professional craftspeople at workshops for kids held at **MEDIA D'ARTE'S** Spring Designer Arts Showcase. Workshops run periodically between 11:30 and 5:15 on 4/25, and between 1 and 4:15 on 4/26. Gramercy Park Armory, 26th St. and Lexington Ave. (800-660-1045); $5 materials fee.●

East Meets West—**THE ASIA SOCIETY'S** family day includes light-hearted animated films, and storytelling. 4/26 from 1 to 4.725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA); $5.●

Tales of Timbuktu—African animated shorts based on legends are shown to live percussive accompaniment—part of **WALTER READE THEATER'S** "Reel to Real" series. Also on the program—which links many African cultures—are storytelling and video kinetic art, with a rhythmic presentation of kinetic art by Samia Halaby. The program, encourages audience participation. 4/26 at 11 and 1:30. Lincoln Center Plaza (875-5370); $8.50 for adults, $5 for kids under 16.●

Happening
Bean Counters

With rumors swirling across elementary-school playgrounds that a record 30 Beanie Babies will be "retired" by manufacturer Ty on May 1, this week's Beanie Babies Festival in Queens promises to be rife with speculators both large and small. The baby-blue elephant "Peanut" sells for about $7 in stores, but his long-discontinued royal-blue twin is now valued at $5,000. So collectors would be well-advised to pay close attention to self-described "Beanieologist" Jackie Wolf's talk on the subject of distinguishing counterfeits from the genuine stuffed animal. April 26, ten to four. See listings.

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

Cue

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Editor

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Patricia Falvo
Movies

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Sports

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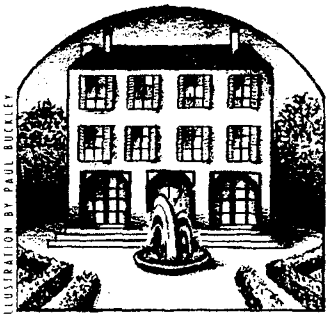
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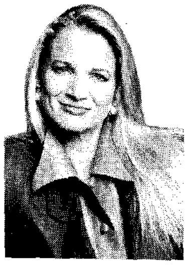

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Single, Sunny, Successful—White Catholic female, early 30s, 5'6", slim, attractive, seeks established, fit, warm, self-assured, white Catholic male who enjoys outdoor sports, NYC life and good company. Note/photo. 3358 ✉

Beautiful, Bright, Charming Woman—29, with penchant for life's adventures, seeks emotionally intelligent, Jewish, NYC, ambitious, confident man, 30s, 5'9" plus, with golden heart, soul to share all the fun. Note/photo. 3343 ✉ ☎

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Vixen Wanted—Carefree, spontaneous, uninhibited, casual. Virile, athletic, handsome Wall Street gentleman. Well-bred. Classy. Phone/note/photo. 3297✉

Investment Opportunity—Some women have turned me on with their body, a few with their brains and even fewer with their humor. But, *so far I haven't found one* incredible woman who can do it all, so perhaps this ad will find her. The required basics: Jewish, 30s (under 40), petite, thin (size 2 or 4), no kids yet (we'll do that *together), accomplished* (business or professionally) yet a bit traditional, and, of course, great humor and intelligence. If that's you, please make the investment to write a special letter (photo would help). The possible return on your investment is a partnership with a phenomenally successful businessman who also just happens to be charming, warm, emotional, handsome, 5'8", trim, nonsmoker, 46, divorced, no kids, no baggage, down-to-earth and really unpretentious about self-made wealth, and, of course, Jewish, *intelligent and humorous.* 3317✉

A Perfect "10"—Classy, successful MD, very attractive, sexy, intelligent, romantic, well-traveled (loves music, opera, antiques and more), 5'2", size 4. Looking for a man of substance, 45-60, successful, kind, generous, to share beauty of life and love. Note/photo appreciated. 3299✉

Handsome, Unpretentious DDS, 35—European-born, athletic, health-conscious. Seeks a *serious relationship* with a pretty yet down-to-earth young lady (20s). Note/photo. 3309✉☎

Handsome Professional Male—Who's active, witty, outgoing, romantic, fit and family-oriented. *Interests: dining, travel,* outdoor sports and friends. Seeks female best friend, 25-30, similar interests. Letter and photo. 3273✉

Adventuress Seeks Adventurer—Very pretty Jewish female, 32, in search of handsome friend/partner for whitewater rafting, hiking, diving, mountain bike riding. Must have desire for fun and *the means to travel.* Note/phone/photo, please. 3303✉

Radiant, Very Pretty Mom Of One—Loves outdoors, looking for friendly entrepreneur type, Jewish male, 37-43, who likes Seinfeld. 3351✉

Smile—Nice, good-looking Jewish dentist, 42, 5'6", interested in meeting a lovely lady with whom to share a beautiful life together. Likes children, family gatherings, tennis, movies, dancing, dining out and lots of vacations. Note and photo would be appreciated. 3307✉

Manhattan Mensch—Emotionally and physically healthy, financially secure, good-looking, wants to find a Jewish version of his best friend. Must be cerebral, witty, caring, pretty, stable and fun-loving, 38 plus. 3315✉☎

Searching For Love And Romance—Successful, handsome, very fit, 5'7", 40, 150 lbs. Homes: East Hampton, NYC, Millbrook. Seeks beautiful model, 25-35, family oriented, traditional values, for lasting relationship. Note, phone and recent photo a must. Will supply same. 3334✉

Intelligent, Accomplished—Single white male, tall, handsome, 51. Physics PhD, successful career in finance. Diverse *intellectual interests (science, history).* Loves classical music (particularly chamber music). Enjoys books, film, travel. Seeks a highly intelligent, highly educated, accomplished, slim, attractive woman with honesty, independence, a sense of style and a joyous sense of life, 30-45, nonreligious, nonsmoker. Note/photo. 3293✉☎

Spanish/Romantic Woman Seeks Love—37, 5'7", 135 lbs, divorced, in search of a friend, lover and companion who will make me rediscover love. He has to be in his 40s, tall and fit, have a charming *personality, sense of humor and, most* importantly, be easygoing. 3316✉

He—Fun-loving, good-looking guy, 61 (looks and acts a lot younger), loves you, tennis, golf and all the usual stuff you see in these ads. Is a good friend and listener who wants to share his love, lust and life with a special woman. She: happy, funny (sexy is great, too), 44-60, under 5'6", who feels one plus one can be three. Note and recent photo, please. NJ/NYC preferred. 3345✉

Handsome, Elegant, Kind, Secure—Seeks slender, educated lady, 50s. Dance, theater, travel... Photo/note. 3300✉

Conservative Catholic Gentleman—63, 6'2", 190 lbs, nonsmoker, nondrinker, lawyer, athletic, artistic, scholarly, seeks attractive, cultured, refined Catholic woman, 35-50, financially independent. Recent photo and note, please. 3287✉

Available, Attractive Guy—36, 5'8", very fit, spiritually evolving, rock guitarist with day job in health-care management. Inspired by music, the Rangers, blading in the park and off-Broadway, seeks emotionally healthy woman, late 20s-early 30s, for relationship. Note/photo. 3332✉

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All Alone—With you. Warm, communicative, caring and passionate, single Jewish female, 34, slim, 5'4", brunette, attractive, professional and financially secure. Seeks handsome, kind, sincere and intelligent, single Jewish male, nonsmoker, 32-42, to share an indescribable feeling and much more. Note/photo, please. 3304✉

Pretty, Slim—34-year-old, Ivy-educated professional, Jewish, warm, witty, charming and fun, with many interests. Tell me about yourself. Note/photo. 3328✉

Green-Eyed Beauty—28, 5'6", brunette, professional Jewish woman full of passion and wit, would love to meet an evolved, fun(ny), professional Jewish male (29-39) to share laughter, discovery and musical adventures. Note/photo a must. 3348✉☎

Still Looking—For well-bred female, Wasp, 50s, city and country. 3336✉

Gorgeous Blue-Eyed Brunette—30, seeks tall professional male, 35-45, with GQ looks. Photos only. 3319✉

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AGAINST CANCER

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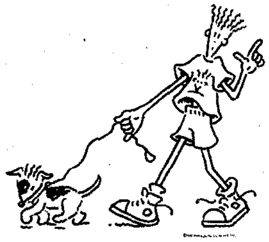

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Rare Opportunity—Single Wasp man of leisure, 38, bright, fit, laid-back, socially liberal, food and music lover, technophile, private pilot, leg man (so?), seeks warm, unaffected woman to thrill and be thrilled by. Intelligence, good looks and political awareness are all pluses. Rush Limbaugh fans and other closeted haters need not apply. Photo/phone/note. 3362 ✉

Attractive, Kind Professional Woman—Possesses good humor and intellectual vitality. Seeks mate, mid 50s-60s. 3298✉

Sultry Brunette—Great figure, warmth, brains and charm, 5'5", seeks divorced man, 45-55, emotionally and physically fit with intellect, character, wit and style, for the real thing. Letter and photo. 3365 ✉

Handsome Man—57, 5'6", enjoys cycling, hiking...well-traveled, well-educated, spiritually-oriented. Seeks woman to share similar interests, preferably under 50. Please send photo. 3306 ✉ ☎

Honey Blond—Old-fashioned romantic European lady, 28, 5'7", model looks, smart, sensual, caring, adventurous, appreciative, real. Desires accomplished, upscale, shapely man who believes in love, a traditional family and wants true devoted partner in life. Any age. 3320 ✉ ☎

Adorable, Successful Manhattanite—With high-visibility job and teenage sons, seeks youthful (48-60), healthy, sophisticated, politically progressive, wild and witty man. Write. 3347 ✉

Waiting For A Good Doe—Handsome, warm, physically fit attorney (part-time dad, skis, cooks, laughs), seeks attractive, sincere, educated, emotionally honest woman, 37-47, for committed relationship. Phone/photo/note. 3310 ✉

Upper West Side Spirit—Beautiful, creative Jewish professional, 37, who loves the arts, books, nature, dancing, good food and wine, seeks NYC guy, 34-45, who is intelligent, funny, kind, eclectic interests, self-aware and ready for marriage and children. Kids welcome. 3327 ✉ ☎

Yes, I Am 59 And A Grandpa...—But no, I do not behave as one! I am seeking a stunning, attractive woman in her 30s who might enjoy living on the edge. I have been there and done that, so be assured I know how to treat you right. Note/photo. 3335✉

I Need Your Love—Sexy, beautiful, intelligent, Jewish European blond, 40, seeks a tall professional man, 38-50, to give and receive, to cherish and love. Photo a must. 3308 ✉

Someone Special—Handsome, bright, outgoing, fit, LI, single Jewish male, 41, professional, seeks pretty, slim, sincere, single Jewish female, 30-38, nonsmoker, to share romantic dinners, city culture, suburban sunsets, tennis/golf and each other, now and for always. Note/photo. 3344 ✉

Quiet Passion—Woman with quiet intensity seeks similar man to kindle smoldering fire. I'm 34, professional, attractive, intellectual, looking for someone to share adventures and hopefully a long-term relationship. You are 28-48, physically and emotionally fit, well-educated, with humor, intelligence and sensuality. Manhattan only. Write and describe yourself and what type of woman and relationship you're looking for. 3330✉

NYMessage

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Very Cute Guy—33, tall, fit, loving, fun, classy, successful professional. Seeks same in female, 20-35. Note and photo a must. 3321 ✉ ☎

Exquisitely Beautiful And Sensuous—European female, blond, green-eyed, 5'9", great shape, sophisticated and successful, seeking handsome, strong, secure and successful, in-shape man, 6' and up, 39-49. Photo for reply. 3338 ✉ ☎

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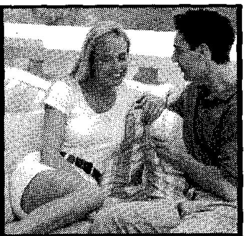

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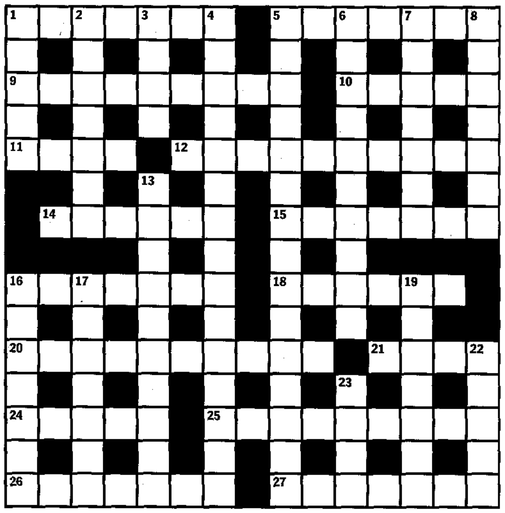
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Mamma mia's darling is for the lash. (7)
5 A drink for the summer? (7)
9 One way to put hurdles up—remove the brimstone. (9)
10 Second prophet from Greek island. (5)
11 See 13.
12 Audio-visual presentation timed to interrupt U 11, possibly. (10)
14 Region of nerve centres missing the head. (6)
15 Pastoral piece of wood in English speaker's signal. (7)
16 Feeble Spanish hero pursued leather back. (7)
18 See 4.
20 Tower worker, one who comes with about 45 inches? (10)
21 He says (truly) he is a Muslim leader. (4)
24 The bird seems to be very hungry. (5)
25 Offensive bills after having died at Number Ten. (9)
26 Eastern, not Northern spider, causing trouble to the hearer. (7)
27 Cuts any prospect of cheer in the ranks. (7)



DOWN

1 Poem in numbers necessary for 5 down. (5)
2 Sitting for surrender, we hear. (7)
3 Drink around the cross in the nave? (4)
4, 18 A second person to desert, a Pole, completed other things in Scheherazade's time. (1,8,3,3,6)
5 Foam destroyed 13 and upset 10 to travel in Cyberspace. (4,3,8)
6 Donkey, lamb, and gee, unusual collection. (10)
7 Forged medal has to go back: he will need help. (4,3)
8 A loss, maybe natural, for most of the war to the theatre. (7)
13, 11 Cyberspace writing put characters of crime into a cell. (10,4)
16 Egg producer, female, at non-U French inn. (7)
17 Nothing left of blanket? (3,4)
19 Boy with hat heard at lottery. (7)
22 Obscure 4 at animal's home. (5)
23 Heartless 3s, cutters of x and y. (4)

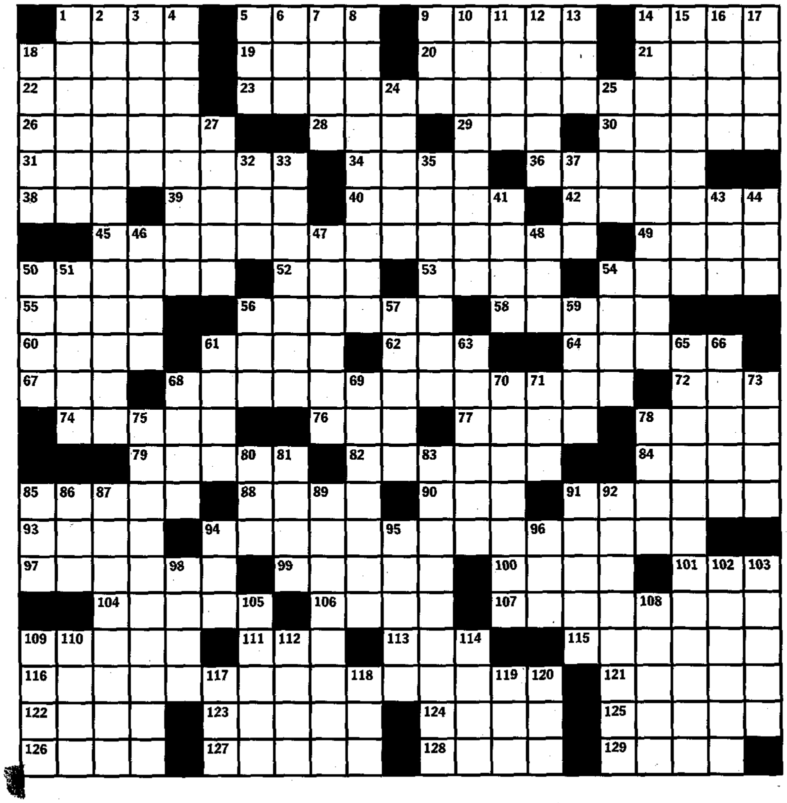
'Re-Echo': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Mellowed
5 Assert
9 Dissociated
14 Far from tiny
18 Strainer
19 History-quiz question
20 Use crayons
21 Endings for tsar and signor
22 Cartoonist Peter, and family
23 Batboys
26 Armendariz and Guerrero
28 Fury
29 Gout site
30 Chicago airport
31 Perfectionist's philosophy
34 Salinger girl
36 Christmas paste-ons
38 Word before Alte or Bingle
39 Kind of American
40 Taxi station
42 Up in the air
45 Casino
49 "The Way We ——"
50 Summits
52 Third numero
53 Abbr. at Annapolis
54 Caused by a pathogen
55 Part of "G.W.T.W."
56 Tantalizing puzzle
58 Blacksmith's need
60 Companion of ifs and buts
61 What tholes hold
62 —— Lingus (Irish airline)
64 Chasm
67 Numbered hwy.
68 Goldberg fan
72 Southwestern Indian
74 Novelist Shaw
76 Soviet state: abbr.
77 Extend across
78 Have a première
79 Superstars
82 Negligent
84 "Jurassic Park" actress
85 Clear the tape
88 Code word for A
90 Bankbk. entry
91 Future oaks
93 Libertine
94 Ahab's crew
97 Main dish
99 C.I.A. infiltrators
100 Leash for Dobbin
101 Scot's not
104 Native of Muscat
106 Do dyeing
107 Door-top openings
109 Sponsorship
111 First, short style
113 Two of these make a good-bye
115 Begin a journey
116 Little black book
121 Thicket
122 Fairy-tale meanie
123 "Gianni Schicchi" lady
124 Mary's "South Pacific" co-star
125 Arboretum specimens
126 Heath
127 Trounce, slangily
128 I.O.U., e.g.
129 Damascus citizens: abbr.

DOWN

1 ——vent (wind direction: Fr.)
2 Cross-dresser
3 City east of Lisbon
4 Like a wasteland
5 Classifieds
6 Comics prince
7 Toiletries kit
8 Backslides
9 Blackjack desirable
10 Omens
11 In addition
12 Actors' quests
13 Play about Capote
14 Very sly
15 Feeling less settled
16 Teri of "Tootsie"
17 Latin I verb
18 Tasty
24 Fictional Beau
25 Score for Orr
27 Prepares flour
32 —— Lanka
33 Mitsubishi sports utility vehicle
35 More experienced
37 Alphabet sequence
41 One of the Merrills
43 Gun org.
44 Toothpaste type
46 Divorced spouses
47 Clutches
48 Bert Bobbsey's twin
50 Algae extract
51 Loren's husband
54 Empathetic emanation, familiarly
56 Truth, to Confucius
57 Tidal wave in an estuary
59 Conceited
61 Cry of disappointment
63 Violin-bow applications
65 Top spy
66 Rear of the ship
68 Of large breadth
69 Sabra
70 Nouveau riche climber
71 Step, in ballet
73 River of Austria
75 Scrooge, ultimately
78 Skunk's defense
80 ——-di-dah
81 Bridge coup
83 Said in error
85 "—— he drove out of sight . . ."
86 Reagan son
87 Helicopter's kin
89 Small fleet
91 Pseudonym
92 Links up
94 Cyst
95 Landlords' take
96 Comparative suffix
98 90° on a compass
102 Induces a smile
103 Ferrara rulers, once
105 "—— Sanctum" (old radio show)
108 Nursery bedtime ritual
109 Fermi's focus
110 Therefore
112 Give the once-over
114 Clothing marking
117 Corporation abbr.
118 "—— Woman," Helen Reddy hit
119 Pen point
120 Fetched



690

Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 85.

No matter where you had heart surgery, doctors from NYU Medical Center helped save your life.

1933

NYU PHYSICIAN DEVELOPS THE FIRST DRUG TO FIGHT HEART ATTACKS.
Streptokinase, developed by NYU doctor William S. Tillet, has helped thousands of patients recover from sudden heart attacks.

1967

NYU DEVELOPS INTERNAL MAMMARY BYPASS.
NYU Chief of Surgery Dr. Frank C. Spencer is the first to experimentally propose the use of the internal mammary artery in bypass surgery in 1967, with NYU's Dr. George Green performing the first clinical operation in 1969. The internal mammary artery bypass has since become the "gold standard" of bypass surgery worldwide.

1979

REVOLUTIONARY TECHNIQUE FOR MITRAL VALVE REPAIR AVOIDS THE NEED FOR VALVE REPLACEMENT IN MANY PATIENTS.
NYU Cardiothoracic surgeons bring a new mitral heart valve repair technique to the U.S. Today, virtually all valve repairs are performed using minimally invasive techniques which provide faster recovery and better cosmetic results. With one of the largest worldwide experiences in valve repair, NYU continues to be a national leader in heart valve surgery.

1996

NYU SURGEONS PIONEER MINIMALLY INVASIVE CARDIAC SURGERY.
Doctors Stephen Colvin, Aubrey Galloway, Eugene Grossi and Greg Ribakove develop a revolutionary technique for minimally invasive heart surgery, performing the first port-access triple bypass. This technique allows heart surgery to be performed through small "ports," eliminating the need to cut the breastbone. This reduces pain and shortens recovery time. NYU has more experience with this new method than any other hospital in the world.

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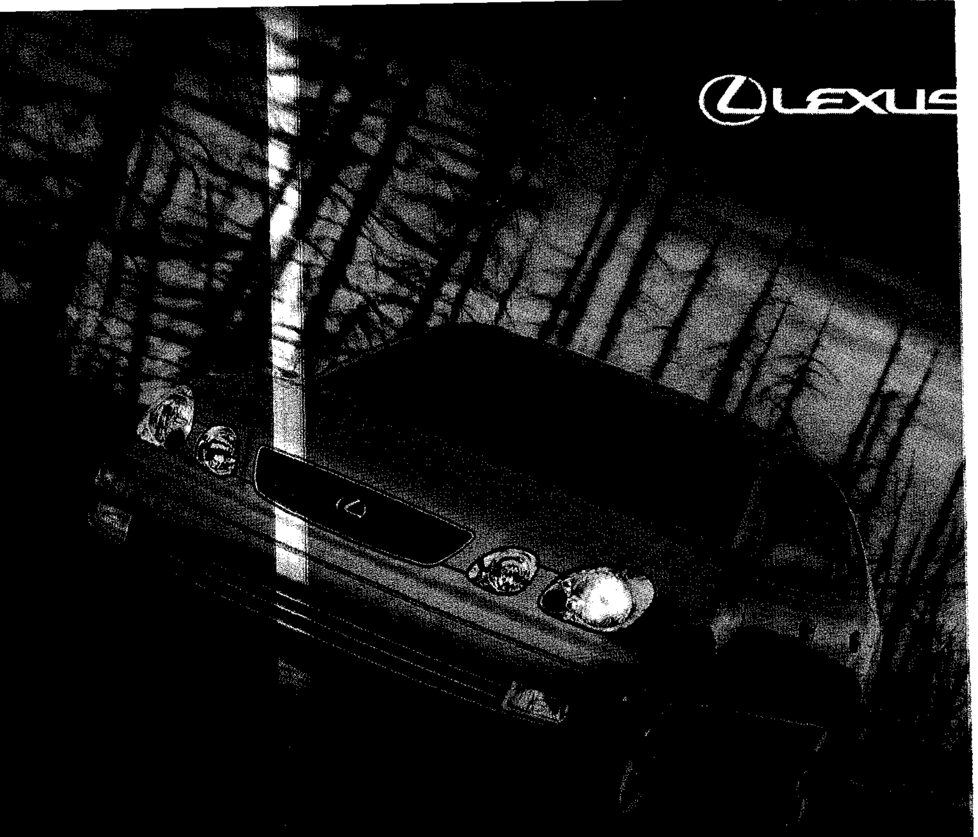

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*Motor Trend, November 1997. **300-hp V8 available on the GS 400 model only. ©1998 Lexus, a Division of Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Lexus reminds you to wear seatbelts, secure children in rear seat and obey all speed laws. For more information, visit us at www.lexus.com or call 800-USA-LEXUS (800-872-5398).